WARHAMMER®

ORCS & GOBLINS™

WARHAMMER ARMIES

ORCS & GOBLINS

By Jeremy Vetock

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INTRODUCTION

If you are looking for a fight, you found it, because here come the Orcs and Goblins! Welcome to the definitive guide to the greenskins – brutal but cunning creatures who live to fight. This book provides all the information you require to play an Orcs & Goblins army in Warhammer.

WHY COLLECT ORCS & GOBLINS?

Orcs and Goblins are overwhelmingly violent, yet possess real character and personality. Orcs are built for war and resolve even minor disagreements with full-blooded combat. Goblins, on the other hand, prefer to wait until opponents are badly outnumbered, wounded or looking the other way (and preferably all three). In battle, Goblins form huge mobs that are not easily ignored.

An Orcs & Goblins army is an unruly mix, formed out of a staggering variety of greenskins and monsters. From the elite, soldierly Black Orcs to towering Giants; from diminutive Snotlings to monstrous spiders the size of houses, the variety of tactics available to the Orcs & Goblins player is matched only by the sheer variety of troops at his disposal. Regardless of how it is formed, an Orcs & Goblins army is unpredictable on the battlefield. It is capable of smashing aside all opposition in a storm of violence.

HOW THIS BOOK WORKS

Warhammer Armies books are split into sections, each of which deals with a different aspect of the army. *Warhammer: Orcs & Goblins* contains:

The Greenskin Hordes. This section describes the history of the Orcs and Goblins – the greenskin tribes, the many lairs and strongholds in which they live, their most famous leaders and the bloodiest invasions they have launched.

Orcs & Goblins Bestiary. Each and every unit type in the army is examined here, with a full description of each entry, alongside its complete rules. This section also includes the greenskins' unique magical artefacts and spell lores.

Mob Up, Boyz. Here you will see photographs of the range of Citadel miniatures available for the Orcs & Goblins army, gloriously painted by Games Workshop's world-renowned 'Eavy Metal team.

Orcs & Goblins Army List. The army list takes all of the troop types, war machines, and famous greenskin individuals presented in the previous section and arranges them so you can choose an army for your games. Units are classed as either Characters (Lord or Heroes), Core, Special or Rare, and can be taken in different quantities depending on the size of the game you are playing.

FIND OUT MORE

While *Warhammer: Orcs & Goblins* contains everything you need to play a game with your army, there are always more tactics to use, different battles to fight and painting ideas to try out. The monthly magazine White Dwarf contains articles about all aspects of the Warhammer game and hobby, and you can find articles specific to the Orcs & Goblins and their violent ways on our website:

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THE GREENSKIN HORDES

Great columns of smoke rise above the horizon as distant settlements burn. Refugees stream in the opposite direction, screaming 'They are coming!'

And then you hear it – the coarse, howling battlecry that foretells of the arrival of the most brutal and prolific invaders in the world.

Amidst this backdrop of chaos and confusion, uncountable greenskins march to war, fighting for the very thrill of violence, looting and pillaging because they're bigger (or sometimes sneakier) than everyone else, utterly convinced that 'might makes right'. The Warhammer world quakes in fear of the resounding roar of the Waaagh!

THE ORCS & GOBLINS

Orcs and Goblins are a scourge to all lands and a bane to civilisation. They raid ceaselessly, carrying war and barbarism to every corner of the Warhammer world. Time and again, Orc & Goblin armies arise without warning, their direction and intent utterly fickle and unpredictable. To better understand these destructive green hordes, one must first consider the creatures that make up their component parts.

ORCS

Orcs vary in size, but all pack a great deal of muscle, bone and few brains into a green, hairless body as tall as a man, but substantially broader. They have thick skulls, elongated jaws and tusk-like teeth. An Orc's protruding brow partially conceals his glowering eyes, which blaze red when he is angry – most of the time, in fact. Their tough green hides vary in shade depending on age or even climate. They are brutes and louts of the first degree, insensitive to pain (and higher thought). Orcs single-mindedly pursue what they want, and what Orcs want most is to fight. If there are no enemies immediately to hand, the overly belligerent Orcs will readily scrap amongst themselves.

In battle, Orcs form units called mobs, which are led by the biggest of their kind, the Bosses. The right to lead an Orc mob is earned by defeating the current Boss in a challenge. Such violent confrontations are both plentiful and important in Orc society (if it can be termed as such). Might equals right for greenskins and in-fighting is how Orcs ensure that their leaders are the largest and most ferocious of their mob. After all, bigger is always better and being able to bash an opponent's head in spectacularly is a clear sign of leadership amongst such brutal kind. This is true for all Orcs, including the Savage Orcs, primitive throwbacks to more primeval days, and the Black Orcs, the largest and most formidable of all the Orcish races.

GOBLINS

Contrasting strongly with their thuggish Orc cousins, Goblins are small, scrawny and nimble. Their skin is a brighter shade of green than an Orc and they have large noses, wickedly pointed teeth and glinting, beady eyes. Goblins are by far the more sneaky and intelligent of the two races. While Orcs communicate sparingly, largely using scowls and grunts, Goblins are garrulous with irritating high-pitched voices. Unlike most Orcs, Goblins are prone to acts of extreme cowardice. However, when the odds are heavily stacked in their favour, Goblins greatly enjoy bullying and cruelty and they can be every bit as aggressive as their larger kin. Vicious and mean-spirited, Goblins prefer to attack from behind or assail already weakened foes.

Goblins adapt to the lands they live in, and this produces a variety of cultural differences, from the spider-worshipping Goblins of the deep forests to the nomadic, fur clad Wolf Riders of the plains. Despite their differences, they are all are the same breed. There are a few distinct subspecies of Goblins, although only one is tolerated by other Orcs and Goblins – the Night Goblins. So long have they dwelt in the tunnels beneath the Worlds Edge Mountains that these Goblins have developed into a unique, sun-hating species, especially prone to madness and cowardice.

A RAUCOUS MIX

Orcs and Goblins often amass into hodgepodge armies that that include a slew of other violent-minded creatures. Snotlings, the most diminutive greenskins, gather in great numbers. Trolls are often lured into the army by tossing a few extra carcasses (or particularly slow Snotlings) their way, while Giants are attracted by the promise of loot and fighting. Greenskin armies are bewilderingly varied and wholly unpredictable, but the one surety is that nowhere is safe from their attacks for long.

The human soldiers lay in heaps, spears and halberds jutting upwards like broken bones, their black and yellow uniforms stained with too much crimson. Nagbad swatted an armoured warrior aside with his axe while Tuska, his war boar, gnawed on the corpse of his horse. The gory remains of knights littered the field, slain by the Warboss and his boyz. The great gate lay ahead, the symbol of Averland emblazoned on its surface.

'Move it, ladz!' he bellowed.

Ahead, Wolf Riders skirmished with the fragile lines of archers, while behind them hordes of greenskins hooted and clamoured for violence. Lumbering Giants the size of watchtowers strode alongside packs of repugnant Trolls; ovoid Squigs champed and snapped at the remnants of Empire Outriders.

Hewing and cleaving this way and that, Nagbad drove his boyz through an armoured regiment of Greatswords. Tuska rent and disembowelled men with bestial fury. Nagbad beheaded a champion who dared oppose him, then split the standard bearer in twain. The Orcish runes on his pitted axe glowed deep red in approval. With the Greatswords slain, the Orcs' attentions turned to the gate, which loomed ahead like the face of a mountain. Nagbad leapt from his boar and thumped his ensorcelled choppa into the wood. An explosion of splinters rewarded him, and he struck again. On the third blow, a fissure ran up the middle of the wood and the gate split apart. Nagbad roared as the gate was felled like a massive oak, crushing human and greenskin alike. Nagbad beat his chest in triumph. Terrified human faces stared at him from the gloom beyond.

Then he turned and beckoned the boyz away.

'Ain't we goin' in, boss?' Grotslik, leader of the Wolf Riders, was scratching his head in puzzlement. Nagbad cuffed the impudent Goblin around the head, sending him sprawling from his saddle.

'Nah,' Nagbad was eyeing the distant horizon where he spied an even bigger keep, an even larger gate. 'The fight's gone outta' dis lot. Da real fight is over there,' he growled, pointing the way with his glowing axe. As one, the greenskins changed course and roared: 'Waaagh!'

TRIBES BEYOND NUMBER

All Orcs and Goblins live in tribes – squabbling groups of warriors that fight under a single leader. A tribe is made up of different mobs, with each mob containing greenskins of the same type; Orc mobs, Goblin mobs, Black Orc mobs, and so on. For example, the Headsplittaz tribe is led by Nagrat Eyegouger. It is composed of many mobs, each one named after its Boss, deeds or favoured weapons. The Red Axes, Gutstabbas and Brok's Boyz are Orc mobs, while Griblet's Stickas are a mob of Goblin archers. All march beneath the Headsplittaz banner and take orders, however begrudgingly, from Nagrat. Greenskins take great pride in both their tribe and mob, feeling that they are 'da best', while all others are weedy and knock-kneed.

Tribes range in size from a few hundred individuals to vast hordes. The most important member of a tribe is its leader, generally known as a Warboss, although other terms, like Great 'Ead-kicker, Chieftain or Grand Thumpa, are also used. It takes an impressive greenskin to lead a tribe and only the loudest and strongest ever rise to such a level. A dose of low cunning is also useful, particularly amongst goblinoids. A tribe's success is directly linked to its Warboss, and all admire a leader for his ability to push an opponent's nose through his brainpan. A second-rate Warboss won't last long – his tribe will collapse due to in-fighting, fall victim to a better-led group, or the Warboss will have his head bashed in by an up-and-coming challenger.

THE BLOODY TUSKS

The Bloody Tusks are a fast-growing tribe, whose ascent can be traced to their takeover by Grutshod Nobnails. After stomping the previous Warboss to death, Grutshod led a daring attack on the encampment of the Savage Orc tribe known as the 'Ead-Thumpaz. The few surviving mobs of Savage Orcs were allowed to join the Bloody Tusks, but only on the condition that they begin to wear at least some sort of clothing. Using the newly captured Deff Gorge as a base, Grutshod led his mobs on many raids into the Badlands and Worlds Edge Mountains.

During this period the Bloody Tusks 'rekrooted' several mobs of Wolf Riders, the remnants of the decimated Mangy Houndz tribe. Upon hearing of his many victories and seeing the sheer size of Grutshod, the Goblins of the Teef-Snatchas tribe joined the Orcs, adding innumerable gobbos and many Spear Chukkas to the swelling army. His ambitions growing along with his horde, Grutshod Nobnails now looks to lead the Bloody Tusks northwards. There, rumours of richer pickings abound, namely great piles of loot and plenty of 'umies to krump.

WAAAGH!

All greenskins want to fight alongside a powerful Warboss who has built a reputation for leading his tribe to victories. This is partly because they all want to be on the winning side, but mainly because no mob wants to miss a good scrap. The biggest Warbosses lead their tribe to so many victories and cause such commotion that lesser tribes flock from far away to join the mighty commander. Thus the living tidal wave of destruction known to the greenskins as a Waaagh! is born.

A small Waaagh! occurs when a few tribes unite to launch an attack, while a larger Waaagh! is an epoch-changing invasion that draws Orcs and Goblins from many thousands of miles around. A Waaagh! generates untold fervour amidst the greenskins and sweeps violently over anything in its path, irrevocably changing the landscape and laying bare swathes of territory. Some Waaaghs! travel a short distance before dispersing, while others have crossed half the known world, charting a zigzag course as utterly unpredictable as the greenskins themselves. The largest Waaaghs! are the stuff of legend – the earth shaking beneath the immense armies that gather to march forth and destroy. The devastation wrought by such invasions blots the sun behind palls of smoke, covering great portions of the world in a shroud of darkness.

It is unknown how many Orc & Goblin tribes exist, for they seem to crop up everywhere. Greenskins proliferate quickly, a large force gathering in a fortnight, yet even a sizable horde can disperse overnight if the tribes fall out due to quarrelling. As most Orcs and Goblins are nomadic, travelling where necessity (i.e. fighting and loot) takes them, it is hard to gauge their numbers. The more civilised races of the world – Men, Elves and Dwarfs, for example – know that there are greenskins in the wild regions, but whether they are massing for a great migratory invasion or merely drifting by in disorganised packs of unruly raiders is impossible to discern. Many of the largest invasions have come without warning, building up mass and momentum too quickly to be foreseen.

A NATURAL (AND VIOLENT) ORDER

Orcs and Goblins are often encountered together in the same tribe. This is the natural order of greenskin life – the strong ruling over the weak. The more powerful Orc mobs are only too eager to include Goblins, as this gives them someone to boss about and the 'runts' are easily bullied into doing the most unpleasant chores. As Orcs despise almost everything except fighting, Goblins do all the mundane jobs around camp, such as gathering fuel for fires, erecting crude huts and digging out 'da dropz' (the greenskin latrines). In return for their work, Goblins gain the protection of their larger kin, despite suffering constant kicks and cuffs as the Orcs flout their dominance. While the lowliest Goblins suffer as a slave-class, the more wily amongst their number can learn to manipulate their somewhat dimmer kin. It is well known that Grubbit Legbiter, a Goblin considered wickedly cunning even by his own kind, is the mastermind that plans the raids of the Broken Tooth tribe, even though that tribe is primarily composed of Orc mobs and ruled by the formidably large Orc Warboss Urk da Stuntystompa.

Beyond the natural dominance of strong over weak, there is little semblance of order in a greenskin tribe. Things constantly change and often do so in a hurry. The wilds in which most tribes live are dangerous places, subject to attack by all manner of foes and monsters, including other Orcs and Goblins. Tribes alter constantly as old mobs leave to seek their own way, new mobs join and Warbosses fall as stronger challengers rise up to take over. It has been said that, should all the Orcs and Goblins of the world unite, they would soon conquer every other race; but greenskin tribes are fractious and would much rather fight each other for dominance than cooperate for some greater campaign against a distant enemy.

When there is no enemy to focus their aggression on, Orcs and Goblins spend an inordinate amount of time fighting each other. This means tribes that emerge from the constant culling are the biggest and strongest, the most cunning, or at least the fastest (running away being a popular Goblin option). Tribes grow when they conquer smaller ones, as most often the winners slay all the opposing commanders and force remaining warriors to join their tribe. At other times the process of 'absorbing' the smaller tribe is much more literal, with the winners actually eating the vanquished tribe. How the defeated are dealt with depends on many factors, from how hungry the victors are, to how well the opposition fought, or some other, more mysterious whim of the Warboss. For example, Orc Warboss Grizgrod, the famed leader of the Itchy Scabs tribe, never forgave a Stone Troll for eating the foot of his lucky Shaman, Zog. When the Itchy Scabs conquered swathes of territory in the Worlds Edge Mountains, an area rife with Trolls, Grizgrod (encouraged by 'Pegleg' Zog) refused to let any Stone Trolls join the ranks of the Itchy Scabs. They were instead driven off cliffs, sealed into tunnels or burnt from afar with flaming arrows.

Warriors that have been recently recruited into a new tribe will try to fit in, often adapting some of the common colours, symbols or icons of their new group, although some mobs retain a semblance of their old allegiance. For instance, all members of the Blue Face tribe bear (as one might expect) blue paint or dye upon their faces. However, many of the Blue Face mobs still carry symbols or tokens from previous tribes, be it the stained shafts of the Bloody Spear tribe or the spider symbols favoured by many Forest Goblin mobs.

The wide variety of greenskins, and general disdain for hygiene, gives most greenskin tribes a disparate and ragtag appearance. Savage Orcs in outlandish warpaint (and little else) can form up beside flea-bitten Wolf Riders, while the disciplined and well-armoured Black Orc mobs will fight side-by-side with mad, cackling Night Goblins. This kind of muddled disorder is exacerbated during a large Waaagh!, when many tribes trek great distances to join the throng.

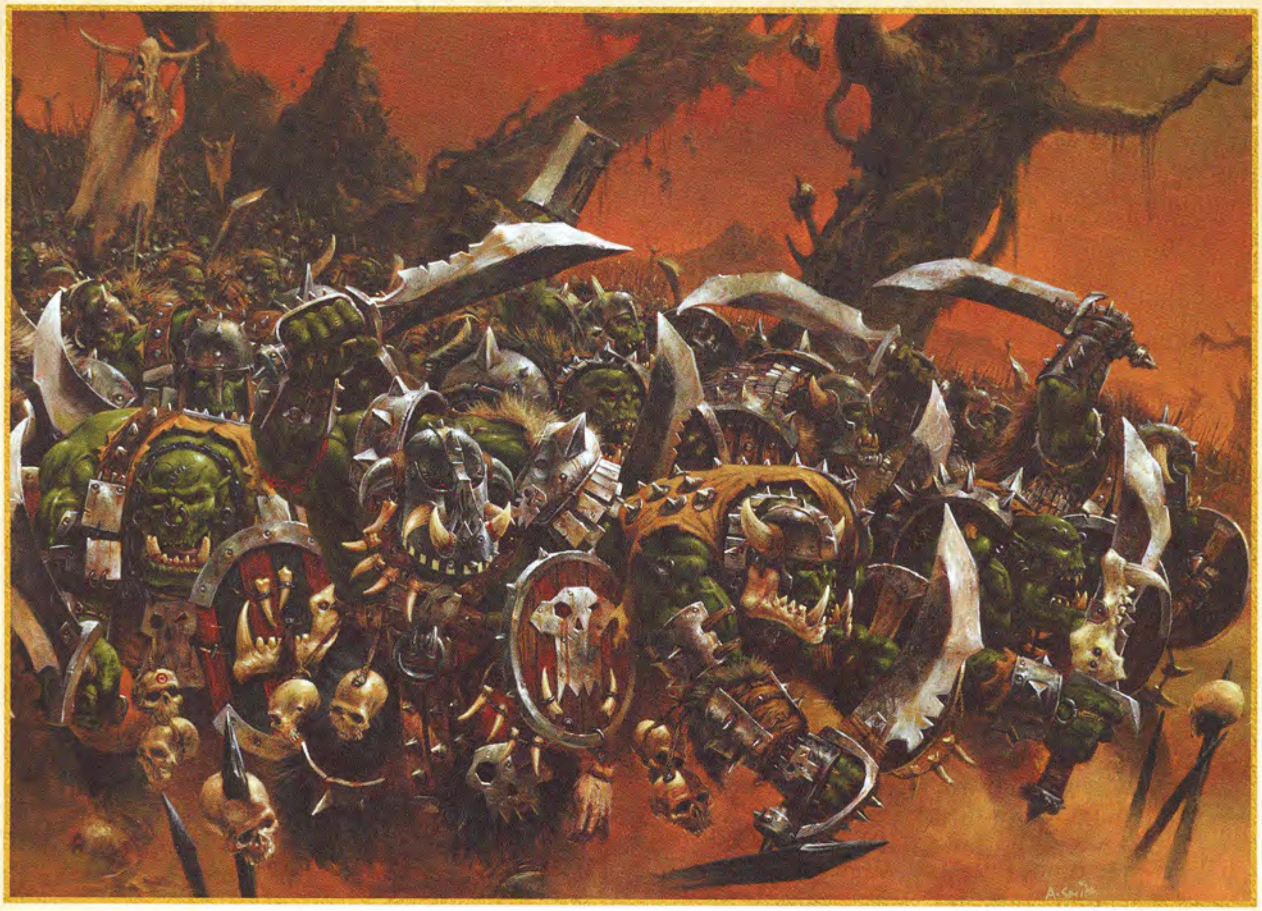
For as long as the promise of great bloodshed and plunder remains, any friction between even the most outlandish coalition of disparate tribes is mere inconvenience – a series of good ol' scraps producing few casualties. However, should the greenskins suffer defeat or face any prolonged period of inactivity, the hostility between rival mobs or tribes will most likely tear any hope of future cooperation to shreds. Only a truly masterful Warboss has the willpower, might and low cunning to keep such self-destructive tendencies under control for long!

BRUTE AGGRESSION

The composition of Orc tribes is wide-ranging and diverse. For example, Narg Crookfang, Warboss of the Dead Eye Orc tribe, favours softening his foe up with war machine fire and sticking them with lots of arrows before sending in the infantry. His Orc mobs are backed up by Goblin archers and he insists his tribe drag Rock Lobbers wherever they travel. Conversely, the Skullsplittas Orc tribe has no truck with 'panzie shooty stuff'. Instead their chieftain callously orders Night Goblins to screen the advance of his Orc mobs. This works well, although periodically the Skullsplittas have to raid the mountains to recruit more Night Goblins.

Regardless of their composition, Orc tribes are formed around a hard-fighting core of Orcs. These can be infantry mobs (known as 'da Boyz') or boar-riding cavalry (known as Boar Boyz). They are often joined by a flotsam of others, including Savage Orc or Black Orc mobs, goblinoids and, if there are any about, Trolls and Giants. Most Warbosses aren't too picky about who joins the tribe; after all, they'll be slain or eaten pretty quickly if they aren't up to snuff.

Some of the larger Orc tribes, like the Ironclaw, Broken Tooth and Red Fang tribes, are well known even beyond their own stomping grounds. Orcs in particular feel that an impressive reputation is worth fighting for and, naturally, do so often. While many tribes are absorbed or totally destroyed, some particularly famous ones, like the Ironclaw Orcs, eventually come back. Inspired by an old legend chanted about by a trance-addled Shaman, a Warboss will raise the standard of a long-silenced tribe.



On occasion an Orc tribe will actually be made up solely out of Boyz mobs or, rarer still, almost entirely Boar Boyz. With no Goblins to beat indiscriminately, Orcs are left to sort out their own menial tasks. This makes the always belligerent Orcs angrier still, and full-on fights break out in Orc-only camps with alarming regularity. These struggles determine the pecking order, with the lowliest warriors doing all the work, while the victors loll about. No Orc can bear to chop trees, skin beasts or endure any non-violent or productive task for very long, so fights continually break out even after all the work has been assigned. This environment ensures that Orc-only tribes are small, but very battle-hardened. It also means their camps lack even the crude amenities that enforced Goblin labour normally provides, such as simple skin huts, stockades to fence in the boars or any 'propa place to do yer business'.

Amongst Orcs, legends or tribal traditions that capture their limited imaginations tend to make for the most popular mob and tribe names. Not surprisingly, these are menacing names that promise violence, such as the Bonebreakaz, Skull Smashaz or Face-stompas. Orcs have been known to go to war over who gets the naming rights for a tribe. Then again, Orcs will go to war over pretty much anything.

IRON-HARD AND ANGRY

The origins of the Black Orcs are shrouded in mystery, but it is assumed that they gain their name from their dark green or even black skin. They are the largest and most ferocious of their warlike kind, which is really saying something. Black Orcs are exceedingly militaristic, which isn't always a good thing, as other greenskins find such rigour off-putting. Other Orcs feel that marching, drilling and taking care of wargear is distinctly un-Orcish behaviour. Even worse, the Black Orcs insist on lugging about a great profusion of weapons, feeling that a few spare choppas are a necessity at all times. Black Orcs like bossing others about even more than Orcs do, except that Black Orcs bellow to instill discipline instead of provoking rivals. Grim and humourless, Black Orcs have no patience for the in-fighting that is so rampant amongst the rest of greenskin kind.

Despite being killjoys around any greenskin camp, Black Orcs are great fighters. Luckily for the civilised world, Black Orcs are also the most rare of Orcish kind. In most greenskin tribes, if they are found at all, Black Orcs are encountered as hard-fighting elite units or as leaders. An infamous Black Orc Warbosses is Morglum Necksnapper, a powerful fighter who has led his mob from the desolate East to conquer many Orc & Goblin tribes around the Worlds Edge Mountains. Those who fight hard enough (and survive) are allowed to join the Necksnappers, a still-growing horde that has won many famous victories. There are tribes composed almost entirely of Black Orcs, although these are rarely seen outside of the Dark Lands. On the occasions when they cross westwards to invade the Old World, it always heralds the start of a long and bloody Waaagh!

WILD FURY

Savage Orcs are primitive greenskins who have chosen to stick with old traditions and shun such 'new' developments as metal weapons, body armour or the wearing of boots. It is common to find a few mobs of Savage Orcs fighting for Orc or Goblin tribes. It is easy to pick out such mobs, as Savage Orcs favour distinctive warpaint or full body tattoos, and practise unusual customs like piercing parts of their bodies with sharpened bones. Their unusual appearance, Shaman-led rituals and superstitious nuances often earn Savage Orcs ridicule from other greenskins. It is easy to be ostracised by others when you only wear loincloths. For these reasons Savage Orc mobs stick to themselves in camp. Once battle begins, however, Savage Orcs fight with a ferocity that more than earns them the right to whatever oddities their Shaman can dream up – even the embarrassing bat-flapping dance.

Because their ways are so simplistic, there are many tribes made up primarily, if not exclusively, of Savage Orcs. In these groups they can practice their drum-thumping, bone-shaking rituals free of scorn. Even Giants that latch onto such savage tribes are given a fresh coat of warpaint come battle time. The hunting grounds of these tribes are often found in some wild or remote region of the world. The Top-knotz tribe, famous for their bone-pierced coifs and their shields made of Giant Razorclam shells, stalk the coastal region of the Black Gulf. The Boneclubs and their rivals, the Snakeskinz tribe, dominate the steaming jungles of the Southlands. Some, like the Headhuntaz tribe, are widely nomadic. They are led on winding paths by their Shamans, guided by inner voices and the very will of the greenskin gods. Or so they say.

WICKED GREEN HORDES

Goblins, sometimes called 'gobbos', are the most numerous of greenskins, and their tribes can show a lot of variation due to regionalisation or culture. While many Goblin mobs are subjugated under Orcs, there are plenty of Goblin tribes about. To avoid Orc rule, some Goblins take to living in harsh environments – after all, there just aren't that many Orcs willing to live deep in a swamp, and many Goblin tribes thrive in such locales. A Goblin Warboss of greater-than-usual craftiness can turn the tables and rule over mixed tribes containing Orc mobs, although such situations tend to be rare or spectacularly short-lived.

Some of the most famous all-Goblin forces have stemmed from the Wolf Rider tribes. These roaming groups use the superior speed of their wolf mounts to dominate swathes of open plains or steppes. Even Ogre bands are hesitant to cross such wide spaces due to the hit-and-run prowess of the Wolf Riders. Orc tribes highly value Wolf Rider mobs and seek to recruit them for use as far-ranging scouts. In other environments, marsh-dwelling gobbos (sometimes called Bog-Goblins or Boggarts) are wily ambushers who are known to waylay anyone foolish enough to enter their morass-like lairs. From the deep woods emerge Forest Goblins, fierce raiders that launch lightning assaults before melting back into the arboreal depths. Forest Goblins are distinctive in that they wear brightly coloured feathers, worship the Spider-god and ride spiders into battle. Other well known Goblin tribes include nomadic traders that travel the wilderness in ramshackle, fortress-like caravans. They trade with all kinds of unsavoury types and, unsurprisingly, are known for their thievery and swindling skills.

SPITE FROM BELOW

Long ago, Goblin tribes took to living in the many caves that worm beneath the Worlds Edge Mountains. Perhaps it was their long exposure to the strange fungus that grows there or the lack of daylight, but for whatever reason they evolved into a distinct sub-species – the Night Goblin. They have become expert tunnelers and are at home underground. They wear long, hooded black robes, partially to blend in with their darksome surroundings, but mostly to ensure that the hated light of the sun never touches them when they foray to the surface. Night Goblins tend to be slightly scrawnier and even more cowardly than their surface-dwelling kin. Night Goblins are the most maniacal of greenskins; their massed mobs are given to sporadic bouts of cackling and gibbering. Some individuals are even more psychotic, as only the most deranged of creatures would dare consume a madcap mushroom – an act that turns a Night Goblin into a deadly whirlwind of destruction. Equally hazardous is the practice of herding Cave Squigs, the kind of beast that any sane race would exterminate, not keep as pets or even mounts.

With their penchant for infesting underground strongholds to live in, the Night Goblins have established themselves as arch enemies of other subterranean races, particularly the ratmen known as Skaven and the proud Dwarfs. Due to the long-standing enmity between Dwarfs and Night Goblins, the two races are implacable foes and will often fight to the death rather than give ground. Night Goblins occasionally emerge from below to raid the surface world for food or slaves, or to join in a larger Waaagh! for the chance to gain loot and cause mayhem in the surface world.

THE GREENSKIN GODS

There is no shortage of lesser deities or strange cults that catch on amongst the highly superstitious Orcs and Goblins. Far above any mere fetishes or minor idols, however, are the real powerhouses of the greenskin pantheon, the boisterous and belligerent brother-gods known as Gork and Mork. Greenskins do not call upon Gork and Mork for aid when they are in trouble, nor do Orcs and Goblins beseech them for gifts, such as softer or punier races might do. Instead, these war-gods and their infamous deeds serve as inspiration. Gork is brutal but kunnin' and his brother Mork is kunnin' but brutal. Every greenskin has complete and unquestioning faith that if he is brutal or kunnin' enough, he will join the gods after his death and continue the fight.

The power of their gods is made visible to greenskins in many ways. The almighty phenomenon of the Waaagh!, that almost spiritual calling to war that fills every greenskin with frenetic energy, is the will of Gork and Mork made manifest. Shamans, as greenskins call their wizards, are also directly connected to the gods. A Shaman can tap into that green power to blast foes or rouse greenskins to greater heights of violence. Clearly, however, such communication with the gods unhinges the minds of every Shaman. This explains their unusual rituals, trance-fits and other such shamanistic oddities.

DOMAINS OF THE GREENSKINS

The grim truth for peace-seeking peoples is that no land is wholly safe from marauding greenskins; Orcs and Goblins exist everywhere. Some regions are far worse off than others. Orcs and Goblins don't establish kingdoms in the traditional ways of other races; greenskins are simply too disorganised, too nomadic and too inclined to fight amongst themselves to put down the roots for a nation. Nevertheless there are places, some small, some vast, where Orcs and Goblins are definitely in control. It is these wilderness realms where the greenskin tribes are most common, and when the disparate factions unite, all bordering lands face full-tilt invasion.

THE BADLANDS

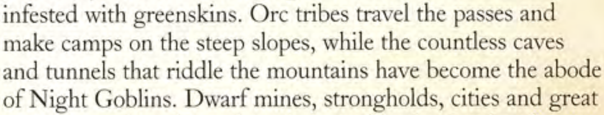
Orc & Goblin tribes have dominated the lands between the Worlds Edge Mountains and the Dragonback Mountains since time immemorial and the region has been named accordingly – the Badlands. Other races of the world dread to enter this notorious area, for safe travel is not possible, even when accompanied by an army. It is well known that to cross Blood River is to leave civilisation behind. To the north of the Badlands lies the Border Princes, a violent and battle-torn land of fiefs that is so frequently beset with greenskins that is considered nearly as dangerous as the Badlands themselves. The Marshes of Madness are generally considered to be the southern border of the Badlands. It is a mist-covered swamp that is trackless and virtually impossible to cross. Despite its treacherous nature, many Goblin tribes live there, building great stilted huts or bidding their Shamans to raise islands from the deep mire. Further south, the quagmire turns into a series of low hills before becoming dry plain and finally desert. This is the northernmost tip of the Land of the Dead and many tribes of Savage Orcs can be found in this barren region. A barrier of great stone idols stands at the edge of the shifting sands. These statues were raised there by the primitive greenskins to ward off the foul spirits that plague the cursed realm to the south.

The Badlands themselves are harsh, full of boulder-strewn moors and arid steppes. Ancient ruins, barrows and cairns testify that once the land was more fertile, but now they are just a grim tribute to some mysterious long-gone human civilisation. These days the main inhabitants are Orcs and Goblins, with all manner of tribes fighting for space. The greenskins roam the plains, make ramshakle camps, and establish strongholds in a constant battle over territory. The ever-shifting borders are marked with picket lines of spiked skulls, gory battle trophies or vast tribal symbols carved into the rocky outcroppings. All across the Badlands effigies of Gork and Mork cast long shadows over the plains. Some are sculpted in stone or shaped out of piled bones, but most often the crude idols are fashioned from the heaped dung of countless greenskins.

Geographical features often mark the boundaries in the back and forth fighting to establish dominance between tribes. To cross the carnivorous hills known as Gnasher Rocks is to enter the territory of the Gutrippaz tribe, while Bone-path, a long-dried river bed, is known to be the exclusive travel route of the Rusty Nail Goblins. Readily defensible positions form basecamps or strongholds for many tribes and are much contested sites. The rocky defile known as Deff Gorge is one such area and its many sheltering caves have lured so many greenskins to fight over it that their bones lie in great heaps at the mouth of the pass. These gruesome mounds are topped with tattered banners bearing the symbols of Deff Gorge's current residents, at once a proud proclamation of ownership and a challenge to all-comers. The feeding is so rich in the area that a host of carrion birds can be seen circling above the landmark, eagerly awaiting their next meal of tough, green flesh.

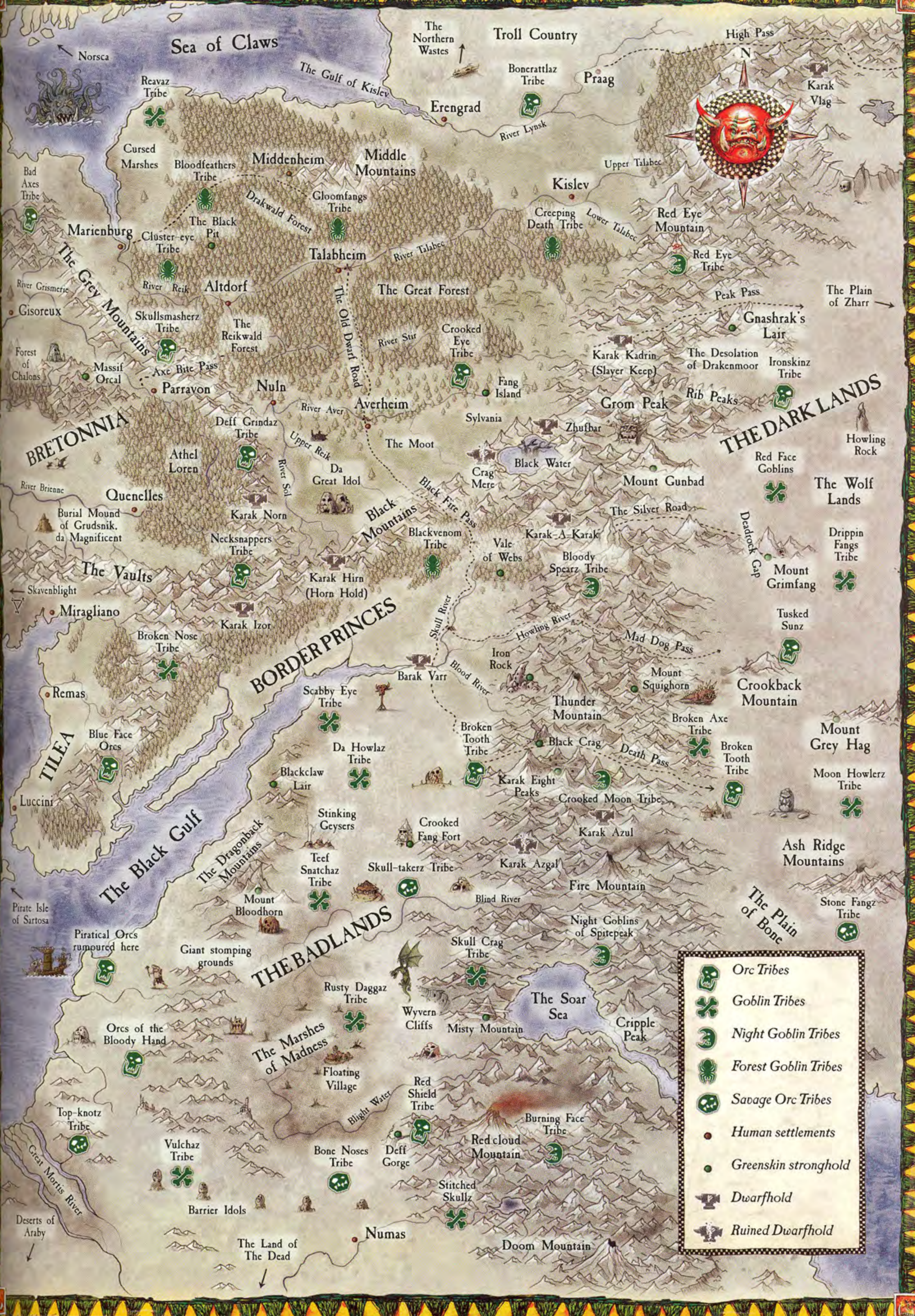
One of the most advantageous positions in the Badlands is the Iron Rock. It is a mountain formed of molten iron, vomited from the bowels of the earth during some ancient upheaval. Iron Rock lies in the western shadows of Thunder Mountain and was discovered by the Dwarfs, who created a labyrinth of tunnels and partially finished mineworks before it was taken over by Orcs. Many famous tribes have made this fortress their base over the years. Another such disputed site, although one perhaps less prestigious, is the place called the Stinking Geysers. This is an unstable and malodorous area that Goblin tribes risk as a base, feeling that no one in their right mind would attack them there. Finally, in the centre of the plains stands Crooked Fang Fort, an ominous, rocky lair in the shape of a great Orc's skull that rises up to dominate the barrens. The tribe that controls its high ground has been able to rule over large swathes of surrounding lands.

It is not unusual for territories to switch hands in swift succession and many temporary alliances are struck between neighbouring tribes. Given their fractious nature, it is not surprising that such alliances are short-lived, often ending with mid-battle betrayals or sudden assaults to claim all the loot. It is popular amongst dominant tribes to demand tithes from others that wish to cross that particular stretch of bare ground. This is, perhaps, a trait picked up from the Ogres that periodically attempt to entrench themselves in the Badlands. This toll racket sometimes works, especially against Goblin tribes or foolhardy merchants, but most Orc groups are more eager to fight than part with plunder. Any who enter the Badlands had better be prepared for battle.



THE WORLDS EDGE MOUNTAINS

Once the exclusive realm of the Dwarfs, the mighty peaks and valleys of the Worlds Edge Mountains have become infested with greenskins. Orc tribes travel the passes and make camps on the steep slopes, while the countless caves and tunnels that riddle the mountains have become the abode of Night Goblins. Dwarf mines, strongholds, cities and great underground workings have been ruthlessly plundered over thousands of years. The Night Goblins are particularly adept at subterranean living and for them there is nothing so prestigious as taking over and dwelling in one of the grand ancestral halls of 'da stunties', as Dwarfs are known.


Sea of Claws
Norsca
The Northern Wastes
Troll Country
High Pass
N
The Gulf of Kislev
Reavaz Tribe
Bonerattlaz Tribe
Praag
Karak Vlag
Erengrad
River Lynsk
Cursed Marshes
Bad Axes Tribe
Middenheim
Middle Mountains
Bloodfeathers Tribe
Upper Talabec
Kislev
Drakwald Forest
Gloomfangs Tribe
The Black Pit
Creeping Death Tribe
Lower Talabec
Red Eye Mountain
Marienburg
Cluster-eye Tribe
Talabheim
River Talabec
Red Eye Tribe
The Grey Mountains
River Grismerie
River Reik
Altdorf
The Great Forest
Peak Pass
The Plain of Zharr
Gisoreux
Skullsmasherz Tribe
The Old Dwarf Road
The Reikwald Forest
River Stir
Crooked Eye Tribe
Gnashrak's Lair
Forest of Chalons
Massif Orcal
Axe Bite Pass
Karak Kadrin (Slayer Keep)
The Desolation of Drakenmoor
Ironskinz Tribe
Parravon
Nuln
Fang Island
Rib Peaks
THE DARK LANDS
River Aver
Averheim
Grom Peak
BRETONNIA
Deff Grindaz Tribe
Sylvania
Zhufbar
Howling Rock
Upper Reik
The Moot
Athel Loren
Black Water
Red Face Goblins
Crag Mere
River Sol
Da Great Idol
Black Fire Pass
Mount Gunbad
The Wolf Lands
River Brienne
Quenelles
Black Mountains
The Silver Road
Burial Mound of Grudsnik, da Magnificent
Karak Norn
Blackvenom Tribe
Karak-A-Karak
Deadrock Gap
Drippin Fangs Tribe
Necksnappers Tribe
Vale of Webs
Bloody Spearz Tribe
Mount Grimfang
The Vaults
Karak Hirn (Horn Hold)
Skavenblight
Miragliano
Skull River
Tusked Sunz
Karak Izor
Howling River
Mad Dog Pass
BORDER PRINCES
Broken Nose Tribe
Iron Rock
Barak Varr
Blood River
Mount Squighorn
Crookback Mountain
Remas
Scabby Eye Tribe
Thunder Mountain
Broken Tooth Tribe
Broken Axe Tribe
Mount Grey Hag
TILEA
Blue Face Orcs
Da Howlaz Tribe
Black Crag
Death Pass
Broken Tooth Tribe
Blackclaw Lair
Karak Eight Peaks
Moon Howlerz Tribe
Luccini
Crooked Moon Tribe
Stinking Geysers
Crooked Fang Fort
Karak Azul
The Black Gulf
The Dragonback Mountains
Ash Ridge Mountains
Teef Snatchaz Tribe
Skull-takerz Tribe
Karak Azgal
Fire Mountain
Mount Bloodhorn
Blind River
The Plain of Bone
Pirate Isle of Sartosa
THE BADLANDS
Stone Fangz Tribe
Night Goblins of Spitepeak
Piratical Orcs rumoured here
Giant stomping grounds
Skull Crag Tribe
Rusty Daggaz Tribe
The Soar Sea
Cripple Peak
Wyvern Cliffs
Misty Mountain
Orcs of the Bloody Hand
The Marshes of Madness
Floating Village
Red Shield Tribe
Blight Water
Burning Face Tribe
Top-knotz Tribe
Red cloud Mountain
Vulchaz Tribe
Bone Noses Tribe
Deff Gorge
Stitched Skullz
Great Mortis River
Barrier Idols
Deserts of Araby
The Land of The Dead
Numas
Doom Mountain
Orc Tribes
Goblin Tribes
Night Goblin Tribes
Forest Goblin Tribes
Savage Orc Tribes
Human settlements
Greenskin stronghold
Dwarfhold
Ruined Dwarfhold

These strongholds contain fabulous riches and matchless stores of arms, not to mention plenty of space for mushroom-growing. They would provide somewhat idyllic homes for the troglodyte Night Goblins, were it not for the attentions of the halls' former owners.

There are many famous greenskin strongholds in the Worlds Edge Mountains. The ruins of the old Dwarf city of Karak Varn, which overlook the Black Water, are a notorious Orc lair. Now known as Crag Mere, the lower levels have been taken over by Trolls and vile ratmen, although all fear the waters, which hold many dark and mutated things. To the north lies Red Eye Mountain, once a Dwarfen stronghold named Karak Ungor. Long ago it fell to the greenskins, although the Orcs soon abandoned the area, leaving it in the possession of the many Night Goblins of the Red Eye tribe. Most famous of all is Karak Eight Peaks. Once a vast Dwarfen city built in a natural amphitheatre ringed by eight high mountains, it now lies in ruins and is home to a multitude of spiteful Night Goblins and chittering Skaven.

> **"The only good stunty is a dead stunty, and the only thing better than a dead stunty is a dyin' stunty who tells yer where to find 'is mates."**
>
> – **Morglum Necksnapper**

Thousands of years ago, this jewel of the Dwarf empire was besieged in battles that lasted centuries. At long last, the Dwarfs fled and the remaining levels were sacked. For the Skaven and greenskins, the battle for ownership was just beginning. To this day, the peaks, upper levels and surface ruins are dominated by the Night Goblins of the Crooked Moon tribe whose leader, Skarsnik, is the self-proclaimed Warlord of the Eight Peaks. Those lower reaches not collapsed or still hidden by Dwarfen runes of obfuscation are ruled by the Skaven of Clan Mors. The bitter fighting between the Night Goblins and the Skaven has recently been complicated by the return of the Dwarfs. A strong contingent of Dwarfs, under King Belegar, has forced re-entry into Karak Eight Peaks, seeking to reclaim their ancient dwellings. Through much loss, they have established a heavily fortified colony there, although it is unknown how long they can last against the endless spite of Skarsnik.

The mountain passes that cross the towering Worlds Edge Mountains have long been highly contested. Orcs in particular have learned that to control such treacherous highland routes is a quick way to gain riches – either by charging exorbitant tithes to cross or by simply beating and robbing any who attempt the passage (and often both). Most of the major passes are guarded by formidable defensive works at both ends. The Orc fort of Black Crag – once the sturdy Dwarf fortress of Karak Drazh – is one such place. This ominous fastness protects the western end of Death Pass, which leads from the Badlands to the Dark Lands. Even invading armies of fellow greenskins are forced to meet the heavy toll (often in captives, useful as both slaves and food!). Those wishing to cross without paying must either find an alternative route or lay siege to past the dreadful gates, crude battlements and steep defiles that have formed a death trap for many armies over the years.

THE DARK LANDS

East of the Worlds Edge Mountains are the Dark Lands, a region of desolation. Here can be found the smoke-spewing realm of the Chaos Dwarfs, wandering warbands of Ogres, Skaven hordes searching for fallen warpstone, foul monsters beyond description and, naturally, Orcs and Goblins.

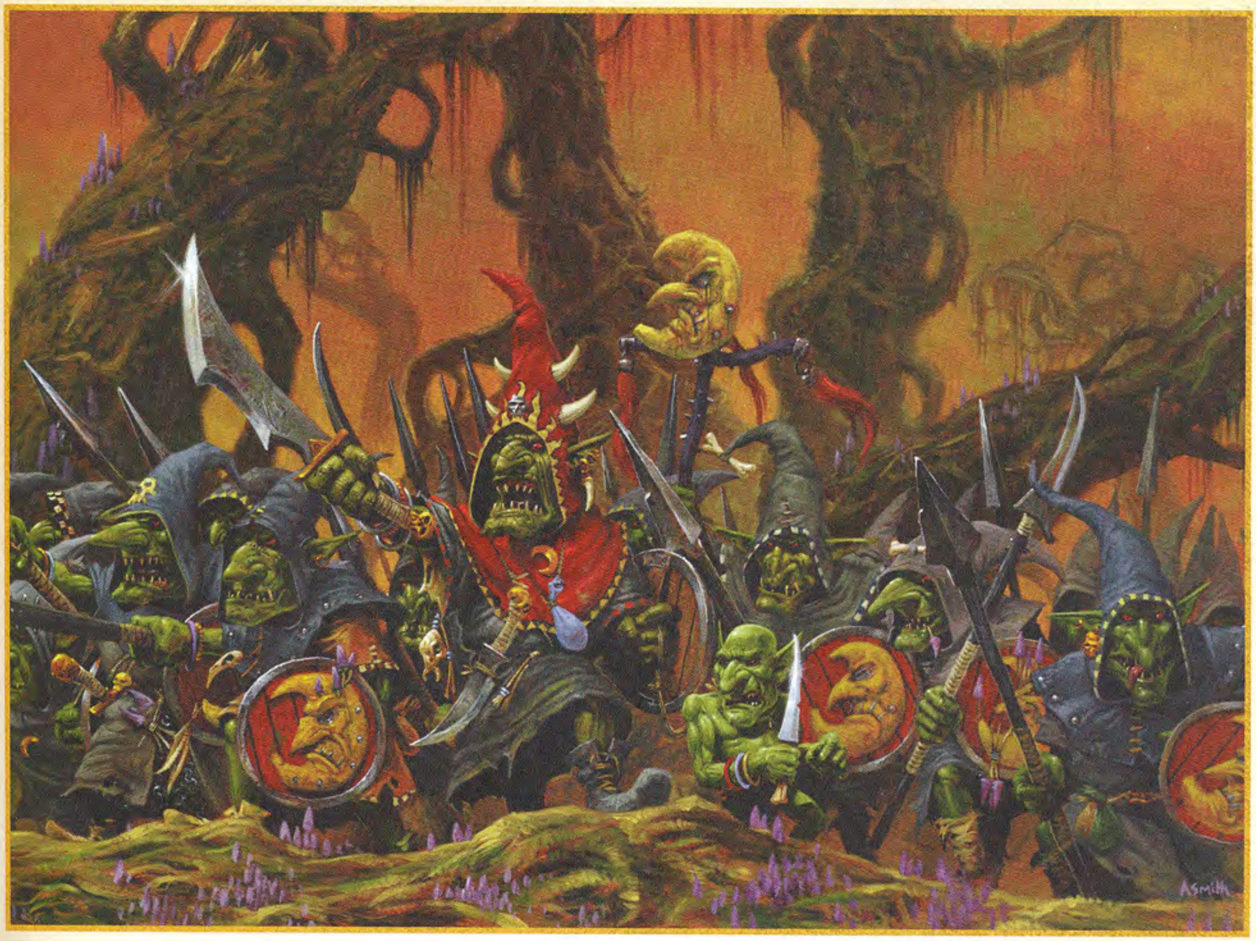
The grim landscape of the Dark Lands is unforgiving and to carve out a name here, or even just survive, a tribe must be especially hardy. It is no surprise to find so many Black Orcs living in the Dark Lands. According to greenskin lore, the Black Orcs originated from this land of ruin and it is undeniable that their fierce kind are more common in the Dark Lands and along its eastern border, the Mountains of Mourn. There are also many primitive hunting packs of Savage Orcs, who stalk the savage beastss in this most remote of wastelands. The Stone-fangz tribe can be found roaming the foothills of the Ash Ridge Mountains, where they have mastered the art of trapping large monsters in the bubbling tar pits that ooze up from the ground there. The volcano-worshipping Skull-stackaz tribe travels back and forth across the plains, attracted by the red glow of new eruptions that glow ominously through the murk.

Goblins can be found in the Dark Lands too, most notably many tribes of Wolf Riders. These highly mobile tribes so dominate the ash plains east of Mad Dog Pass that the region is known as the Wolf Lands. To the southeast of Crookback Mountain rises Mount Grey Hag, a Goblin lair that looms high into the foreboding sky. This is a key waystop for the nomadic trader tribes that dare to wind their long caravans all the way to the far east, in search of slaves, exotic wares and new victims to swindle. The Dark Lands are also the furthest west that Hobgoblins can be found. Far to the east there are rumours of a wide kingdom ruled by the Great Hobgobbla Khan, but in the Dark Lands the Hobgoblins are merely reviled as the willing lackeys of the Chaos Dwarfs. While Hobgoblins are kin to Goblins, they are considered capricious and self-serving, even by Orc and Goblin standards. Therefore, Hobgoblins are never found in Orc & Goblin armies, and members of this notoriously backstabbing sub-species are often slain on sight.

Some of the largest and most destructive Waaaghs! the world has ever known have begun in the Dark Lands. Its near-permanent twilight is a dangerous breeding ground of vast size. The land is a crucible from which emerge many of the most ferocious tribes and war leaders. When these battle-hardened armies fight through the passes of the Worlds Edge Mountains and into the Old World, they can start an avalanche of destruction, resulting in a mighty Waaagh!

NO LANDS UNTOUCHED

There are myriad smaller greenskin domains scattered across the world. Many of these Orc and Goblin enclaves were once part of a Waaagh! that gained footholds in new lands after the invasion's inevitable dissolution. Such pockets of greenskins are not unlike debris washed to a new locale by raging floodwaters. Sometimes these survivors are hunted



and exterminated, or die fighting each other, but sometimes these greenskin offshoots take root and thrive. There, in seclusion, the greenskins adapt, multiply and become strong again. In this way some tribes grow distinct whilst re-sporing in their newfound and remote surroundings.

Within the Empire, the largest and most powerful human nation, lie many secluded greenskin lairs from which are launched innumerable raids. Along with scattered Orc tribes, the deep woods are home to the Forest Goblins. It was in these arboreal depths that Goblins first encountered the enormous spiders that hunt those treacherous regions. Over the ages the Forest Goblins have developed a close and disturbing relationship with these eight-legged denizens, even coming to worship them. The Black Pit, also called the Valley of Many Eyes, is the breeding grounds for the largest of spiders and a sacred site for those that worship the Spider-god. It can be found in the depths of the Drakwald and it is a death sentence to pass the web-covered spider-totems that mark its boundaries. Beyond the forests, even the vast riverways of the Empire offer no respite from greenskins. Periodically a Warboss will turn into a pirate 'kaptin', plying the miles-wide waters at the head of a ramshackle flotilla of ships. The Imperial Navy ruthlessly destroys such greenskin armadas, but more always arise.

The Grey Mountains, the inhospitable range that divides the human realms of the Empire and Bretonnia, are a notorious lair for greenskins. Night Goblins have wormed their way through the tunnelled network of underground highways created by the Dwarfs. Further westwards, a range of mountains in Bretonnia are so infamous for harbouring Orcs that they have been named the Massif Orcal. Throughout Bretonnian history, these highlands have proven a nearly endless source of trouble for the realm and, despite many gallant forays, it seems that the infestation can never be wholly vanquished.

In the far west, the greenskins of Naggaroth are the spawned descendants of captives taken by the Dark Elves thousands of years ago. At one time the Witch King forced many tribes to fight for the Dark Elves in their wars with the High Elves, although in truth most took little persuading. Since then, many survivors have escaped and taken up residence in the forests and mountains of that cold land. Goblins of this region, often called Frost Goblins, have tunnelled lairs into still-moving glaciers, and fur-clad Orcs hunt lumbering beasts in the remote pine forests. The Witch King's people have suffered more from greenskins than they ever gained from their enslaved armies and will slay any Orc or Goblin they find, without mercy.

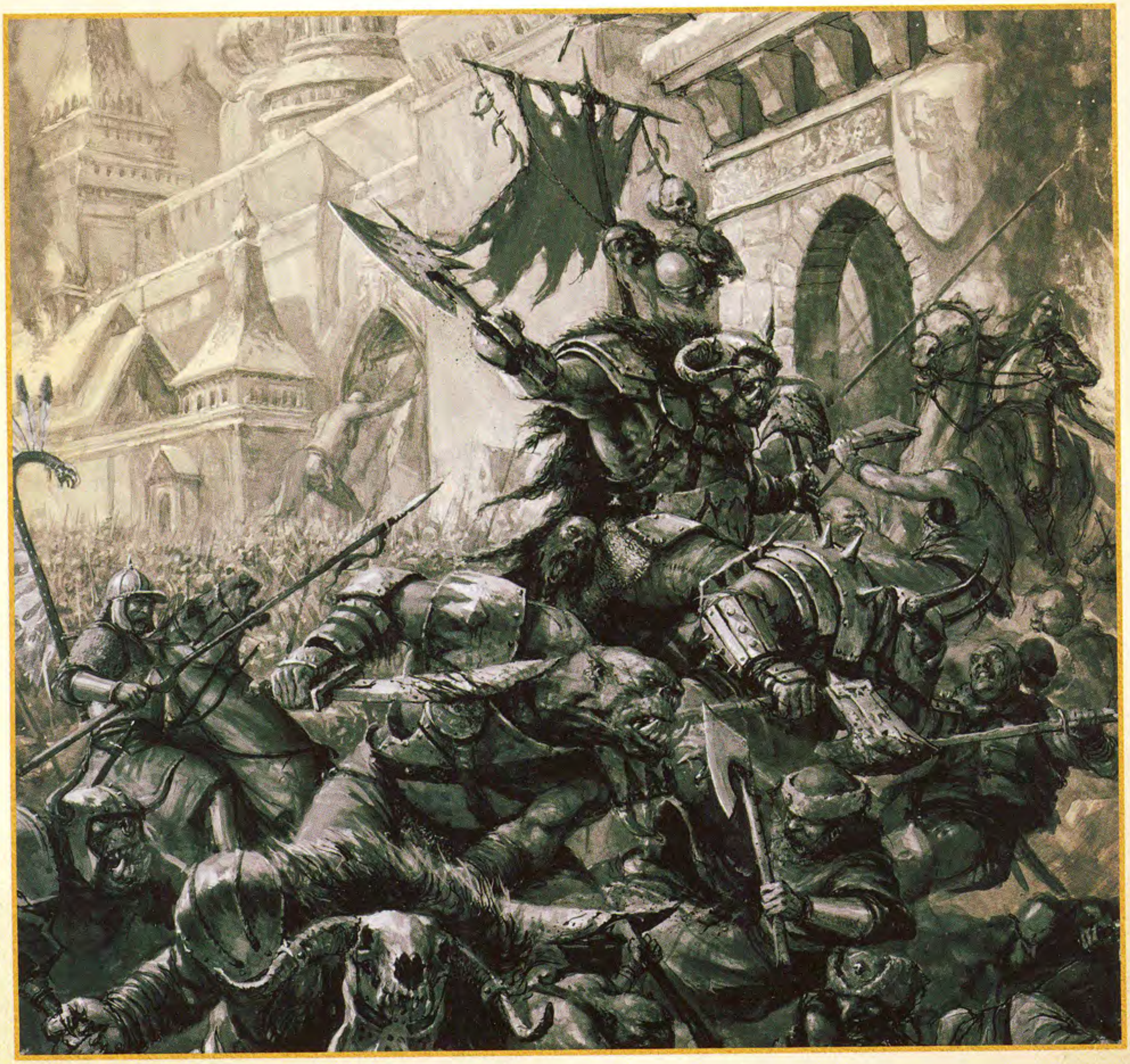
In the Southlands the jungle canopies reverberate to Savage Orc drums. To the north, tribes roam the steppes of Kislev and the Troll Country, and particularly battle-worn Orc tribes even dare the Northern Wastes. Distant Lustria has been invaded and, on numerous occasions, greenskins have clashed with the cold-blooded denizens of that jungle realm. If there are safe havens from Orcs and Goblins in the world, it is only because the greenskins have not found them yet – any greenskin Warboss worth his iron-shod boots regards the entire world as his stompin' ground.

A BLOODY HISTORY

Some races record their history, preserving for posterity the great deeds of the past. In the histories of Men, Elves and Dwarfs the greenskins appear, but only during their largest and most spectacularly bloody invasions. For their own part, Orcs and Goblins don't care about history. Their only version of it is the campside tales told by their Shamans. Greenskins like hearing about bloodshed and great victories, although they need lots of gory details to hold their limited attention span. A Shaman can rouse some interest with inspired bits of pantomime brawling, but more powerful Shamans go a step further, working themselves into a trance while describing battles of long ago. They assume manifold voices, and ghostly green images project above their furrowed brows. These vivid magical effects allow onlookers to witness the carnage and to hear the sounds of battle, and the thrill of the spectacle provides the Shaman with more power. In this way, greenskin history is kept alive (at least the victorious battle scenes anyway – no Orc likes a loser).

The Shamans themselves remember little of such episodes, simply saying they were travelling in 'da Great Green'. Whether they are reporting back events as they actually happened long ago, tapping into some racial memory or simply focusing the violent thoughts of their comrades is unknown. Greenskins find such projections exciting and a Shaman who can show such glorious battles provides entertainment around camp that is rivalled only by pit-fights, Goblin-invented torture games or watching a Giant play a match of Dwarf Skittles.

> "Everyfing I see is mine. All da uvver bits are mine too – I just ain't got there yet. When we reach da end of da world, we'll turn around an' march back."
>
> – Grimgor Ironhide



WAAAGH! GORBAD

Gorbad Ironclaw was one of the most successful Orc leaders of all time. His campaign of destruction raged into the Empire and left the province of Solland so devastated that it has never recovered. To this day, over 500 years later, Orc Shamans still enter trances and boast of the deeds of Gorbad. The mesmerised greenskins might not understand the historical significance of Gorbad's invasion, but they are incredibly enthusiastic about visions of the legendary Orc slaying half a dozen Knights of the Empire with each sweep of his mighty axe known as Morglor 'the Mangler'.

Gorbad came to power deep in the Badlands where he led his tribe, the Ironclaw Orcs, to carve out swathes of territory. From their impregnable base, the fortress known as the Iron Rock, Gorbad sent out warriors to overrun the Worlds Edge Mountains. The only powers that stood in the way of the Ironclaw Orcs were the Broken Tooth tribe, led by the huge Warboss Crusher Zogoth, and the Dwarfs, who still wielded great power near their major strongholds.

The Broken Tooth tribe, traditional rivals of the Ironclaw Orcs, were the first to feel the full wrath of Gorbad's growing legions. Gorbad learned to annihilate rival leaders in as horrific and violent a way as possible. This often intimidated the rest of the mobs, who would then rush to join Gorbad's armies. A horrible fate was in store for the leader of the Broken Tooths. Gorbad used newly subjugated Night Goblins to tunnel beneath Black Crag, the abode of Crusher Zogoth. The Broken Tooth Warboss had no chance to escape the Cave Squig stampede that was unleashed. After viewing the stain, which was all that remained of Zogoth, the Broken Tooth Boyz accepted Gorbad as their new leader, as is the fashion of greenskins who know when they are beaten. Gorbad established a domain over all the peaks between Mad Dog Pass and Fire Mountain.

During this period Gorbad began to appear regularly in the Grudgebooks of the Dwarfs. While most greenskins that encountered the Ironclaw Orcs were absorbed, the Dwarfs were another matter. After Gorbad exterminated every last stunty, the Dwarfholds were so thoroughly looted that not an ingot of gold, lump of copper or scrap of iron ore remained.

Tales of Gorbad's personal deeds were told in every tribe, such as when the great Orc personally bested two Giants at once and how he chased a defeated army of stunties to the gates of the vast Dwarfen capital of Karaz-a-Karak. It is said that Gorbad dared to knock on the unassailable walls of that fastness and the great dents of his trademark iron claw can still be seen on the mountainside. Soon Orc & Goblin tribes from all across the Badlands rose up to join this King of all Warbosses. It was as if the scent of greenskin victory was in the air and none wanted to miss out on the slaughter.

THE EMPIRE IN FLAMES

The Dwarfs recognised the futility of fighting such numbers and simply shut the gates of their remaining holds to wait out the tempest. Seeing that the stunties wouldn't come out to play, Gorbad ordered his armies northwards in search of more lively prey. As a terrific thunderstorm crashed about the peaks of the Black Mountains, the Waaagh! pushed its way through Black Fire Pass. The Empire garrison and their well-built fortresses were swept aside and the Orcs and Goblins descended into the plains of Averland below.

THE BATTLE OF BLACK FIRE PASS

Black Fire Pass was formed between the Black Mountains and the Worlds Edge Mountains. It is the main route between the lands of the Border Princes, the ancient Dwarf capital of Karaz-a-Karak and Averland, the southernmost province of the Empire. It has been the site of many battles throughout the bloody course of its history, but none more significant than the first one fought there. A newly forged alliance of Men and Dwarfs engaged a massive invading greenskin army at the western end of the pass. Unable to bring their superior numbers to bear, the Orcs and Goblins were defeated and scattered. The ensuing victory was the epoch-changing event that allowed Sigmar, the leader of the Men, to found the nation that would become the Empire. As the best invasion route from the Badlands, time and again Black Fire Pass has featured prominently in many tales.

On the distant flanks of the great force, Goblin Wolf Riders rode far to loot and destroy outlying towns. Meanwhile, the numberless Orc & Goblin tribes followed along the Old Dwarf Road. The ground shook, heralding the approach of Gorbad's army. Accustomed to the harsh Badlands rather than the rich green hills of Averland, the horde amassed so much plunder in just a few days that Gorbad ordered an encampment at the ancient Elf ruins of Three Towers on the borders of the Moot. It took three days for the Warboss to sort out his battlelines, straighten up the newcomers, put down a handful of challenges, and stop some of the shiftier Goblin tribes from re-stealing what others had already pillaged.

Surprised to find his lands covered in a seething tide of greenskins, the Count of Averland sent messengers to his neighbouring provinces. Amazed to be granted even a short reprieve, the Count used Gorbad's delay to send the bulk of his region's troops as reinforcements to shore up the Moot's defenses. It was a futile gesture. When Gorbad struck north, he caught the Empire armies on the Aver Down, a range of low hills in the southern Moot. The Halflings who lived there were easy prey, even for Goblins, and the rest of the army was overwhelmed. Only a few Knights Panther escaped the slaughter. Their warnings to the Emperor Sigismund focused on the immense size of the invasion and on how the Orc Gorbad manoeuvred his troops with devilish cunning.

The Orcs and Goblins spent two days ravaging the Moot. The remaining Halflings attempted to escape, often by fleeing down the River Aver. The river grew so overcrowded with boats and improvised rafts that the malicious Goblins couldn't resist setting up their war machines to take target practice. The torment of the Halflings, which the greenskins called 'bite-sized runts' or 'squealers' (for their habit of emitting shrieks when being chewed) proved very popular. Camps held Halfling-eating contests, barrel battles – consisting of a Snotling versus a Halfling fighting it out in an empty crate – and other barbaric cruelties. Refugees poured into the city of Averheim, with greenskins following hard on their heels. It was not long before that great city was being battered by war machines, most of which were unusually accurate after all their recent practice. After a brief bombardment and a few feints, Gorbad ordered a massed assault. Averheim's gates and walls were broken and the Waaagh! levelled the city in a spate of destruction.

By this time, Gorbad Ironclaw's reputation had spread even further. Tribes of Orc river-raiders rowed their rickety fleet to join the throng. Innumerable greenskins from the forests, mountains and plains, and from as far afield as the Dark Lands, marched to swell the horde. Gorbad's armies were larger than ever as they looted the remains of Averheim, but Gorbad had greater plans and soon massed the largest Orcs into mobs. These Big 'Uns prowled the ruined streets, gathering drunken greenskins and dragging them back into marching order. Many heads were knocked together to remind all newcomers who was boss.

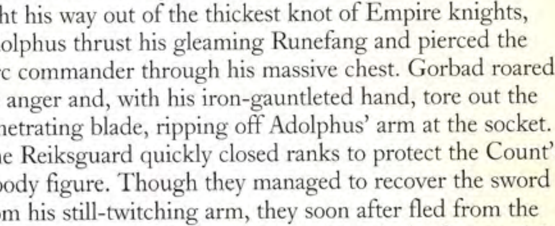
Gorbad's campaign swept on relentlessly, and Nuln was next to be assaulted. The greenskins poured over the walls in a rampaging fury that promised to repeat their swift victory at Averheim. Brutus Leitdorf, the Count of Averland, ordered a retreat over the great bridge and rallied his troops in the western half of the city. Leitdorf's ingenious fighting retreat and the inspired destruction of the great bridge nearly saved half of Nuln. However, Gorbad not only outfought, but also outmanoeuvred his foe. His newly acquired flotilla, containing every Orc raider from as far away as the Reik and Stir rivers, was ordered to ferry troops. While Gorbad kept pressure on the defenders, he also commanded the construction of a crude but functional floating bridge, cobbled together out of half-wrecked ships and smouldering beams hauled from the destroyed half of the city. His forces gained a beachhead and finally swarmed across the river in great numbers. By nightfall the whole city was burning and the survivors, including Leitdorf, fled towards Altdorf.

The destruction of Nuln was a great blow to the Empire, but it was about to get worse for the greatest nation of the Old World. With a large portion of their fighting forces already mauled by greenskins, Emperor Sigismund could only beseech the northernmost provinces for aid and watch the greenskins descend upon the southern territories. With no challenges from the north, Gorbad ordered the plundering of Solland and Wissenland. In a nearly hopeless effort, Count Eldred of Solland and Count Adolphus of Wissenland joined their armies to stave off the invaders. The ensuing battle came to be known as the Battle of Solland's Crown. Count Eldred was cut in half by Gorbad himself, who claimed the ruined body and the Solland Sword – one of the twelve magical Runefangs given to Sigmar's heirs by the Dwarfs in ages past. Gorbad tore the crown of Solland from the Count and placed it upon his own head as a trophy. The Count's remains were fed to Gnarla, Gorbad's fierce and heavily scarred boar. Over the next few weeks Solland was so utterly razed that its old lands and ruins were afterwards absorbed by neighbouring provinces, and Solland was no more.

Seeking further spoils, Gorbad turned his Waaagh! back north, heading towards the Empire's capital of Altdorf. Knowing what Gorbad would do to Altdorf should he besiege it, Emperor Sigismund called upon the cream of Empire soldiery to mount a desperate sortie while further reinforcements could be gathered from the north. Many Reiksguard, Knights Panther and Knights of the Blazing Sun were placed under command of Erich Adolphus, who had taken refuge in Altdorf after his last ill-fated attack on Gorbad. This hard-hitting force rode out to meet the oncoming hordes, heading for the towering columns of smoke that rose on the horizon – the telltale sign of the invasion's bloody progress.

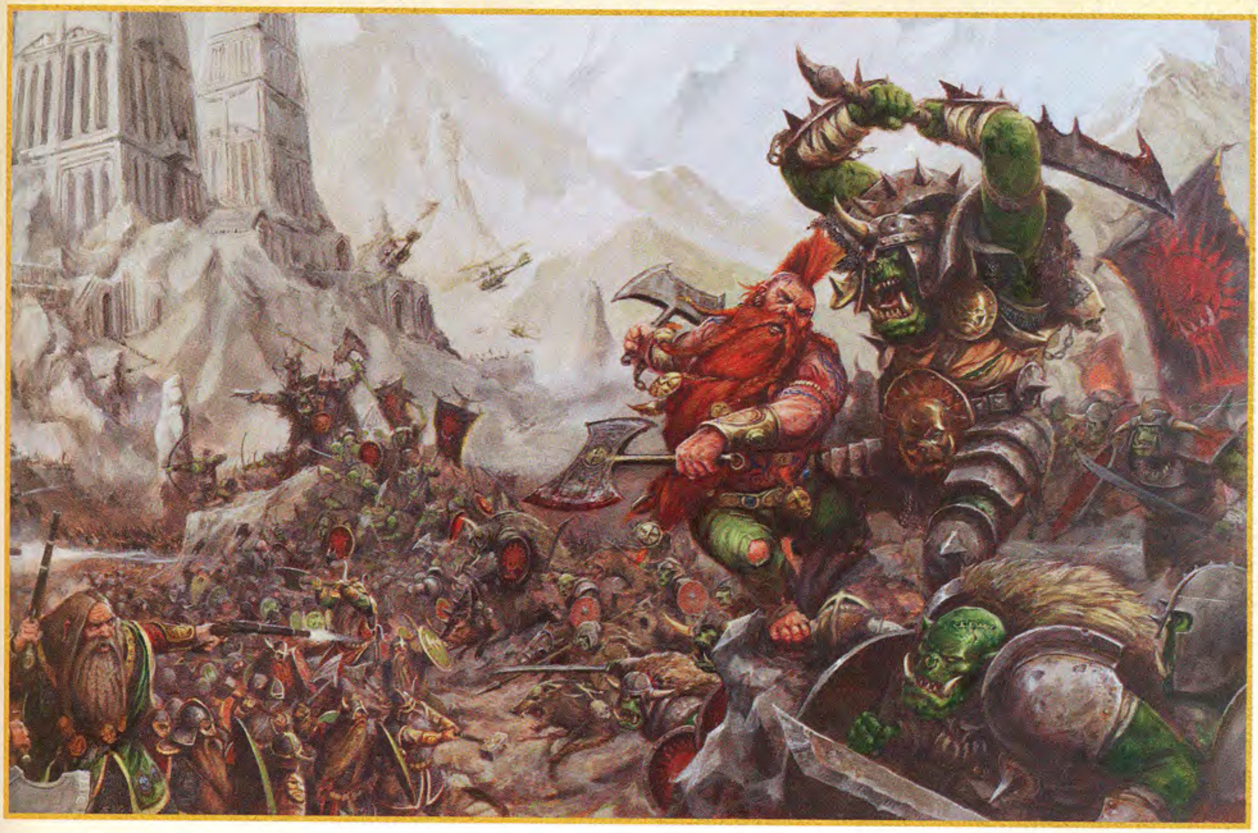
The resulting battle, known as the Battle of Grunberg, was unusual in that it consisted almost entirely of mounted troops on both sides. At first, the Wolf Riders were driven from the field by the knights, but Gorbad led a countercharge of Boar Boyz flanked by great mobs of Forest Goblin Spider Riders. Perhaps this was foolish aggression, as the main greenskin host was still miles away, but Gorbad was flush with victories and would not wait for his superior numbers to arrive. His opponent, Count Adolphus, was widely considered the best commander and most formidable fighter in all the Empire. Adolphus was hoping for just such a situation, as he had already faced the overwhelming might of Gorbad's hordes. By luring the hulking Orc commander to ride forth with only a portion of his army, the wise Empire general engineered his only chance of victory. With steely resolve Adolphus ordered his troops to concentrate on killing Gorbad. The meeting of the galloping knights and the charging war boars was thunderous. Wading through it all rode Gorbad, his huge battle axe splitting both man and steed in two. Whole regiments of knights were hacked apart in moments. Desperate to bring down this monster, Count Adolphus charged into the fray with the last of the Imperial reserves.

Although his elite Ironclaw Boar Boyz were falling around him, no lance or blade seemed able to topple Gorbad. Instead, Gnarla pushed through the foe while Gorbad hacked about him. Just as it seemed that Gorbad would fight his way out of the thickest knot of Empire knights, Adolphus thrust his gleaming Runefang and pierced the Orc commander through his massive chest. Gorbad roared his anger and, with his iron-gauntleted hand, tore out the penetrating blade, ripping off Adolphus' arm at the socket. The Reiksguard quickly closed ranks to protect the Count's bloody figure. Though they managed to recover the sword from his still-twitching arm, they soon after fled from the enraged Gorbad. The battle was over, with the few surviving knights fleeing for the safety of Altdorf's walls.



THE SIEGE OF ALTDORF

Irritated by his injury and the escape of his foes, Gorbad commanded the recently arrived bulk of his army to move at the double. This march was immediately followed by a direct attack upon Altdorf's walls – an ill-prepared assault that was bloodily repulsed. Impatient with delays, Gorbad ordered charge after charge, demanding that whole tribes traverse the fens and marshes about Altdorf's southern approaches. Countless greenskins perished, sucked into the morass or trampled underfoot. Finally regaining his head for tactics, Gorbad halted the senseless waste of troops and prepared for a siege, but much damage was already done. Despite their horrific losses, the greenskins still outnumbered the humans, but Gorbad's Waaagh! had been checked for the first time. The greenskin camps surrounding Altdorf were full of a grumbling resentment that had not been heard before under Gorbad's iron rule. While Gorbad ordered the Rock Lobbers dragged into place, some tribes slunk off to do their own foraging. Even as the greenskin catapults engaged in a long-ranged duel with the crude cannons of the Empire, the



Waaagh! began to disperse. Sometimes in mobs, at other times in whole tribes, many greenskins slipped away. Soon Reikland was burning from the many disjointed raids committed by these deserters, although Gorbad's remaining forces never profited by such looting.

Hampered by his wound, which would not heal, Gorbad still retained his cunning. He realised he could not keep haemorrhaging troops, nor lead the assault himself, so he unleashed his secret weapon. The chains were severed from the great wagons that had been hauled down from the mountains. With ear-shattering screeches, a half dozen Wyverns burst forth. Gorbad assembled all the reptilian beasts into a mass aerial assault, timing this with yet another full-scale ground attack. The Wyverns swooped and dived upon the city's guardians, their vicious claws tearing men asunder and unseating cannons with ease. Amongst the commotion a Wyvern smashed into the Emperor's palace, crashing through the roof of the great hall. For several hours the beast rampaged through the building, eating servants by the dozen. Every time the defenders attempted to block its progress, the Wyvern would merely shoulder its way through another wall in a shower of wooden splinters and brick dust.

When Emperor Sigismund led a group of archers against the beast, the Wyvern brushed aside the bowmen and seized the Emperor in its crushing jaws. Imperial records cite how the surviving archers fled from the horrific snapping sounds, although some reports describe a second Wyvern battling the first for the regal remains. With its appetite sated, the Wyvern began to make a nest of banners and tapestries in the throne room, only to be slain by furious Reiksguard, who vowed revenge for their Emperor. Elsewhere, the aerial assault inflicted many casualties, but failed to follow their orders to break open the city gates. With most of Gorbad's secret weapons dead or sleeping in well-fed slumbers, the greenskins continued to batter against Altdorf's walls with many losses and little success. With his wound troubling him and his horde dwindling, Gorbad had little choice but to break the siege, leaving behind the battle-scarred capital.

COLLAPSE AND RETREAT

The majority of the remaining tribes broke ranks with Gorbad. Some left to return to their lairs, but many turned upon the retreating army, attempting to cut out a larger share of the loot for themselves. Eventually, only the Ironclaw and Broken Tooth Orcs remained, along with a few Goblin tribes too intimidated to leave. Gorbad led his followers along the River Reik, harried all the way by greenskins and revenge-seeking men from Solland. Most of their spoils were lost or abandoned during the hasty retreat.

One last major conflict remained: the Battle of Blood Peak. It was fought in the shadow of the red-coloured mountain immediately south of Black Fire Pass. A Dwarf army, led by the King of Karaz-A-Karak, attacked. This was retribution for earlier violence and desecration, for the Dwarfs never forget a grudge. Though Gorbad hacked a path through the Dwarfen onslaught, his army crumbled around him. As dusk fell, Gorbad was surrounded by stunties, his axe visiting ruin on any who approached. That was the last anyone ever heard of Gorbad; if the Orc leader was slain by the Dwarfs, they have never mentioned it. If Gorbad made good his escape, it is not known to where, for none have ever heard of him again. Whatever befell the great Orc, his reputation and memory live on. To Orcs, clustered around a Shaman telling the tale, Gorbad is a legend – a hero who earned a place beside the mighty Gork and Mork. To Men and Dwarfs, he was the living embodiment of the destructive power of the Waaagh!

A. Smith

WAAAGH! GROM

Most of the Warbosses whose campaigns of destruction have shaken the world have been Orcs rather than Goblins. Grom was one of the rare Goblins to reach such lofty heights, for his prodigious size rivaled the greatest Orcs of all time and his ambition to conquer outweighed them all. It is not that Grom was tall (he wasn't) but that he was enormously and infamously fat. So huge was he that he became known as the Paunch of Misty Mountain, or simply Grom the Fat.

Grom's rise to fame began when he consumed large quantities of Troll flesh during a wager. Trolls regenerate, and their flesh is virtually impossible to absorb unless the foul meat is thoroughly cooked or the eater himself has a Troll's ability to digest rocks, carrion and even steel. Grom had neither and by all rights should have died. With his stomach visibly churning and expanding from the continually growing Troll flesh in his belly, Grom rolled about in agony for days, much to the delight of his fellow contestants. Somehow, heroically, after weeks of chronic indigestion and nearly fatal flatulence, equilibrium was reached and Grom managed to digest the beast at more or less the same rate at which it grew back. A grossly fat and even stronger Grom emerged triumphant.

With his newfound strength and resilience, Grom quickly worked his way to the very top of the Broken Axe tribe. This ascension to Warboss was inevitable, for to Orcs and Goblins size equals power and, by any reckoning, Grom was looking to be very powerful indeed. Within ten years Grom had led the Broken Axe Goblins from their dismal surroundings and conquered many other Orc and Goblin tribes of the southern Worlds Edge Mountains and Badlands.

All Warbosses are full of themselves and boastful but once again Grom displayed his epic proportions. Here was a Goblin from a backwards tribe grown large and powerful, suddenly able to bully Orcs and command as he saw fit. It is no wonder it went to his head. Soon after, he crushed an opposing leader beneath his bulk and added the Night Goblins of Thunder Mountain to his growing forces. Grom began to refer to himself in the third person. If they wanted to stay in his favour, Grom's followers had to use phrases such as 'yer immensity' when addressing him. Both Grom and his horde grew larger still.

In the year 2410, Grom, now a hulking mass of a Goblin with a pendulous and unnatural belly, led his horde through Black Fire Pass and northwards along the Dwarf-held highlands. He brought several Dwarf holds to ruin, desecrated the tombs of Dwarf ancestors and ordered a colossal statue of the Dwarf God Grungi to be hacked into his own, not insubstantial, image. Furious at this new outrage (and the poor level of craftsmanship), the Dwarfs gathered en masse to hew down the offending Goblin Warboss and his followers.

The Dwarfs, led by King Bragarik, met Grom's Waaagh! at the Battle of Iron Gate. After three days of non-stop fighting, the two sides retreated for some breathing space, leaving many dead, but no clear victor. For the Dwarfs this result was nothing less than a disaster. Grom's rusty axe (unsurprisingly known as the Axe of Grom) had reaped a grim tally of the King's best warriors and with so many of their brethren dead there could be no hope of driving the greenskins away. In desperation, the Dwarfs retreated to their various holds and, despite their pride, sent emissaries to the Empire seeking help. Grom the Fat had already replaced his losses as new tribes, particularly Goblins, flocked to join the corpulent leader.

A TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION

Unfortunately for the Dwarfs (and the Empire) the reigning Emperor was Dieter IV, the Elector Count of Stirland and perhaps the most feckless and callow individual to ever sit upon the Imperial throne. When the Dwarf King's messenger reached Dieter's Golden Palace in the then-capital of Nuln, the Emperor reacted immediately, not by sending help, but by removing his entire court further westwards to Altdorf in order to be as far as possible from the threat! Disgusted, the Dwarf messenger returned to Karaz-a-Karak where the King received the news of the Emperor's decision with stoicism and a fresh entry into the Book of Grudges. Unable to contain Grom's ambitions without aid, the Dwarfs resolved once again to shut their stout doors and defend their holds from within.

Grom's Waaagh! rampaged through the mountains, but they were unable to take any major Dwarf holds or bring the stunties out for battle. All the while, Night Goblins from as far away as Red Eye Mountain, as well as many Goblins travelling from the Dark Lands, joined Grom's legions. Through Peak Pass came long lines of mobile shanty towns – the caravans of the swindle-happy trader tribes. Many of the lean Wolf Rider tribes came too. Hardened by their life in the Wolf Lands, they sought to put their banners beneath that of the larger-than-life and now-legendary Grom. As befitted both his massive status as well as his ponderous frame, Grom began to travel everywhere aboard an especially sturdy chariot.

Leading his host westwards, Grom devastated the Empire provinces of Stirland and Talabecland, and penetrated as far as Hochland, in the shadow of the Middle Mountains. Empire armies were met and defeated and soon the humans retreated to walled towns and cities. The countryside was abandoned. The Great Forest became, for a time, a Goblin realm. Grom chose to bypass heavily fortified areas. Instead the Waaagh! lived off the land, leaving behind only burnt and well-picked over ruins. There was one notable exception. Since Imperial hero Magnus the Pious had become Emperor years before, the capital city of the Empire had been Nuln. Recently, however, the city defenses had been badly neglected in favour of Dieter's preference for marbled magnificence. Such a rich target could not be ignored and Dieter's marvellous Palace of Gold and his great buildings and fountains were destroyed in the ensuing attack. For weeks the cobblestone streets of Nuln rang to the sound of reckless chariot racing. To the frustration of the battle-minded Black Orc mobs that had joined the throng, Grom was content to rest upon his spoil-heaps. While popular with most troops, this lack of direction ensured that the ragtag army was widely dispersed, looting across wide tracts of the Empire.

THE EMPIRE BESIEGED

The mightiest of human nations was now little more than a collection of isolated communities huddling behind heavily defended walls, while Grom's hordes roamed and plundered at will. Forest Goblins emerged to join the rampage, and spiders of vast proportions crept over palisades and soon even walled towns were being plundered. The end of the Empire seemed inevitable, for during such times no land was tilled nor crops sown. The Emperor was too paralysed with fear to raise an army and spent his days secure in Altdorf, dreaming of lissome maids sprawling amid heaped piles of gold coins. Only the desperate valour of Prince Wilhelm, cousin to Dieter, raised any hopes. While his army full of hastily raised militia could not hope to stand before Grom's assembled minions, the greenskins were so divided across many provinces that it was possible to confront and beat many of these smaller elements. Thus, Wilhelm preserved the fertile fields of Reikland, a breadbasket that would succour the starving nation, if only the greenskins could be driven off.

Despite the urgings of his Black Orc Warbosses, Grom remained content to loll about atop mounds of looted goods. It was a trance-prophecy from his Shaman, ol' Blacktoof, that rekindled Grom's fighting spirit. 'Take to da sea,' Blacktoof had said, 'Gork and Mork want new lands to crush.' In that hour Grom turned from lethargic despot to his old frenetic self. Without waiting to regroup his scattered legions, Grom ordered all troops within bellowing distance to head westwards. Even with only a portion of his dispersed force, it was child's play for Grom to defeat an army of Middenland that marched out to meet him. As his chariot was destroyed by a cannonball in the battle with the blue-clad humans, Grom made a brief stop at the city of Middenheim. His new chariot was magnificent, made from the roof timbers of the temple of the White Wolf in Middenheim. Grom, to the surprise of no one, named his chariot the same as the last one – the Chariot of Grom. Such was Grom's haste to reach the coast that the city of Middenheim was left intact, save for the roofless temple, a ruined gate and a lingering smell.

After devastating large tracts of Nordland, Grom reached the coast and immediately ordered the tribes gathering in his wake to build a fleet. Acres of timber were cut down while other tribes were sent to scavenge for supplies. The fleet was unlike anything seen before, enormous hulks of crudely fashioned wood, propelled by treadwheels or patchwork sails. In typical greenskin fashion, whatever materials were available were used, resulting in entire Imperial watchtowers dismantled and rebuilt (in a rather more slipshod style) upon the decks of larger ships. Many Warbosses, particularly the Orc and Black Orc ones, protested that the Boyz should be deployed in battle, not sweating it out shipbuilding. Grom slew enough protesters to quell the rest.

Within several months Grom set sail and made his way down the coast. Brave ships from the Imperial Navy shadowed the greenskin fleet. Admiral von Kronitze did not want to risk engaging the greenskin armada, reckoning that time, tide and naval ineptitude would do much of his work for him. As Grom's fleet sailed for the delta of the mighty Reik, heading into Marienburg, Kronitze realised he had no choice but to attack. It was a massive and bloody sea battle that sunk half the Imperial fleet before the rest were driven off into the rising winds. Marienburg lay open to invasion but, as fortune would have it, the weather took a turn for the worse. Strong gales whipped up a rough sea and at last the poor seamanship of the Orcs and Goblins caught up with them. Unable to reach safety, many vessels, each crammed with greenskins, sank unceremoniously. The rest of the fleet was blown out to sea and over the horizon.

THE FLEET PASSES WEST

Although many of these shanty-craft were wrecked near the Bretonnian shore, the rest of the fleet rode out the storm. After forty nights at sea, Grom's much-reduced fleet made landfall upon a mist-covered coast. Keen-eyed shore patrols spotted the intruders and marvelled at the greenskin horde that was disembarking onto the shingle beach – this was the east coast of Ulthuan, along the bleak coast of Yvresse. The High Elves of that land have many magical protections to ward off strangers. Between the shifting sandbanks, mystical fogs and the innumerable sea monsters that prowled those waters, it was rare for a single ship to pass unimpeded. How hundreds of ramshackle vessels could do so showed evidence of powerful magic, or luck beyond imagining.

Grom's army was but a fraction of its previous size, yet as they spread out upon the shores it was still a mighty host. Many of the wolves had torn each other to bits during the voyage, yet the ones that emerged were well-fed and were soon sent out to reconnoitre. A single Wyvern survived being chained in the ship's damp and stinking hold, and it roared its anger as it was released, snapping and consuming Goblins by the dozen. Only the Shaman, ol' Blacktoof, could tame the beast – and he claimed it as his personal mount. Grom ordered the ships destroyed and their beams made into war machines and yet another chariot, for his old one was now on the ocean bed. Grom knew that there was no going back – if this strange new land was what Gork and Mork wanted conquering, then he was the Goblin to do it.

The outnumbered High Elves could do little to stop Grom's rampage. Small Elven armies contested river crossings or defended the towns, watchtowers and Elven mansions along the sparsely populated coast, yet all were ransacked in turn. The greenskins cheered to see the delicate spires topple into ruin. Ol' Blacktoof felt strongly that all the gleaming white watchstones that ringed the island should be uprooted and destroyed. Grom ordered it so. Each of these magical menhirs had been carefully set in the ground and surrounded with spells of protection. Their job was to capture and drain the fell magics of the world that, like a whirlpool, were drawn swirling into Ulthuan. Over time even the loss of a single such stone could have dire consequences, and Grom's army had already wrecked many.

The more standing stones the greenskins knocked down, the more menacing the swirling mists and multi-coloured lights that shone in the night skies became. Unbeknownst to the greenskins, each fallen stone further empowered Blacktoof, until the old Shaman was full to bursting with strange new magical energies. Such raw arcane power was driving him into madness. Still, the cackling Shaman divined the direction of a large Elf city and pointed the way. Grom ordered the army in that direction and within days Wolf Rider Scouts reported a towering city on the horizon.

THE BATTLE FOR TOR YVRESSE

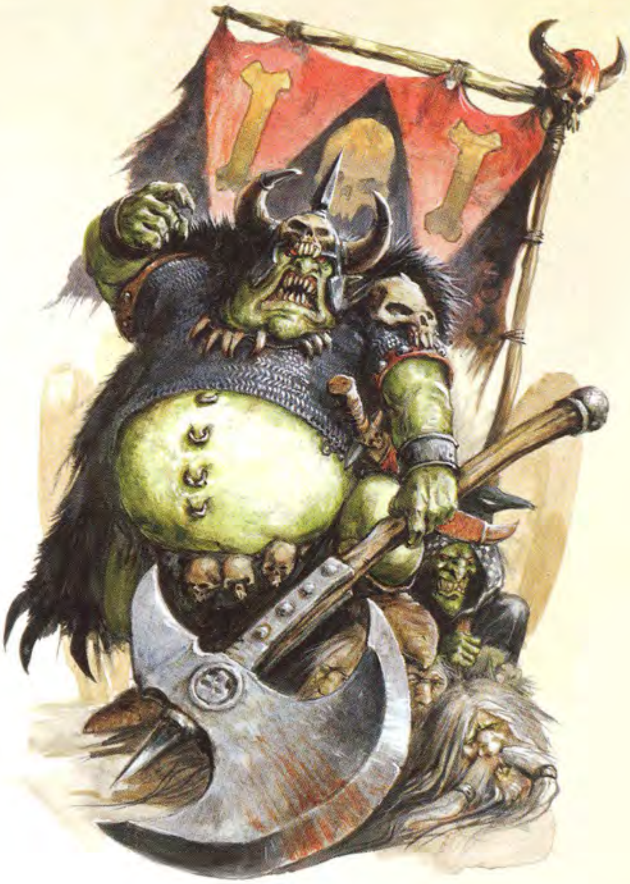
Grom was eager for a battle worthy of his reputation, and he got his wish. The city in question was Tor Yvresse, an ancient Elf metropolis whose glory, beauty and aesthetics rivalled any ever created. Nestled at the mouth of a natural harbour, Tor Yvresse rested on nine hills that grew out of the fertile green plain, while behind the high-walled city rose the steep Annulii Mountains. Confident of victory over the numerous, yet small and simple-minded barbarians, a formidable Elf army marched out of Tor Yvresse to ensure no filthy goblinoid befouled their beloved homes. Ten leagues out from the elegant spires the armies clashed.

Grom ordered his infantry hordes forward to pin the pointy-ears in place, while his dwindling Wolf Riders and wolf-drawn chariots circled to strike the glittering host from the rear. At first many greenskins died on the swift-moving blades and spearpoints of the Elven army, but Grom, surrounded by a sea of Goblins, stood tall in his chariot and bellowed for his troops to hold. While his troops weren't doing much, Grom himself was a powerhouse. The scythed wheels of his chariot mowed down pointy-ears like so much wheat, and his mighty axe lopped off Elf heads with every swing. When the howling greenskin flanking forces crashed home, the slaughter began. Three days after mopping up the Elf army on the fields, the greenskin siege machines were set in place to lob great boulders against the city walls. Meanwhile, the skies grew darker from the baleful effects of the destroyed Elven waystones. The ground trembled and at last the Elves realised their doom. If they could not soon repair the fallen stones, or worse, another single waystone fell, the very island of Ulthuan could tear itself apart.

The Goblin war machines spent a day battering Tor Yvresse. The city was proud no more. Many spires were pulverised and those that still stood were isolated, the elegant bridges that once connected them were smashed or ablaze. Into this ruin Grom ordered his final assault. Although his army's losses were no longer being replaced, the Goblin hordes were more than enough to breach the poorly defended walls and begin levelling Tor Yvresse to the ground.

Never before had the greenskins seen such graceful architecture of slender columns curving artfully to support buildings that had stood for thousands of years. The greatest artisans of the Elves had produced peerless sculptures, fountains and open plazas of much wonderment. Yet all the greenskins cared for was the anarchy their assault was causing. Cackling as the flames went higher, mobs of Goblins paused to rip arms off statues, torment injured Elves or barbarically smash any signs of civilisation. Even as they defended their ruined city, Elves wept at the unrecoverable and senseless loss of so much that was beautiful and fair. The island itself shuddered, burying many Elves and Goblins in the ruins. Ulthuan was convulsing, no longer protected by the standing stones against the swirling vortex of raw Chaos power.

Blacktoof directed his Wyvern to fly towards the battlements of the Warden's Tower. Although he was mad with power, the old Shaman knew that with another fallen keystone, the entire island would sink. He would soon bathe in an aura of power and unleash an era of slaughter upon the world. Yet before Blacktoof could reach his destination atop the menhir or unleash his vast reserve of power, a new force swept into the raging battle. Down from the skies hurtled Eltharion, an Elven captain of much renown. He rode upon a Griffon, and vengeance was in his eyes. As a magical storm broke and multi-coloured lightning strikes split the strangely hued skies, Eltharion beheaded Blacktoof with a single swordstroke. Far below, Eltharion's battle-hardened Elf reinforcements swept into the ruined city to face Grom and drive back his hordes. While Eltharion and a handful of mages attempted to calm the seething storm and prevent its catastrophic consequences, the battle in the ruins reached a crescendo.



Desperately outnumbered, the Elves had been slowly pressed backwards through the ruined streets. The timely arrival of Eltharion's veteran warriors stemmed the green tide and soon the attackers were being driven back. Losing all confidence, the Goblins suddenly routed en masse. With the death of their chief sorcerer, the arrival of fresh Elven troops and the unnatural storm raging above, it was no wonder many Goblins lost heart and broke. For a time Grom attempted to rally his fleeing troops, but finally he too fled the city amidst the final collapse of its last towers.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF GROM

No one is sure what happened to Grom in the wake of that conflict. The Elves never caught him and some say he resides there still, high up in the magic-tainted mountains of that strange land. Others say he flew off, mounted atop his mad Shaman's Wyvern, and is still seeking a new land worthy of conquest. None know for sure, but back in the Badlands rumours persist that one day Grom's corpulent majesty will return and once more lead them to victory.

WAAAGH! AZHAG

All Orcs must fight to survive, but the tribes that dwell in Troll Country must endure particularly rigorous challenges. Monsters and packs of Trolls stalk that deadly land, while Chaos warbands raid from the north. There is no safety amongst Orc kind, as the different tribes of Troll Country are bitter rivals, eager to destroy each other whenever they meet. All of that changed the day a lesser and little-known Orc chieftain by the name of Azhag found a mysterious crown.

When attacked by heavily armoured Chaos Warriors, Azhag and his mob were forced underground into the labyrinthine ruins of what had long ago been the city of Todtheim. After fighting off the daemonic monstrosities that lived in the cursed city, Azhag wandered into the den of a multi-headed Chaos Troll. Azhag slew the beast and amidst its bone-strewn den found an ancient crown. Unsuspecting of its true nature, Azhag placed the iron band upon his head. Instantly, strange thoughts flooded his mind. He was able to lead the survivors of his mob out of the serpentine under-passages of Todtheim. Indeed, it was almost as if Azhag knew the way.

From then on Azhag was changed. The crown soon became a permanent fixture atop his scarred, green head. He took to muttering to himself and often spoke in a decidedly un-Orcy voice. Unknown to his mob, the crown was working its arcane control on their leader, for it was an ancient and terrible device that had once belonged to the Liche Lord Nagash, and a fraction of the Great Necromancer's dread power still clung to the iron band. As the immeasurable will of Nagash weighed upon him, Azhag was not entirely Azhag anymore. However, though the Orc psyche is a simple one, Azhag's mind had its own singularly determined strength. Despite the crown's exertions, it could not possess Azhag.

With whispered advice or sudden jolts of arcane power, the crown aided Azhag. Orcish brutality augmented by ancient guile and dark sorcery made for an unbeatable combination. During that year Azhag rose to become not a chieftain of a downbeaten, wandering mob, but a mighty Warboss of a bold and swaggering Waaagh! Through cunning, force or foul magic, Azhag outmanoeuvred all rivals. The northern Orc tribes were united as never before. Word of Azhag's great victories spread far and his forces were swollen by hordes of Night Goblins from Red Eye Mountain. They brought, as favour to their chosen leader, an enormous and exceptionally fierce Wyvern. Without being hand-reared from an egg, few Wyverns can be broken to serve as a steed. Yet such was his force of will that Azhag subdued the beast with but a single glance. Skullmuncha, as the Wyvern was named, was vicious and temperamental, yet acted almost docile to its new master.

Ruling over rabble could never sate the crown, for it wished to return far southwards, to reunite with its rightful master. Compelled by a will not his own, Azhag led his Waaagh! into Kislev and stormed into the northern provinces of the Empire. With brain and brawn so closely aligned, nothing could stop the greenskins. Time and again Azhag proved that he was no ordinary Warboss, relying on tired old 'outnumber and charge' tactics so ingrained in most greenskin leaders. Here, instead, was a deft commander capable of complex strategies. When superior tactics could not crush the enemy, Azhag himself would take to the fray. Few foes could stand the hurtling charge of Skullmuncha, but if they did, Azhag broke them using foul magics and dark sorceries. At Butcher's Hill, Azhag earned the moniker 'the Slaughterer'. After ingeniously using hordes of Goblins and Snotlings to trap his human enemies in a pincer movement, Azhag utterly destroyed the remaining defenders, bodily and mentally, with a barrage of fell spells. The massacre earned Azhag a place amongst the most hated of Man's foes.

Yet all was not well. Azhag's spirit fought the crown nearly every step of the invasion. After every great victory the greenskins sought to enjoy their gathered spoils, yet the crown pushed Azhag to march further. When Azhag wished to swerve course to sack nearby towns such moves sparked a contest of wills. When the great Waaagh! halted in the burnt ruins of Nachtdorf, allowing the greenskins to raise dung idols to Gork and Mork, the voice in Azhag's head raged at the delay. During such periods Azhag grew sullen or even sat stupefied, his eyes vacant and staring. Many of Azhag's troops knew that 'sumfink wuz not right wiv da Boss'. So long as the victories were rolling in, however, the greenskins were more than willing to enjoy the battles, plunder and ample opportunities to smash stuff. But they all knew Azhag wouldn't get away with such un-Orcish behaviour forever…

THE END OF AZHAG

It was at the Battle of Osterwald that Azhag met his doom. Countering a charge by the Knights Panther, Azhag ordered Skullmuncha into the thick of the fighting. The crown, angered at the invasion's circuitous route, sought greater control over Azhag. The mental duelling left the Orc Warboss distracted and in his moment of weakness Azhag was slain by the Grand Master of the Knights Panther, Werner von Kriegstadt. Without the evil genius to guide them, the greenskins were soon routed. As for the crown, the Empire's Grand Theogonist recognised its foul nature. Refusing to touch it with bare flesh, he took it back to Altdorf, where it was placed in the deepest vault of the Temple of Sigmar. There its ancient evil could be guarded for eternity by powerful warding spells.

THE THREAT UNDER THE MOUNTAINS

The great Dwarfhold of Karak Eight Peaks was wrested from its original owners thousands of years ago. Since that time, greenskins and the chaotic ratmen known as the Skaven have fought over its mighty remains almost without pause. Many tribes of Night Goblins have laid claims upon the adjoining mountains and the tunnels that run beneath the hold, while Orc tribes carve out territory on the surface, in the ruins of the city that lies sheltered beneath the cradle of the eight snow-capped peaks. The Dwarfs themselves have mounted many forays to reclaim their realm of old. After many failures (each recorded in the Book of Grudges), the Dwarfs have finally established a fortified bridgehead back within their once-great citadel.

Out of this blood-soaked region a single greenskin has arisen to take charge – Skarsnik, the self-proclaimed Warlord of the Eight Peaks. Perhaps the most devious Night Goblin to ever spring a trap, Skarsnik has ascended to the top of the Crooked Moons hierarchy through shifty alliances, cunning ambushes and countless underground raids. Fuelled by Skarsnik's boundless spite and deviously clever schemes (and plenty of intoxicating mushrooms) the Crooked Moons have since grown to dominate the region. So great is Skarsnik's fame that all the tribes of Karak Eight Peaks, and many more besides, all hail him as their undisputed master. Since taking over, Skarsnik's reach has grown long. From his base in Karak Eight Peaks Skarsnik has launched attacks as far away as the Dwarfhold of Barak Varr and even been able to ambush enemies in the distant Mad Dog Pass.

Able to hone his dirty tricks in the many battles of Karak Eight Peaks, Skarsnik has developed a cool patience that allows him to wait until his trap is fully set – a rare trait amongst greenskins, who are often overeager. One of Skarsnik's favoured tactics is to secretly break into an enemy-held area, but not to order an all-out attack, at least not initially. Instead a breakthrough is used to capture a few individuals, picking them off one by one. Live captives are best as their tormented screams haunt the remaining defenders. Only when the rest of the plan is ready will the full assault be launched. Skarsnik uses attacks from multiple directions, diversionary feints and feigned retreats and doubtlessly keeps more ruses up his tattered sleeves.

Since the Dwarfs returned to occupy Karak Eight Peaks Skarsnik has held the colony under siege. King Belegar, the ruler of the Dwarfs, came back to reclaim his father's halls. Now he faces the reality that he must fight with all the stubborn determination of his kind just to stay alive. They are currently trapped within a few heavily fortified levels. When Dwarfs attempt to enter or leave Karak Eight Peaks, Skarsnik orders them hunted down. He hangs their scalped beards on long poles driven into the mountain side, where any who approach can see them as they flap in the chill mountain breeze. Skarsnik is forever devising new traps with which to lure the stunties towards their doom and has mounted many sneaky raids into their citadel. The Dwarfs, ensconced behind their barricades, repeatedly think the Night Goblins driven off, only to find the real assault emerging from some other, unexpected quarter. Enraged beyond forbearance, when Dwarf counter-attacks charge out to claim vengeance, they often encounter masses of well-prepared archers or a living wall of ball-whirling Goblin Fanatics.

THE WAAAGH! THAT WASN'T

Under the blazing summer heat of 1344, Gogrut the Instoppable's horde came upon the grand army of Thograt the Unmovable. The infamously bloodthirsty Warbosses met over a barrel of warm fungus beer, intending to discuss their meticulously planned conquests of Karaz-a-Karak. Though their plans for reckless frontal assault seemed identical at first, the two hulking Warbosses could not agree on whether the invasion should be called Waaagh! Gogrut or Waaagh! Thograt.

Tensions mounted as the fungus beer and boiling sun conspired against them. Before long battleaxes were unslung, and the two Warbosses roared their battlecries. The duel raged for six days and seven nights, both Warbosses so intent on the death of the other that they paid little heed to the sounds of battle. When they finally agreed to call it a day and just call their invasion Da Big Waaagh!, the two Warbosses looked around and saw that their once-mighty armies had been reduced to a dozen exhausted Boyz, a bloated Troll, and a comatose Snotling. The pile of dead bodies that lay ranged beneath them, however, was truly huge. The mouldering bones of the rival hordes have been known as Green Mountain ever since.

But Skarsnik is not just a mastermind, capable only of pulling strings from afar. Guarded by his enormous Cave Squig, Gobbla, Skarsnik is known to spearhead vital attacks and his belt of Dwarf scalps is proof of his ferocity. It was Skarsnik that led the main advance to retake the great throne hall from the Skaven. There, he and Gobbla carved through a living sea of ratmen to clear the dais that once supported the Dwarf King's grand runic throne. Amidst the rubble of the long-sacked Dwarf hall, Skarsnik personally skewered the War-Chieftain Skruk Spittletail. So great was the ensuing slaughter that those upper levels have remained clear of vermin ever since. Gobbla himself ate so many ratmen during the battle that he couldn't move for a week.

If one is judged by the quality of one's enemies, then Skarsnik ranks high indeed. King Belegar, leader of the Dwarfen enclave, claims distant relation to Thorgrim, the Dwarf High King who rules from Karaz-a-Karak. The coffers of the High King have been opened for the cause of reclaiming Karak Eight Peaks. Many of the High King's best warriors have been dispatched to aid. Yet for all that, Skarsnik stays one step ahead of the hated stunties, ambushing them at every turn, thwarting their every advance. As for the Skaven, they have suffered even worse than the Dwarfs. Through his endless betrayals and butcheries of the ratmen, Skarsnik has earned the eternal hatred of the Council of Thirteen, the mysterious rulers of that verminous race. Alerted by its keen sense of smell, no black-clad assassin has thus far made it past the jaws of Gobbla, who has eaten such assassins in scores. The mightiest of Skaven Warlord Clans, Clan Mors, has made the deepest pits of Karak Eight Peaks their lair. Only by bitter battle have the Crooked Moons kept the ratmen from rising up and taking over. Even the callous Skarsnik is impressed with how many Skaven are recklessly thrown into the fray to die in the never-ending battles.

DEATH FROM THE DARK LANDS

Grimgor Ironhide is a Black Orc of matchless fighting prowess, with a lust for battle that outstrips even the rest of his carnage-hungry kind. When he staggered out of the Dark Lands with his grizzled and battle-scarred bodyguard, he started a bloody chain of events that is still unravelling. Grimgor's past is a mystery and any that dare ask about it are dispatched. No rival Warboss can stand before his might and few care to fall under the gaze of his one good eye. Shortly after his arrival, Grimgor led his warband to take over or wipe out over a dozen Orc and Goblin tribes of the northern Worlds Edge Mountains, and that was just for starters.

Grimgor always travels with a hardened core of Black Orcs. They have been with him through thick and thin and now form his bodyguard, a regiment known as da Immortulz. Grimgor has always sought a challenge, not followers. He can put up with his bodyguard as they are Black Orcs – tough, mean and only interested in battles and fighting. Although other Orcs and Goblins flock to his impressive deeds, Grimgor is at best indifferent to such greenskins, and at worst he actively despises them. When he can, Grimgor marches out early, before any of the ragtag hordes can assemble and follow. Yet inevitably they catch up, as his trail of blood-soaked devastation is all too easy to follow. Periodically, when Grimgor's frustrations with finding a battle-worthy foe can no longer be held in check, he will cull the lesser greenskins from his following.

Since establishing his home stomping grounds amongst the northern peaks of the Worlds Edge Mountains, Grimgor has found time to butcher his way through many other territories. Stunties, encased in their nigh-impenetrable armour were hacked apart with ease. Vampire Lords from Sylvania were broken and their fangs strung onto long ropes to bedeck Grimgor's banners. When he marched into Kislev Grimgor found, to his dismay, that even a dozen of their best champions could barely make him break a sweat. Only the blizzards sent by the desperate Ice Queen of that land halted Grimgor's reign of terror on the steppes. Attempts to wait out the winter storms so frustrated the glowering Black Orc that he slew every Goblin he could find, even wading into chest-high snowbanks to chop at any little runts that were hiding. When all the Shamans spoke of sorcery and how the storm was unnatural, Grimgor finally relented and headed back. Travelling this way, the storm soon abated, yet every time Grimgor turned again to march back into Kislev, the winds whipped up and pelted him with ice.

In a towering rage Grimgor returned to the Worlds Edge Mountains. His anger was so palpable, even his bodyguard kept their distance. The Night Goblins of Red Eye Mountain (the former Dwarf hold of Karak Ungor) were followers of Grimgor, at least when he didn't leave them behind or wade into their midst swinging his axe. Awed by his incandescent anger, the bravest of the Night Goblins dared to approach Grimgor and lead him to the depths beneath their mountainous lair. In the deepest tunnels, the Night Goblins had encountered a Skaven lair. There, Grimgor found a vent for his insatiable appetite for carnage – a seemingly never-ending supply of ratmen. Grimgor swung his axe until the tunnels and caverns were filled with twitching corpses and piled offal. The Skaven threw themselves into combat, and while it wasn't the challenge Grimgor wanted, it was at least battle without end.

By the end of winter, Grimgor grew bored and once again headed out to seek a worthy challenge. To the north Grimgor's quest took him, for he heard that in those lands the men and beasts were fierce. The first to suffer were the Skaven, as he stumbled upon the lair of Hell Pit. For a while this proved satisfying, as Grimgor slaughtered grotesque, multi-headed beasts and warpstone-addled monsters. When the master mutators ran out of creatures, Grimgor grew disinterested. Seeing no value in capturing such a loathsome and disgusting smelling stronghold, he headed north again. When the Black Orc Warboss and his legions at last marched out, the Skaven of Hell Pit were down to their last line of defenders, many of which were already standing in puddles of their own musk of fear.

> **"I'm gonna stomp 'em to dust. I'm gonna grind their bones. I'm gonna burn down dere towns and cities. I'm gonna pile 'em up inna big fire and roast 'em. I'm gonna bash 'eads, break faces and jump up and down on da bits dat are left. An' den I'm gonna get really mean."**
>
> **– Grimgor Ironhide**

It wasn't long after that Grimgor and his followers began meeting the wandering northern tribesmen, the followers of the Dark Gods. These proved disappointing in battle, at least at first, until larger and more heavily armoured forces began seeking out the 'green demon' that was stalking the wastes, but even these harder armies were soon destroyed. In his wake, Grimgor left piled mounds of hacked apart Chaos armour, like empty bones or shells tossed away after a feast. A feeling as unwelcome as non-stop Goblin jabber-talk had been growing in Grimgor's black heart. What if nothing that walked, crawled or flew could put up a good enough fight? And then, finally, at the foot of the High Pass, Grimgor found his equal in battle. He was fought to a standstill by a champion of Chaos named Crom the Conqueror. If the combat had been allowed to continue, Grimgor felt sure he would have prevailed, but his greenskin army, soundly beaten, was fleeing southwards. Even Grimgor knew he could not stand alone against an entire Chaos army, although it galled him to back down. This setback, a drawn combat, only further stoked Grimgor's lust for battle.

To wait out the winter Grimgor has returned to the depths below Red Eye Mountain. There, he once more collects his grim harvest of Skaven. When the snows sufficiently melt, Grimgor plans to set out into the world once more, seeking a foe worthy of his murderous talents. Already he grows restless. Invariably Orc and Goblin hordes gather, waiting in hope – from a safe distance, of course – to follow behind the great Black Orc, watching his every move. It is not so much that Grimgor leads a Waaagh!, it is more that Grimgor himself *is* a Waaagh!, a physical manifestation of the pure will of Gork. He is an unstoppable killing machine. It is only natural that other greenskins are attracted, like sharks drawn to blood. They too want to join the slaughter that is sure to follow wherever Grimgor goes.

ORCS & GOBLINS TIMELINE

-c.10,000
Near the dawn of creation, the greenskins appear, although no one knows how. Shamans tell stories of Gork and Mork falling from the sky to populate the world with greenskins. The Old Ones recognise Orcs and Goblins as a threat and send the Saurus to war with them. They are unable to exterminate the undesirables.

-c.1,500
The Elves abandon the Old World and the Dwarf empire is ravaged by earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. Orcs and Goblins pour over the lands. The Dwarfs term this time, which lasts for 500 years, the 'Goblin Wars'. The first hold to fall is Karak Ungor, known hereafter as Red Eye Mountain.

-1499
The fall of the second Dwarfhold, Karak Varn. This hold overlooked the Black Water and its lower mines were flooded during the earthquakes. Ensuing attacks by Night Goblins and Skaven drove the Dwarfs out in this year. The lair is henceforth called Crag Mere. From this time onwards foul things grow and mutate in the dark waters and it is dangerous even to approach the Black Water's shoreline.

-1498
Orc Warlord Argor Foespike ousts the Dwarfs of the Dragonback Mountains and establishes the Orc lair known as Mount Bloodhorn. Elsewhere the watchtowers of Mad Dog Pass fall to the greenskins.

-1457
The Dwarf mines of Mount Gunbad fall to the Bloody Spear Night Goblins, who hold them against the treacherous attacks of the Red Face Goblins.

-1387 to 1367
The Silver Road Wars are fought between Dwarfs and Goblins. At their height, only one in five Dwarfen caravans survives the journey through the greenskin-infested Deadrock Gap. Mount Silverspear is taken by the Orc Warlord Urk Grimfang, who naturally renames it Mount Grimfang.

-1250 to 1230
Thunder Mountain erupts, dislodging many Trolls and prompts what the Dwarfs call the Troll Wars.

-1245
A Dwarf offensive clears out many greenskins and, after much hard fighting, regains control of the Worlds Edge Mountains between Karak Kadrin and Mad Dog Pass. The Dwarfs begin rebuilding, but are outraged by the many despoiled tombs and strongholds of their ancestors.

-c.1200
Nagash the Great Necromancer excavates the Cursed Pit. Orcs and Goblins flee west, but many are slain.

-1185
The Crag Mere Battles. Dwarfs battle Orcs and Night Goblins to re-enter Karak Varn. Many on both sides are slain when the fighting nears the lake edge and mutated monsters burst forth to feed upon the combatants.

-c.1175
An ancient human civilisation battles greenskins for control of what will later become known as the Badlands. Kadon, an ancient Necromancer who has found the Crown of Nagash, helps the humans send the goblinoids fleeing to the Dark Lands. The humans build many cities, as well as burial grounds and cairns for their dead.

-c.1020 to 1000
A Waaagh! sweeps through what is now the Badlands, reclaiming it for Orcs and Goblins. The human cities are turned to rubble and Kadon is slain by Savage Orcs. The mysterious crown is carried northwards by Kadon's few surviving disciples.

-975
A Dwarf attempt to recapture Red Eye Mountain is denied. Dwarfs call it the Battle of a Thousand Woes, but greenskins refer to it as simply 'annuver big stunty bake'.

-c.750
Red Cloud Goblins discover a long-lost Dwarfen passage linking the Red Cloud and Fire Mountains. They use this secret way to attack and partially occupy Karak Azul. It takes ten years of fighting for the Dwarfs to cast them out.

-513
The Fall of Karak Eight Peaks. The Dwarfs, led by King Lunn, retreat after nearly two hundred years of fighting beneath the massive Dwarfen city. The battle continues with greenskins fighting the Skaven for domination of the old Dwarfhold.

-469
Greenskins destroy the Dwarfhold of Karak Azgal but abandon it when they can't find the well-hidden treasure. The Orcs then capture Karak Drazh, renaming it the Black Crag. Now all the mountains between Mad Dog Pass and Karak Eight Peaks are in greenskin hands.

-c.370
Orc Warlord Ugrok Beard Burner leads a Waaagh! to the Dwarf capital of Karaz-a-Karak. The Dwarf High King Logan Proudbeard is captured and humiliated, but the greenskins are driven back and defeated at the Battle of Black Water. The newly invented Dwarf cannon plays a large part in the greenskin defeat (and the beheading of Warlord Ugrok).

-15 to 50
In a series of running battles, the greenskins are temporarily beaten out of the lands west of the Worlds Edge Mountains. Stunties and 'umies ally to defeat a massive Waaagh! at the Battle of Black Fire Pass (Imperial year -1). Sigmar goes on to become the first Emperor.

c475 to 500
Orcs invade Tilea, sacking many cities before being defeated. A few tribes find refuge in the Apuccini Mountains.

577
The Bretonni fight a great incursion of greenskins that descends from the Grey and Apuccini Mountains. Orc Warlords demand tribute from the Bretonni tribes, but are rejected. For the next 400 years the Bretonni fight the Orc hordes.

977

Gilles le Breton conquers all lands west of the Grey Mountains and drives the routed greenskins into the wilds, founding Bretonnia.

c1115 to 1140

Forest Goblins emerge from the woods to fight the Skaven over the spoils of the plague-ridden Empire. All human settlements closest to the Black Pit, the sacred spider grounds deep in the Drakwald, are razed to the ground. The few survivors of those villages tell tales of spiders larger than houses.

1452

Knights Errant battle greenskins at the crossings of Blood River. Bretonnian knights build castles to hold back the many tribes of Orcs travelling up from the Badlands. Thus are born the fiefdoms known as the Border Princes.

2201

King Louen Orcslayer begins the Errantry Wars by declaring his intention to rid his realm of Orcs. It almost worked… for a while.

2205

The Dwarfs and the Goblins fight the Battle of Black Falls on the shores of the Black Water. Both Dwarf High King Alrik and Goblin Warlord Gorkil Eyegouger are slain, but only the greenskin army retreats.

2302

The Great War Against Chaos. Many northern greenskins are pushed from their lands. Some tribes join alongside the forces of Chaos, but most attack Chaos armies as they pass.

2401

The Siege of Monte Castelo – five hundred mercenaries hold out against ten thousand Orcs.

2473 to present

Dwarf King Belegar, son of King Lunn, takes advantage of raging battles between Night Goblins and Skaven to re-enter Karak Eight Peaks. They refortify the old citadel and repel many attacks, but are themselves besieged by Skarsnik's Crooked Moon tribe and the Skaven.

2488

The Battle of Death Pass. A Bretonian army is defeated by Orcs led by Morglum Necksnapper, after which he proclaims 'Let 'em tell da King. Da east belongs to da Orcs. Da east belongs to Morglum. Da east is green.'

2498

Battle of the Jaws. Skarsnik orders a Dwarf army ambushed in Mad Dog Pass. Gorfang Rotgut, Chieftain of the Orcs of Black Crag, loses his eye in the fierce fighting. A loose alliance forms between Skarsnik and Gorfang.

2510

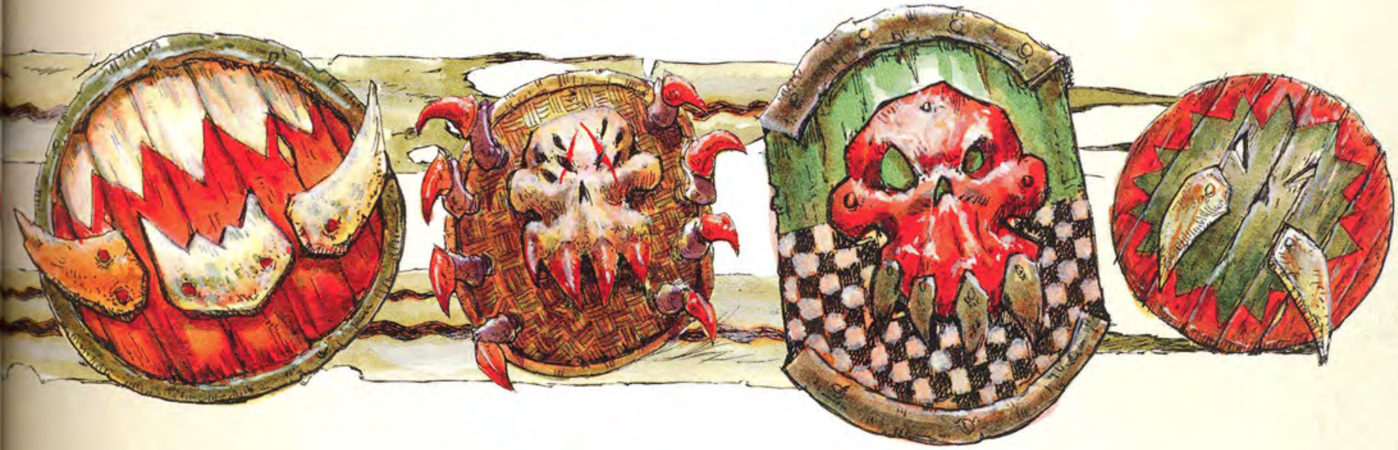
An army led by Night Goblin Spinny Backstab destroys many farms and villages surrounding Middenheim. Backstab is eventually defeated by Middenmarshal Kurt Heinwald, who has the Goblin squashed under a Steam Tank dispatched from Nuln.

2511

Forest Goblins destroy the Empire town of Glumhof and fashion a huge totem out of the skulls of their victims.

2512 to 2515

Given inspiration by the whispering voice in his head, Azhag the Slaughterer leads a Waaagh! into the northern Empire. After famous victories, such as the Battle of Butcher's Hill, Azhag is finally slain at the Battle of Osterwald by Werner von Kriegstadt, Grand Master of the Knights Panther.



c1705

Gorbad Ironclaw defeats Crusher Zogoth and unites the Ironclaw and Broken Tooth tribes at the fortress of the Iron Rock.

1707 to 1712

Hailed as the greatest Orc Warlord of all time, Gorbad Ironclaw leads a massive Waaagh! into the Empire, sacking many cities and slaying Emperor Sigismund. Gorbad is last seen in battle against the Dwarfs of the Worlds Edge Mountains.

1712 to 1715

Many different splinter groups from Gorbad's Waaagh! make it through Axe Bite Pass and spread out to raze many Bretonnian hamlets before being finally caught and destroyed by a great gathering of knights.

2420 to 2424

Grom the Paunch of Misty Mountain rises to power and leads a vast coalition against the Dwarfs and the Empire, before finally heading west to Ulthuan. He rampages across the lands until defeated at Tor Yvresse by the Elf Captain Eltharion. Grom's ultimate fate is unknown.

2470

Goblin Warlord Boggrub Legbiter leads the Broken Nose tribe against the Dwarfs of Karak Azul and captures many war machines. Using these weapons they carve a path of destruction through the Worlds Edge Mountains and into Averland.

2500 to 2510

Orc Warlord Gnashrak forms a Waaagh! that rampages through the Worlds Edge Mountains for years, threatening to capture the Dwarf capital. Gitilla and his Howlaz are pivotal to Gnashrak's success, but leave before Gnashrak is finally slain at the Battle of Broken Leg Gully (2510).

2503 to 2507

Gorfang Rotgut launches a surprise attack on Karak Azul. Many of the Dwarf Lord's kinsfolk are captured and taken back to the dungeons of Karak Azgal. The Dwarf Lord's son, Kazrik, was not taken captive but was shaved, and his head tattooed with a crude Orc glyph. He was then nailed to Kazador's own throne. Although Kazrik survives, the experience leaves him somewhat unhinged.

2518

The Forest Goblins are stirred up when humans encroach upon the Black Pit. The Battle for the Drakwald is begun.

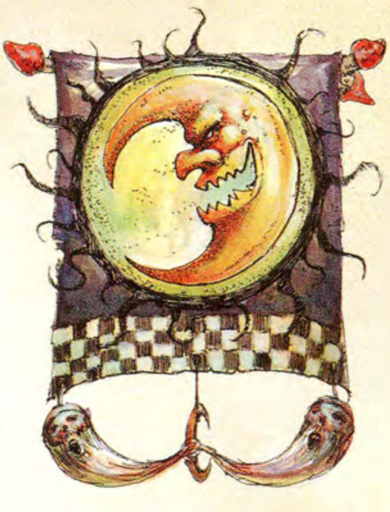
2520

The Third Battle of Black Fire Pass. The hordes of Warlord Vorgaz Ironjaw are met in Black Fire Pass. Marius Leitdorf, Elector Count of Averland is slain, but Emperor Karl Franz arrives to slay Ironjaw and rout the greenskins.

2521 to present

Skarsnik prepares to lead the Crooked Moon tribe to wipe the Skaven and Dwarfs out of Karak Eight Peaks. Grimgor Ironhide tires of slaughtering Skaven beneath Red Eye Mountain and sets off on a new trail of blood and destruction.

Note: Orcs and Goblins do not use written records, so these accounts are gleaned from Dwarf and Imperial histories. All dates are given in the Imperial calendar.



ORCS & GOBLINS BESTIARY

The Orcs & Goblins army contains some of the most varied and disparate troops of any force in the Warhammer world. Some of the toughest fighters, sneakiest backstabbers, deadliest monsters, fastest cavalry and wackiest war machines can all be found within the green horde, meaning that no two Orc & Goblin forces are alike.

In this section you will find details for all the different troops, heroes, monsters and war machines used in an Orcs & Goblins army. It provides the background, imagery, characteristics profiles and rules necessary to use all the elements of the army, from Core troops to Special Characters to Waaagh! Magic.

ARMY SPECIAL RULES

On this and the following page, you will find all of the rules that apply either to the entire army or to several units in the army. These rules are integral to the way that the Orcs & Goblins army works on the battlefield. Special rules that apply to just one or two units in the army are instead covered in the separate Bestiary entry for those units.

ANIMOSITY

Orcs and Goblins have a special Animosity rule to represent their extreme belligerence – greenskins will fight anyone, even each other! Animosity is a trait that Orcs & Goblins players have to live with – sometimes it can be a pain in the neck, and sometimes it can produce a rather good result. It's just one of those things – the Orcs & Goblins army is nothing if not unpredictable.

Units that are subject to Animosity have it stated in their entry in both the Bestiary and Army List. This is usually Orcs and Goblins banded together in mobs and they can turn minor squabbles into full-scale riots – especially when in close proximity to other greenskin units.

The Animosity Test

Animosity is represented by an Animosity test. This test is taken in the Start of Turn sub-phase during each of your turns, by every unit that is subject to Animosity, with the following restrictions:

- Units only test if they contain at least 5 models (there aren't enough of them to cause trouble otherwise).
- Units engaged in close combat don't test (they're too busy fighting the enemy!).
- Units garrisoning a building don't test (they're too comfortable to quarrel).
- Units fleeing or currently off the battlefield don't test (they're too busy running or marching).

Roll a D6 for each eligible unit. If the dice roll is a 2 or more, the unit behaves normally this turn. If the roll is a 1, however, the unit has failed its Animosity test and must roll on the Animosity table.

Characters and Animosity

Characters are not normally subject to Animosity, as they're too busy commanding the army, casting spells and such like. However, if a character joins a unit that is subject to Animosity, then he is bound to the result of that unit's Animosity test. The only exception is Black Orc characters, who get their own special rule for just such an occasion – Quell Animosity (see page 34).

Charging and Animosity

Certain results on the Animosity table require units to declare a charge. Note that charges are declared and carried out in the Charge sub-phase as normal.

Mounts and Animosity

Mounts (whether a cavalry mount, monstrous beast, or a ridden monster) are subject to the same Animosity result as their rider.

THE ANIMOSITY TABLE

When a unit fails its Animosity test, roll a D6 on the table and apply the result immediately.

1 Get 'Em. *Oi! Did yer see that? Them other greenskins is askin' for trouble! Pullin' faces, shoutin' rude insults, hurlin' dung! They deserve a good bashin'!*
Inflict D6 S3 hits on the closest friendly unit that has 5 or more models, is subject to Animosity, and is within 12". The victim (if there is one) then inflicts D6 S3 hits back. In both instances, Hordes inflict 2D6 S3 hits instead of just D6. Neither unit can charge or move in the Movement phase, cast spells, nor shoot this turn. If the victim has not yet taken an Animosity test, then it does not do so this turn. If there isn't an eligible victim, the unit will Squabble instead (see below).

Wounds caused by the Get 'Em result never cause Panic tests – Orcs & Goblins find it far too entertaining to consider running away!

2-5 Squabble. *Ratgut is a filthy lyin' git. As soon as this fight is done he needs teachin' a lesson. Take this and dat, and this and dat, and this and dat, and sum of this!*
If it is possible to do so, the unit must declare a charge against the closest enemy unit in the Charge sub-phase. If the unit is unable to declare a charge, then a rowdy squabble breaks out and the unit may not move in the Movement phase, cast spells nor shoot this turn.

6 We'll Show 'Em. *Da rest of da army is just a bunch of softies compared to us. Let's go show those pansies how it's done proper. Stomp everyfing into dust. Charge!*
Pivot the unit on the spot to face the nearest visible enemy unit, and then make a full (non-march) move in a straight line towards it. If there is no visible enemy, the unit must move straight ahead instead. If it is impossible for the unit to pivot to face the closest enemy, it will pivot towards it as far as it can, and will then move as far forward as it can while still keeping the enemy within its forward arc. After the move is complete the unit must declare a charge in the Charge sub-phase against the closest visible enemy unit, if it is possible to do so. If the unit cannot declare a charge then it may carry on with the rest of its turn normally, as if it had not yet moved this turn.

CHOPPAS

Orc weapons are considerably more crude and far heftier than those of other races. The Orcs wield these weapons with such violent joy that they can turn their foes into a fine red mist long before their chopping arms get tired. Orcs call their weapons 'choppas' – it doesn't matter what type of weapons they are, they just get called 'huge choppas', 'pointy choppas', and so on.

Models with the Choppas special rule gain +1 Strength in the first round of each combat. This Strength bonus is in addition to any other bonuses for weapons, magic items, spells, and so on. Only the model with the Choppas special rule receives this bonus, not any mount they may be riding.

For example, an Orc armed with a great weapon would add +3 to its Strength in the first round of a combat (+2 for the great weapon, and +1 for the Choppas special rule), while a Warboss with a Giant Blade gets a mighty +4 Strength (+3 for the magic weapon and +1 for the Choppas special rule).

BIG 'UNS

As you'll discover later in this section, some Orcs are bigger and 'arder than others. Before a battle, the biggest, strongest Orcs often band together to form an elite unit of hardened fighters. Other Boyz regularly thank Gork (or Mork) that there is only one such unit in an army, for the Big 'Uns are notorious bullies and often take the lion's share of any loot.

Several units in the Orcs & Goblins army have the option to be upgraded to Big 'Uns. However, you may never have more than one unit of Big 'Uns in the entire army (so once you choose to field Orc Boar Boyz Big 'Uns, for example, you can't also field Savage Orc Big 'Uns). Choose wisely!

SIZE MATTERS

Orcs expect smaller greenskins to run away, and so it doesn't really surprise them when they do. The sight of fleeing Gobbos and Snotlings simply reminds the bigger and bolder Orcs why they are best. Consequently, Orc units do not take a Panic test when a Goblin unit, Snotling Swarm or Snotling Pump Wagon is destroyed, breaks or flees through them – they simply guffaw at the cowardly little 'uns and get ready to show them how a proper greenskin can fight.

For the purposes of this rule a 'Goblin unit' is any unit that is either made up entirely of Goblins – of any kind – or that is ridden entirely by Goblins, or that has an entirely Goblin crew. This means that fleeing Wolf Riders or Squig Hoppers, or even a fleeing Arachnarok Spider, won't worry a mob of Orcs, as they'll simply blame the flight on the cowardly Goblins riding on the other creatures backs. However, if a Goblin unit that includes even one Orc model should flee, other Orc units will have to test – things must be getting pretty scary if an Orc has decided to run away!

FEAR ELVES

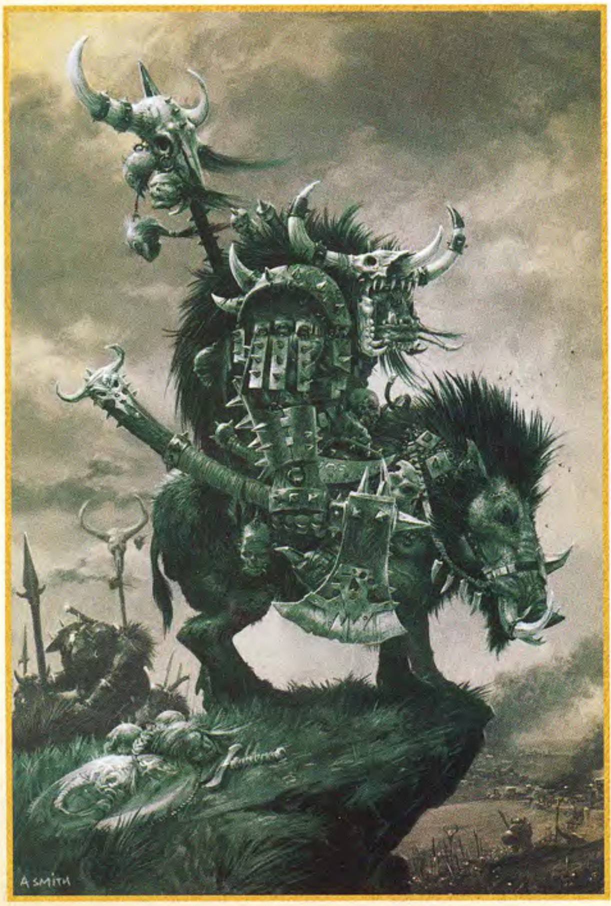
All Goblins dislike fighting Elves of any kind. Elves are haughty, unnatural and 'stink funny', which is more than enough to unnerve such a cowardly race. Elves cause Fear in units of Goblins and Night Goblins.

ORC WARBOSSES & BIG BOSSES

Orcs are led by the biggest and brawniest of their kind. These hulking individuals have pummelled their way to the top in a culture where only the strongest survive. Orc leaders do not rise above the knock-down brawls so common amongst their kind, they thrive on them – at least until they are toppled by a still mightier challenger. Having established dominance over all competitors, Orc leaders take control of a mob or, if they are strong enough, an entire tribe. Any who question the right of the leader to rule must be slain, driven off or spectacularly beaten into submission.

The most powerful leaders are known as Warbosses, though any number of violent activities, major victories or well-known domains are layered into the commander's title, such as Chief Headtaker, Skullkrumpa of da Stunties, or Grand Rula of Spikepeak. Longer titles are favoured and the number of bragging rights an Orc Warboss has accumulated can be used to gauge his power level. Such credentials can be slightly exaggerated ('He stacked dead stunties to da sky!') but are never without basis in fact. Orcs seldom bluff, possibly because they are a bit dim, but more probably because it never occurs to them. They simply don't understand the concept of trying to get someone to back down. Surely the point of such grandiose titles is to draw challengers to you?

Orc Warbosses often go to great lengths to flaunt their dominance, which has lead to some extravagant exhibitions. Backbanners and trophy displays of enemy skulls are not uncommon. Black Orc leaders, being militaristic and dour like all their kind, favour wearing a remarkable set of horns upon their helmets or wielding the largest battle axe imaginable. Savage Orc Warbosses are typically even more overt, often bearing the most impressive warpaint or taking the tribal customs, such as odd body piercings or wearing top-knots, to the most extreme level. Some Warbosses prefer to lead their troops from atop an impressive mount befitting their high status. This could be a chariot, a particularly large and ferocious war boar, or even one of the highly prized, serpentine Wyverns.



Warbosses form a focal point for the greenskin army, as only a tribe's leader can call da Waaagh!, the deep-throated roar that causes all Orcs to scream at the top of their lungs as they surge towards the foe in a tidalwave of violence and destruction. The best leaders know instinctively when to call for such an ultimate outburst of brutal energy, timing it to ensure the collapse and slaughter of any who dare stand in the way of the greenskin horde.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Orc Warboss	4	6	3	5	5	3	4	4	9
Orc Big Boss	4	5	3	4	5	2	3	3	8
Savage Orc Warboss	4	6	3	5	5	3	4	4	9
Savage Orc Big Boss	4	5	3	4	5	2	3	3	8
Black Orc Warboss	4	7	3	5	5	3	4	4	9
Black Orc Big Boss	4	6	3	4	5	2	3	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (character).

SPECIAL RULES: Choppas (All)**, Size Matters** (Orcs & Savage Orcs only)**, Armed to da Teef** (Black Orcs only. See page 39)**, Immune to Psychology** (Black Orcs only)**, Frenzy** (Savage Orcs only)**, Warpaint** (Savage Orcs only. See page 40)**, Wild Abandon** (Savage Orcs only, when mounted on a War Boar. See page 41)**.**

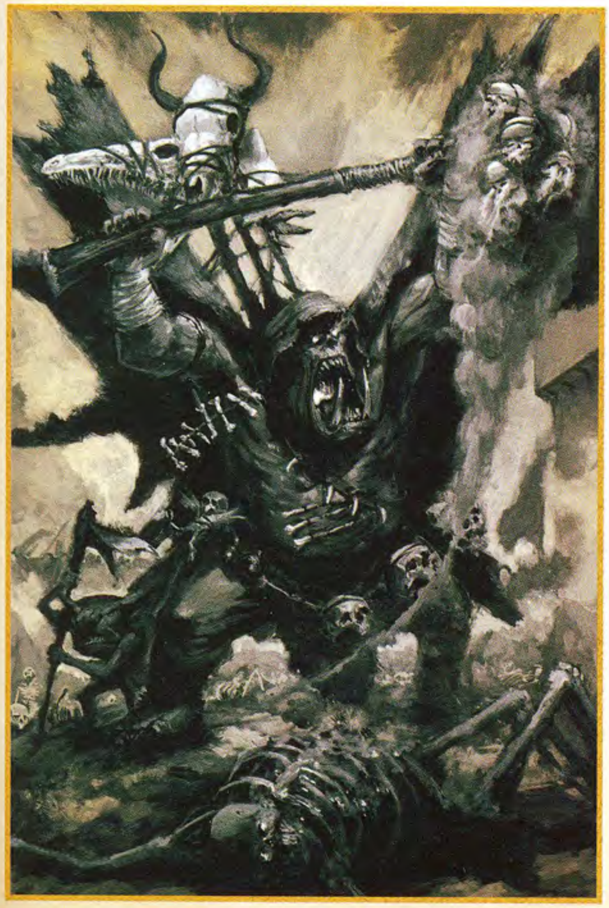
Waaagh! (All Warbosses)**:** If a Warboss is your Army General, then once per game he may call a Waaagh! The Waaagh! may only be called if the Warboss first declares a charge, and must be announced immediately after making the charge declaration, before any charge reaction takes place. In the turn a Waaagh! is called, every unit of five or more Orc Boyz, Savage Orc Boyz, Black Orcs, Boar Boyz and Savage Orc Boar Boyz in the army (including Big 'Uns) adds +1 to its combat resolution for the rest of the player turn. The General himself, and any unit he accompanies, adds +D3 to their combat resolution instead.

Quell Animosity (Black Orcs only)**:** Black Orcs do not tolerate unruly behaviour, and will bash heads together to restore order in the ranks. If a Black Orc character is in a unit that fails an Animosity test, he immediately inflicts D6 Strength 5 hits on his unit, distributed as shooting attacks. After removing casualties, the unit is treated as if the Animosity test was passed. These hits cannot be allocated to the Black Orc character, and cannot cause a Panic test.

ORC SHAMANS

An Orc Shaman is a living conduit to Gork and Mork and can wield such arcane might that even the crustiest old Warbosses have to be impressed. The power of a Shaman comes not just from the Winds of Magic, or 'da Great Green' as greenskins know it, but also from the raw energy radiated by their fellow Orcs. As they advance into battle, the Waaagh! energy rises, allowing a Shaman to focus that force through the power of his mind. What erupts out of the Shaman are spells as brutal as the Orcs themselves. Shamans have been known to cause a foe's brains to burst out of his skull, to shoot death beams out of their own beady eyes or to summon an almighty green foot from the skies to stomp and squish any unfortunate enough to be underneath. By using the awesome powers of greenskin magic to destroy an enemy, Orc Shamans earn the right to their eccentricities.

While an Orc Shaman can mystically squash a foe in a variety of ways that make greenskins cheer, he is at times unable to attend to his own bodily needs. It is as if being so close to the powers of the greenskin gods is enough to unhinge a Shaman's mind. Inarguably Shamans are a bit mad, being prone to trances and sudden spasms of fitful dancing. This embarrassing behaviour can cause scenes around the camp that are awkward at best. Orcs typically look the other way during such moments and many Black Orcs refuse to even acknowledge a Shaman's presence. It is hard to ignore the kind of hooting and arm-waving employed by an Orc Shaman, but the battle-hardened, no-nonsense green-skinned warriors go to great lengths to do so. The sight of a Shaman hopping about a disgruntled (and frankly disgusted) Warboss is not unusual. Such wayward actions are naturally upsetting to a race that solves its problems with the application of swift and severe violence, but all Orcs know it is bad luck (and dangerous) to kick a Shaman. It isn't that a Shaman might leak green lightning bolts from his eyes (although that does happen); it is more that the superstitious greenskins are sure that Gork and Mork are watching. It is best not to abuse the favoured of the gods, and so the Shaman's outlandish behaviour is tolerated with a rare and unusual patience. Woe to any Goblin caught smirking at such buffoonery, however, for Orcs have free reign to kick them both hard and far.



The superstitious Savage Orcs observe even more rituals, and put up with even more bone-rattling, feather-waving dances by their mumbo-jumbo-chanting Shaman. As the Shamans provide the magical warpaint that protects them, such activities are generally accepted. If there is any kind of chance that the magic ju-ju will work, the Savage Orcs will put up with any amount of shamanistic prancing.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Orc Great Shaman	4	3	3	4	5	3	2	1	8
Orc Shaman	4	3	3	3	4	2	2	1	7
Savage Orc Great Shaman	4	3	3	4	5	3	2	1	8
Savage Orc Shaman	4	3	3	3	4	2	2	1	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (character).

MAGIC: All Orc and Savage Orc Shamans are Wizards and use the Spells of da Big Waaagh! (see page 72).

SPECIAL RULES: Choppas, Size Matters, Frenzy (Savage Orcs only)**, Warpaint** (Savage Orcs only – see page 40)**.**

SLAUGHTER AT GRIMSPIKE PASS

From the Karak Azul Book of Grudges, 2315

Engorged with magical power, the Shaman gestured and our Longbeards fell. At its beckoning screech, the feet of some foul greenskin god descended, grinding a hundred Ironbreakers to death. With each incantation, the Shaman's power grew until its eyes sparked with hate and malice.

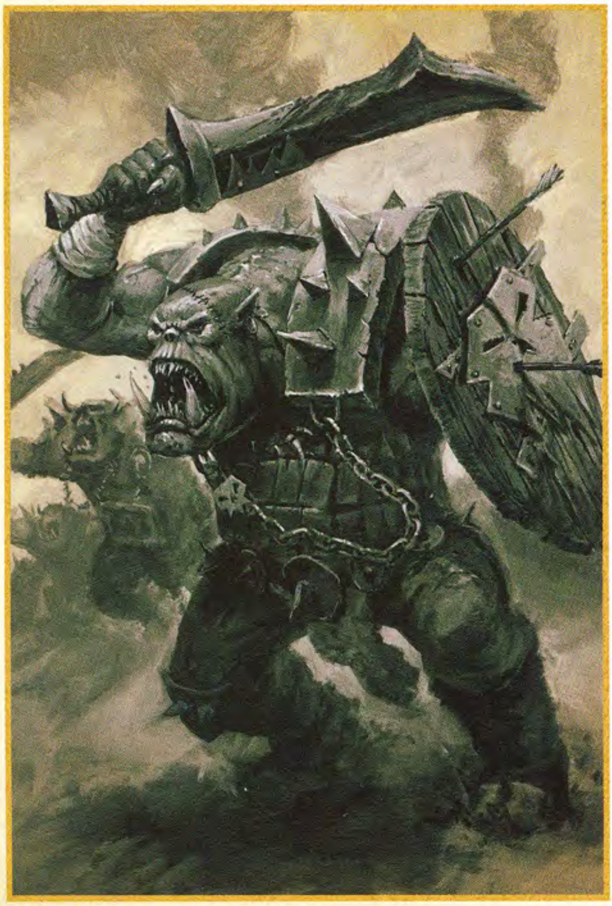
Then, with a crash akin to a thousand cannons sounding, the Shaman exploded. The detonation caused the ancient walls of the pass to topple and fall, crushing all beneath them.

For ten thousand kindred dead we swear vengeance against Grimspike pass. No peace until the mountain is mined to exhaustion and the rocks of the pass are as dust.

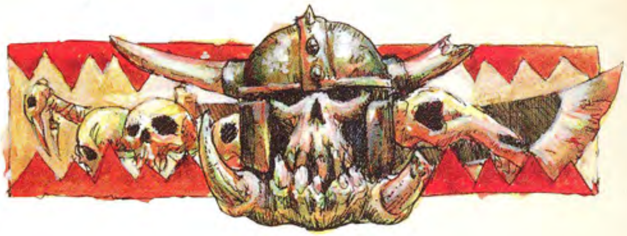
ORCS

Orcs, often known as Orc Boyz or just 'da Boyz', are the hard-fighting infantry found at the heart of most greenskin tribes. Goblins are more prolific, but it is the Orcs that do the bulk of the bloody work in most battles. That is okay with all parties, as Orcs are a warrior race and there is nothing they like half as much as a good scrap. In fact, it is hard to get Orcs to stop fighting. They are an overly pugnacious lot and if no one else is around they will pummel each other just to keep their spirits up. Luckily Orcs do not register pain as do other races. A typical green-skinned lout won't let a minor injury, such as a severed limb, keep him from fighting. Orcs are so tough and resilient that if the arm can be found and sewn back on (however crudely) it will heal quickly. Orcs naturally take their robust physique for granted and regard everyone else as weak, puny or 'squishy'.

Orcs form up in units, called mobs, which are led by the biggest of their kind, the Bosses. On the battlefield, Orc mobs are distinguished by their own symbols or markings, which are most often displayed on shields, banners or totems. It is common practice to brag about one's own mob, ('we is da best'), while rudely scoffing at other mobs, ('Gruttik's Boyz are trickle-legged pansies'). Naturally this leads to punch-ups, scrums and actual combat – which is what the Orcs wanted all along. Mobs carry a range of weapons – long-staved spears, a variety of bladed cleavers, or occasionally looted items. These weapons often feature prominently in a mob's name – such as the Rusty Choppa Boyz or Gutnik's Jabbers. All Orc weapons are called 'choppas' and are kept in a battered condition – if it isn't already splattered with blood, it soon will be. To an Orc, an untarnished weapon is a sure sign that a fight is overdue.



Before battle the Orc Boyz chant and stomp the ground, building up to a wild crescendo of utter violence. Weapons and shields are clashed together into a growing din. Unable to wait for the enemy, fights break out between individuals or rival mobs as taunts and rocks are flung back and forth. When their leader roars his Waaagh!, Orcs respond in kind, using their guttural voices to join in the swelling barbaric battle cry. It is a release of battle-fury and a call for all-out war that sweeps the Orc Boyz into a joyous tide of violence.



ARRER BOYZ

Some Orcs carry bows. These Orcs, known as Arrer Boyz, are viewed suspiciously by the rest of da Boyz, for archery is a bit 'Gobliny'. As Arrer Boyz can prove their prowess in combat, such oddities can be overlooked. Still, it is best not to camp next to Arrer Boyz, as a hail of arrows periodically pincushions passers-by. Yelling rude names at Arrer Boyz is a proven way to alleviate camp boredom and the start of many a good ruckus. Arrer Boy Bosses are notorious dead-eye shots that often order their mobs to keep shooting corpses long after their foes have fallen as 'it's good practice'.

BIG 'UNS

In many tribes the largest Orcs band together into a mob that is accurately, if not imaginatively, called the Big 'Uns. These warriors are bigger, stronger and even fightier than regular Orc Boyz. Those that survive their stint with the Big 'Uns often go on to become Bosses, Big Bosses, or even Warbosses. In the meantime, they form an elite unit that gains the reputation for being the hardest-hitting mob in the tribe – a claim they are only too eager to show off to any foes or rivals that get in their way. Only one mob can 'be da best' so Big 'Uns are mercifully rare in each greenskin tribe.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Orc Boyz/Arrer Boyz	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7
Orc Big 'Un	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	7
Orc Boss	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	7
Orc Arrer Boy Boss	4	3	4	4	4	1	2	1	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Animosity, Choppas, Size Matters.

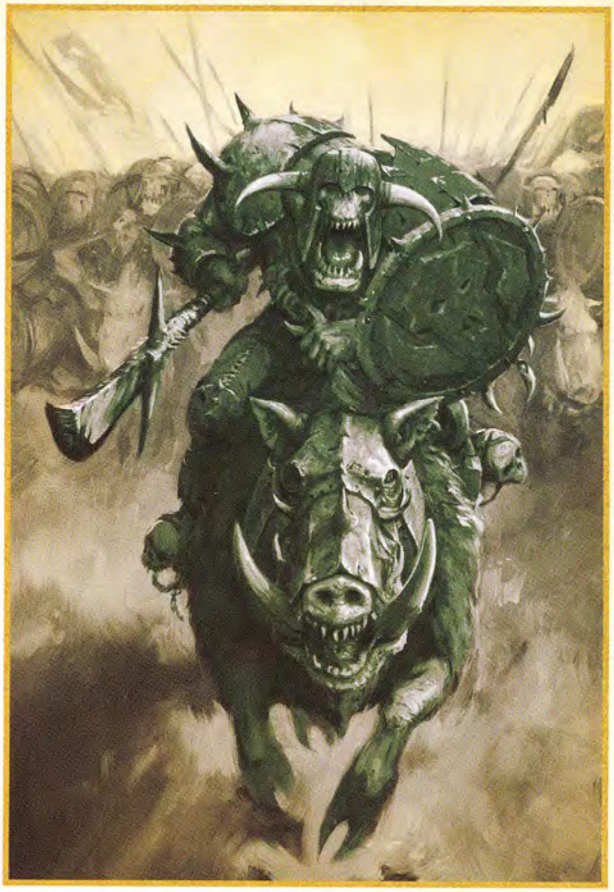
ORC BOAR BOYZ

The war boar is a stubborn and vicious animal that stands nearly as tall as a horse and is considerably bulkier. It is an extremely tough beast that is notoriously bad tempered, loudly flatulent, wholly dangerous and unpredictable. These are just the sort of qualities that Orcs greatly admire, so it was only natural for them to adopt war boars as their mounts. When the beasts lower their tusks and charge, the Orc Boar Boyz will crack open an enemy battleline as easily as a well-placed choppa blow can tear apart a foe's rib cage.

Not every Orc that attempts to ride one of these truculent beasts succeeds. War boars are well known for their violent attacks against any who try to mount their hairy backs. From the front a boar's tusks can gore, while from the rear the creature's short but powerful legs can deliver crippling kicks. Once a war boar has a victim on the ground, it's time for a good trampling, and many a potential Orc rider has ended up flattened in the mud. While it is impressive how far entrails can be squished outwards by the angry stomping of a boar, it is the creature's thunderous charge that is truly special. The first sign that such a spectacle is about to occur is when the enraged boar retreats a good distance from its stunned victim, turns around and scrapes the ground with its iron-hard hooves. When the war boar lowers its snout and begins to run, even the most raucous Orcs hush in anticipation. It takes some distance to build up speed, but eventually the boar's churning legs get the beast moving at a rate wholly unexpected from such a lumpen mass. The ground shakes with each thumping stride and the impact of the boar charge shatters bones and sends its victim (or at least parts of him) dozens of feet into the air.

The constant danger presented by their own mounts ensures that only the most daring Orcs succeed in becoming Boar Boyz. In battle, mobs of Orc Boar Boyz fulfil the role of heavy cavalry, able to shrug off hails of missile fire and bring home mauling charges. Boar Boyz are a rugged lot, bearing even more scars than their foot-slogging mates. Many of these old wounds are from their life of battle, yet no few come from their own mounts. Boar Boyz take great delight in showing off their impressive injuries. It is said by some Goblins that, with their long tusks and unintelligent but beady eyes, many war boars have grown to look (or even smell) remarkably like their Orc riders. However, this might be an empty compliment intended only to curry favour with the powerful and influential Boar Boyz.

Most Boar Boyz mobs have colourful titles – da Tuskers, Snortin' Wreckas, Line-smashas and so on. Many bear crude boar imagery on their banners and shields, depicting tusked skulls, bloody hoofs, and the like. When not carried in battle, such gear of war hangs atop the stockade pens that enclose the war boars. It is common practice to stack any trophies, like severed heads or enemy banners, around the boar enclosure as well. Boar Boyz take advantage of their elite status, lording it over all other greenskins save leaders and Black Orcs. It is natural in some tribes for a mob of Boar Boyz to develop into Big 'Uns. The combination of especially large and powerful Orcs atop war boars makes for even more devastating charges and, not surprisingly, even greater swagger and bravado around the greenskin camp.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Orc Boar Boy	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7
Orc Boar Boy Big 'Un	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	7
Orc Boar Boy Boss	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	7
War Boar	7	3	0	3	4	1	3	1	3

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Animosity, Choppas (Orcs only)**, Size Matters.**

Thick-skinned: War Boars have uncommonly thick hides that are covered in coarse bristles or warty growths. A rider atop a boar receives an armour save bonus of +2, rather than the usual +1 for cavalry mounts.

Tusker Charge: A charging War Boar is a bad-tempered mound of bloody-minded muscle with pointy tusks and a bad attitude. A War Boar receives +2 Strength during the turn in which it charged into combat.

"Ere we go, 'ere we go, 'ere we go!"

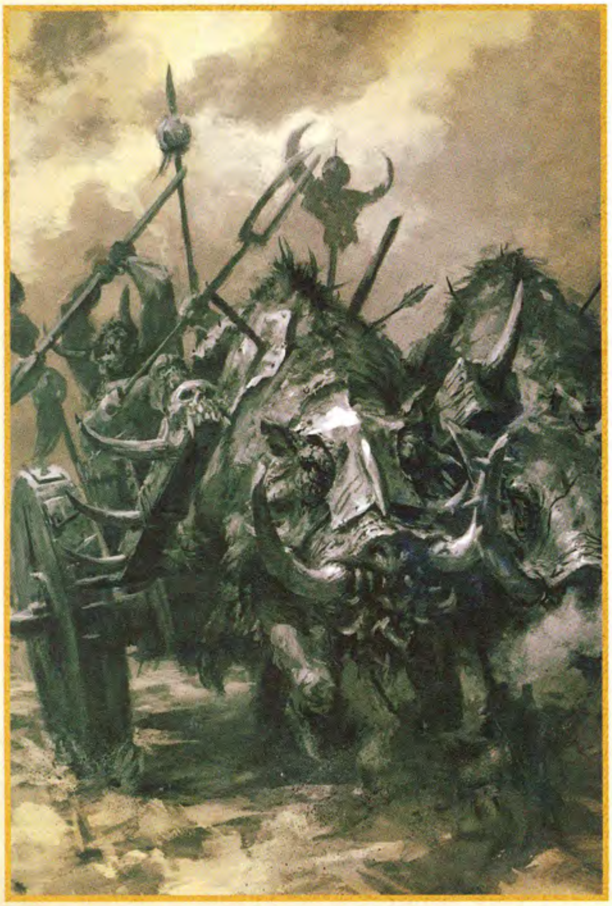
– Orc war chant

ORC BOAR CHARIOTS

By lashing together roughly hewn logs, Orcs are able to construct formidable chariots. It takes two powerful war boars to pull such a blocky construction and, at first, even these thickly muscled beasts struggle. With some grunting and not just a little straining flatulence, the boars finally get the crude wheels rolling. Once the churning porcine legs have the chariot rumbling along at full tilt, it becomes an impressive shock weapon, capable of slamming into a foe with the force of a thunderbolt, albeit a hairy and stinky one. If the sheer impact of such a hurtling force does not smash the enemy, there are always the iron-shod wheels with crude blades attached, the goring tusks of the boars or the spear thrusts of the Orc crew themselves. While not as fast as a wolf-drawn Goblin Chariot, the heavier Orc vehicle hits harder and in return can absorb considerably more punishment than the more flimsy gobbo-crewed devices.

Many Orcs vie for the prestigious right to ride in a chariot. To stand astride its wooden planks is a sign of superiority over the foot-slogging infantry and an advantage over the Boar Boyz – after all, Boar Boyz are closer to their irascible mounts and more likely to be gored. To further show off, many Orc chariot crew decorate their ride by strapping on large banners, flashy streamers, and bloody trophies – goodies plucked from the chariot's victims, often bearing distinctive wheel or hoof marks. It is popular for a crew to drive their chariot around an Orc camp, rumbling by at breakneck speed. Other Orcs take great delight in jeering at the show-offs and typically throw things at the passing chariots, hurling rocks or even the smaller members of their mob. The chariot crew's non-stop need to show off their set of wheels often results in more than the usual number of scraps, as the Orc charioteers spar with the rest of 'da Boyz'. It is really just another excuse for a good punch up, which is why Orcs always cheer loudly when chariots pull into camp.

Due to their hitting power, most Warbosses desire a Boar Chariot or two for their force. Some Savage Orc tribes have attempted to make chariots as well, although their square-wheeled attempts have yet to replicate any of the bloody success that more 'civilised' Orcs have achieved. There are a few tribes that are known to make even greater use out of such deadly battle carts. Da Bonerattlerz mount most of their Boyz in ramshackle chariots, raising a cloud of dust as they cross the Badlands. True to their name, da Bonerattlerz string the well-gnawed bones of their victims onto the contraptions, producing an almighty rattling noise as the army marches.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chariot	-	-	-	5	5	4	-	-	-
Orc Crew	-	3	3	3	-	-	2	1	7
War Boar	7	3	-	3	-	-	3	1	-

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 4+).

SPECIAL RULES: Choppas (Orcs only)**, Size Matters, Tusker Charge** (War Boars only – see page 37)**.**

'Ere now! Wot do you think you're doin'?' bellowed the Black Orc Boss. Furtive Goblin faces turned round and flinched instinctively. 'Nuffink Boss, just 'aving a bit of grub is all,' whimpered the bravest of the goblinoids.

'Don't give me that. Yer up to sumfin...' The towering Orc looked round suspiciously. 'Where's Ratgash? You 'aven't... et im?' There was a stunned silence.

'Et Ratgash?' the Goblin sounded hurt. 'Et Ratgash? That's disgustin' Boss. Ee's one of us ladz. Besides, ee's all grease n' gristle. Give us all innagestion e' would.'

'Then 'oo is this then?' the Black Orc demanded, pointing a damning claw towards the meal. 'And none of yer lies or I'll give yer sumfink a whole lot worse than innagestion.'

'Er... Gitter, Boss. One of Maggot's lot. But 'ee wuz dead when we found 'im.' The Goblin paused a moment. 'Course, 'ee claimed 'ee wuz just sleepin'... but that lot is all liars, ain't they?' The Goblins all nodded reassuringly on this point.

'Carry on then,' pronounced the boss. 'And you'll save me a leg if yer know wot's good for you.'

BLACK ORCS

Black Orcs are the biggest, meanest and strongest of all Orcs. They get their name from their dark green or black skin, although the title is just as much derived from their dour demeanour. Black Orcs are grim and singularly focused on war – an occupation they take extremely seriously. It can truly be said that Black Orcs live to fight. In this regard all Black Orcs treat other greenskins, even the more battle-worthy types, such as Boar Boyz, as little more than frivolous amateurs. This is largely because lesser Orcs, even the hulking Big 'Uns of the Orc tribes, are likely to squabble amongst themselves instead of concentrating on the foe. This lack of discipline is a shortcoming that Black Orcs neither forget nor forgive. The Black Orcs' opinion of goblinoids is even worse, seeing them as beneath contempt and not fit to carry spare equipment, much less fight.

Black Orcs pride themselves on being the best fighters and, as such, they claim the lion's share of any loot after a battle. Being militaristic and spartan, Black Orcs seek only food and gear of war – leaving weedier greenskins to debase themselves fighting for shiny trinkets and any remaining scraps of meat. Black Orc regiments use their time between battles to sharpen weapons, replace broken equipment or bang out dented armour. In addition to clanking heavy armour and ironshod boots, Black Orcs carry a profusion of weapons with them, often bearing multiple choppas of various sizes. These are meticulously (for Orcs, anyway) cleaned when the fighting is over. Such rigorous work is the object of much derision by other greenskins, but only if they can do so without the Black Orcs noticing. Most greenskins don't understand such kill-joy behaviour, preferring instead to whoop and revel in jubilant victory celebrations. Orcs and Goblins, overexcited by their battles, will engage in frivolous activities, like skull-stacking contests, and generally seek out every opportunity to engage in punch ups amongst themselves. All of which, naturally, just further disgusts the Black Orcs and confirms their belief that 'they are da best'.

The origins of the Black Orcs and how they came to be so different are shrouded in mystery. Some maintain that Chaos Dwarfs, growing tired of the unruly nature of their other greenskin slaves, magically bred the more disciplined Black Orcs. If this is true, their experiment failed badly, for Black Orcs are willful and independent-minded, far more likely to lead than to follow. As the tales go, the Black Orcs led a rebellion against their taskmasters and escaped the shackles of slavery, heading for the mountains and freedom.

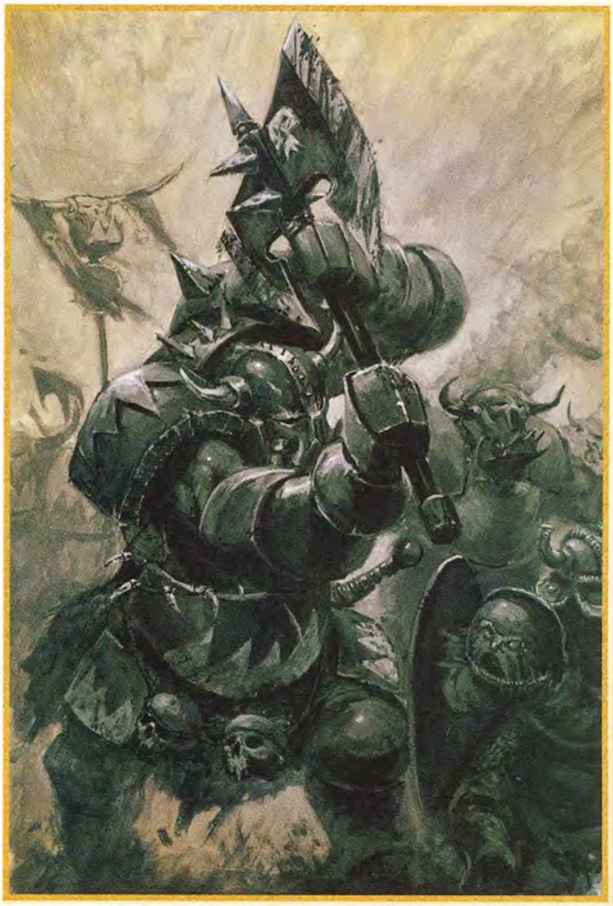
Regardless of history, pure Black Orc tribes remain rare, though legend tells of such notorious tribes as Ulott's Bashaz, the Steel Fangs and Grimlot's Grindaz that dwell in the Dark Lands. Smaller bands of Black Orcs can be found in the Badlands and individual mobs have worked their way into all kinds of greenskin tribes across the lands. Many Orc and even Goblin Warbosses find that Black Orc mobs will serve, but only as purpose suits them. Black Orcs can always be found in the thick of the fighting and regularly do more than their share of killing, however, the price is often high. Such elite regiments are even more likely to depart than other greenskins if the fighting slows down. Worse yet, if the pickings are rich, the Black Orcs will stay, but will work towards supplanting the tribe's current leaders. As they are the biggest and toughest fighters, it usually isn't long before the Black Orcs are no longer following orders, but rather beginning to issue their own.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Black Orc	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	8
Black Orc Boss	4	5	3	4	4	1	2	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Choppas, Immune to Psychology.

Armed to da Teef: Black Orcs turn up to battle with as many weapons as they can carry. At the start of each combat a unit of Black Orcs can choose to fight either with a single hand weapon (in case they have shields), two hand weapons, or with a great weapon. If a Black Orc character has a magic weapon, he loses the benefit of this special rule.

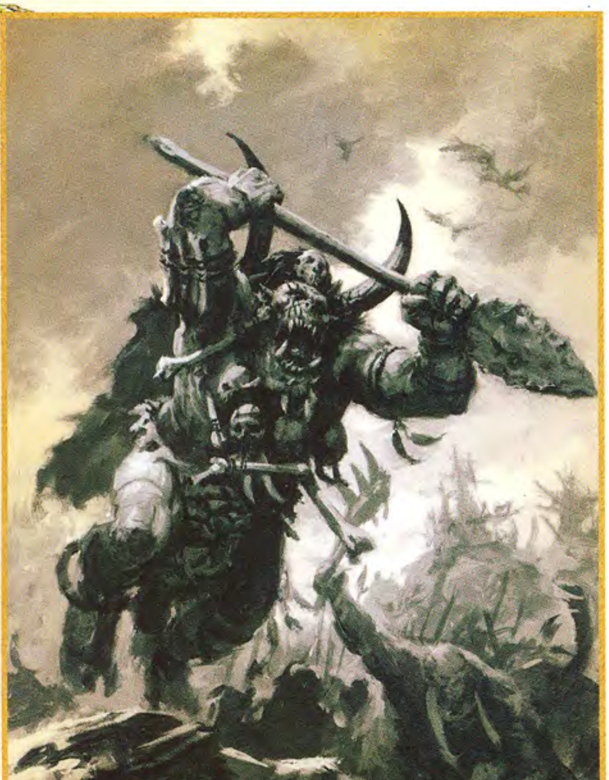


SAVAGE ORCS

Long ages ago, all Orcs were savages with no means of manufacturing metal weapons, armour or war machines. These primitive brutes lived a nomadic existence using rudimentary weapons to stalk their prey. It is no easy task to bludgeon to death a great land leviathan using only simple clubs, yet such contests proved immensely satisfying to the low-browed warriors. A day full of fighting mammoth creatures followed by eating them was proper living!

When early Orc tribes encountered (and fought) more advanced races, they coveted the superior metal armour and weapons of their foes. Captured gear was hotly contested, though some tribes shunned the shiny contraptions, preferring traditional weapons of bone, wood and stone. When some Orc slaves escaped their bondage under the Chaos Dwarfs, they returned to the tribes with a knowledge of metal working. Soon most Orc tribes could make their own metal weapons and those that refrained from such advancements became increasingly distinct.

Over the long years, the Savage Orcs, as they are now known, have kept to the 'old ways'. These Orcs wear little or no clothing and their grunt-heavy language is significantly cruder than other Orcs (which is saying something). When they cannot get their limited thoughts across, Savage Orcs resort to wild gesticulation or even scribble simple stick-pictures in the mud or upon cave walls.



Savage Orc tribes observe all manner of odd rituals and include many Shamans. It is the Savage Orc Shamans who bestow the tribal markings such as warpaint or tattoos upon the assembled warriors. The Savage Orcs believe so strongly that these signs of Gork and Mork's favour offer protection that enemy sword blows and arrows really can be deflected by the Orcs' self-generated aura of faith. This is a wondrous thing and confirms the Savage Orcs' belief in their old ways. In battle, the bare flesh of the primitive Orcs and their striking tattoos is a disturbing sight. Some tribes, like the Bone Clubz, use patterns smeared across portions of their bodies, while others use pictograms, like the lightning bolt glyphs borne by the Ooogah Ogaz tribe. A Savage Orc's clothing (if any) is made of animal skins, which adds to their wild appearance. The Boneklubbers tribe favours tiger pelts, while the Snakeskinz famously wear the brightly patterned hides of enormous serpents.

It isn't just their appearance that is wild, for Savage Orcs drum and chant themselves into a bloodthirsty rage before a battle. While other greenskins might find their backward customs odd, all agree that Savage Orcs are ferocious fighters. Once engaged in combat, Savage Orcs beat foes enthusiastically with hefty clubs and stone axes, or stab at them with flint-tipped spears. Some Savage Orcs use bows, firing stone-tipped arrows to fell enemies from afar. Savage Orcs are also known to employ a Big Stabba, a two-Orc team carrying a log-sized spear. This, traditionally, has been used for hunting since the lands were full of enormous reptilian beasts. Back then, Savage Orcs like to recall, 'Orcs wuz Orcs and beasts wuz big!' Some tribes can boast of a mob of Savage Orc Big 'Uns, the fiercest fighters who are often marked with the most outlandish warpaint or bear a larger amount of shrunken heads, bangles or other fetishes.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Savage Orc	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7
Savage Orc Big 'Un	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	7
Savage Orc Boss	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Animosity, Choppas, Frenzy, Size Matters.

Big Stabbas: A unit of Savage Orcs may be upgraded to carry Big Stabbas. This is represented by including one or more Big Stabba models in the unit. A unit of Savage Orcs that includes Big Stabbas and has two or more ranks of at least five models has the Impact Hits (D3) special rule. Nominate a single model in the front rank of the unit to be the one that inflicts the Impact Hits. The Impact Hits have a Strength of 5 (no matter what the Strength of the model that inflicted them), and against any Large Target also have the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule.

Warpaint: Savage Orcs adorn themselves with tattoos, charms, or warpaint. Such is the Savage Orcs' faith in these symbols that they gain a 6+ ward save.

SAVAGE ORC BOAR BOYZ

Boars and Savage Orcs get on well, as they share an identical world-view and remarkably similar personal hygiene habits. Savage Orc Boar Boyz are formidable troops that combine the fury of a Savage Orc with the thumping momentum and huge tusks of a boar. This makes for an especially hard-hitting charge that has been known to break through tough opposition or collapse enemy lines altogether.

Although Savage Orc Boar Boyz bear no armour, save an occasional hidebound shield, they are remarkably hard to bring down. These nearly bare brutes can ride through clouds of arrows and emerge unscathed (although perhaps much angrier). Even in close combat Savage Boar Boyz can withstand all but the most determined of blows. This is due to the sturdy hides of the Orcs, the thick-muscled, protective mounds of their smelly boar mounts and their own mystical warpaint. While tough as old boots, Savage Orc Boar Boyz are better known for the prodigious damage they cause when they charge. They crash into enemy units with an unparalleled ferocity – boar tusks, crude axes, or flint-tipped spears all jab, thrust and stab in a frenetic assault. In their recklessness some Savage Orcs even fight with a weapon in each hand, using their legs alone to clutch onto their mounts. These Savage Orcs are a whirling maelstrom of destruction, hacking and flailing with abandon. Savage Orc Big 'Uns on war boars are more fearsome still.

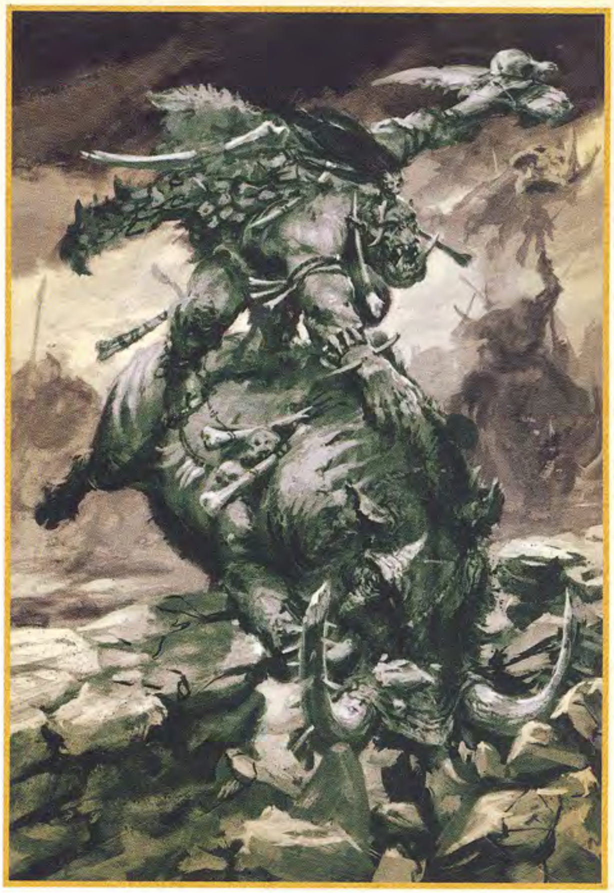
Savage Orcs rarely keep their war boars in a pen, preferring instead to capture their mounts when needed. Before a battle a Savage Orc will stalk and ambush a boar, headbutting the beast into submission. Once captured, many Savage Orcs adorn their malodorous mounts with good luck charms, use dyes to mark out tribal symbols on the boar's fur, or push bones through the creature's lips, ears and nose. All of this makes the already enraged swine even angrier. When not sought for battle, war boars are left free to forage. For this reason Savage Orc camps are surrounded by free-ranging boars, who hang around due to the piles of food they can snuffle out. This is the way Gork and Mork intended, for those meant to ride to battle will always find, and best, a boar.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sav. Orc Boar Boy	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7
Sav. Orc Boar Boy Big 'Un	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	7
Sav. Orc Boar Boy Boss	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	7
War Boar	7	3	0	3	4	1	3	1	3

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Animosity, Frenzy (Savage Orcs only)**, Choppas** (Savage Orcs only)**, Size Matters, Thick-skinned** (see page 37)**, Tusker Charge** (War Boars only – see page 37)**, Warpaint** (see page 40)**.**

Wild Abandon: Any Savage Orc on a war boar, except for Savage Orc Shamans and Great Shamans, can benefit from having two hand weapons despite being mounted. If so equipped, they must deduct -1 from the dice score (to a minimum of 1) whenever they take a Dangerous Terrain test.



THE IDOL OF ZAK-ALOOOOG

The 'Eadhuntaz tribe contains many mobs of exceptionally brawny warriors, and they have never lost a battle. This would normally mean a rise in rekrootin' and large territorial expansions, but the 'Eadhuntaz are hampered by a great millstone around their necks in the form of the stone Idol of Zak-Aloooog.

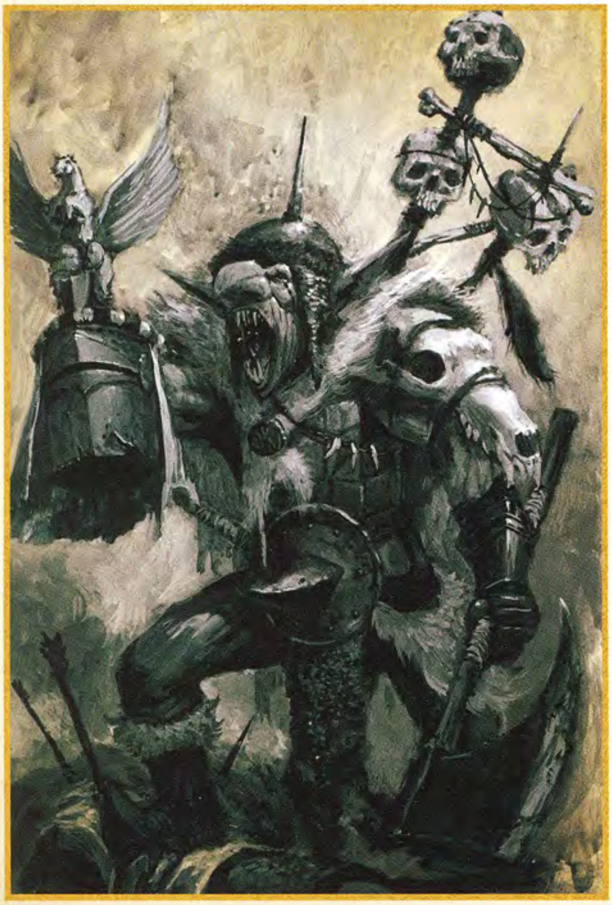
Long ago, when the tribe still resided in the Southlands, they had pitched their crude skin huts over the stone ruins of an ancient temple of the lizard-creatures. Wazwhoompa, their Shaman, had just begun to use mighty green magics to reshape a vast block into a more pleasing shape when eldritch bolts arced from the stone and struck him. In his death throes, Wazwhoompa spoke, saying 'Da tribe must take dis idol to da Badlands.' Then, the old Shaman twitched and shuddered, gasping with his last breath... 'Zak Aloooog'. At least that's what they thought he said; there was an awful lot of twitching.

Being extremely superstitious, the tribe has ever since dragged the monumentally large stone with them as they make their slow journey northwards. Each night they make camp around it and, anyone who dares attack soon learns that the ominous rock is imbued with potent magics. The strange idol glows, granting the 'Eadhuntaz and their Shaman mysterious powers...

GOBLIN WARBOSSES & BIG BOSSES

Orcs determine their hierarchy in a simple manner – the biggest and best fighter takes control. Goblins follow a less straightforward path to the top ranks, as they are both more devious and more cowardly than their brutish Orc cousins. Underhanded ploys and strategy are the preferred tactics for goblinoids. Although straight-up fighting is still an option, it is one that is typically left to the especially desperate. All Goblins use dirty tricks, with the best schemers being the most dangerous of their diminutive kind and the most likely to rise through the ranks. Those Goblins that make it to the very top are known as Warbosses or Warlords, although some of the more outlandish tribes might use more localised names such as a Wolf-khan, Grand Despot, Potentate, Bogtator, Chieftain-King or Great Grif.

While Goblin Warbosses are not as physically imposing as their Orcish cousins, this doesn't mean that they aren't deadly in their own right. Grottnik, the Warboss of the Broken Nose tribe, rose to power in a typical goblinoid fashion – by outfoxing his enemies. While Grottnik did best Orc Warboss Raggat in personal combat to claim the tribe rule, this was largely because the Orc was significantly wobbly from being drugged. This is typical Goblin cunning; rivals are more likely to encounter mysterious accidents or manipulative assignments that end in death than one-on-one combat for supremacy. Such tactics vary from tribe to tribe, from the hit-and-run assassinations of the Wolf Rider tribes to the precisely timed avalanches of the Night Goblins. In a Goblin tribe it is even possible to steal your way to the top. The Great Grif, Snazgit Nosepicker, leader of the Rusty Nail tribe, attained his high station largely on his ability to steal anything he wanted. Once, Snazgit got the best of the Bonerattlerz tribe, famed for fielding dozens of chariots, by nicking or sabotaging every single wheel in the opposing army before battle could take place. Few have crossed paths with the Rusty Nails and come out the better for it.



Goblin Warbosses in tribes that comprise both Orcs and Goblins are often subservient to their larger kin, but some have developed a knack for placating their over-sized comrades. The cleverest Goblin Warbosses can manipulate the Orcs to do their bidding. Thus, the Goblin becomes the 'power behind da throne', able to aim the violence of the Orcs in any direction he chooses. While Goblin Warbosses might dream of becoming mighty enough to boss Orcs about with a mere grunt and a scowl, only the infamous Grom the Fat ever grew so powerful that he could actually get away with it.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Goblin Warboss	4	5	3	4	4	3	4	4	8
Goblin Big Boss	4	4	3	4	4	2	3	3	7
Night Goblin Warboss	4	5	3	4	4	3	5	4	7
Night Goblin Big Boss	4	4	3	4	4	2	4	3	6

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (character).

SPECIAL RULES: Fear Elves, Hatred (Dwarfs) (Night Goblins only).

HERO FOR A DAY

Despite his diminutive stature, Goblin Big Boss Snorko the Sneak is fondly remembered by Greenskins everywhere as the hero of the Blood Peak Massacre. Finding himself caught betwixt the duel of Warlord Bludgit the Beater and an Elven Prince upon a Star Dragon, Snorko did as any right-thinking Goblin would do – pulled his spiked helm over his head and cowered.

As the mighty Dragon inhaled, preparing to unleash a torrent of fire upon the embattled Bludgit, the terrified Snorko was sucked into the Dragon's gullet where, thanks to his spiked helm, he lodged fast. While Bludgit clobbered the Elven rider to death, the Dragon choked on the unfortunate Snorko and died shortly thereafter. Only when the battle was won, and Bludgit's Black Orcs were chopping up the Dragon for eating, was the hapless Goblin discovered. Snorko was pronounced a hero and elevated to the honorary rank of Big Boss in Chief. He did not, however, survive the celebratory beatings.

GOBLIN SHAMANS

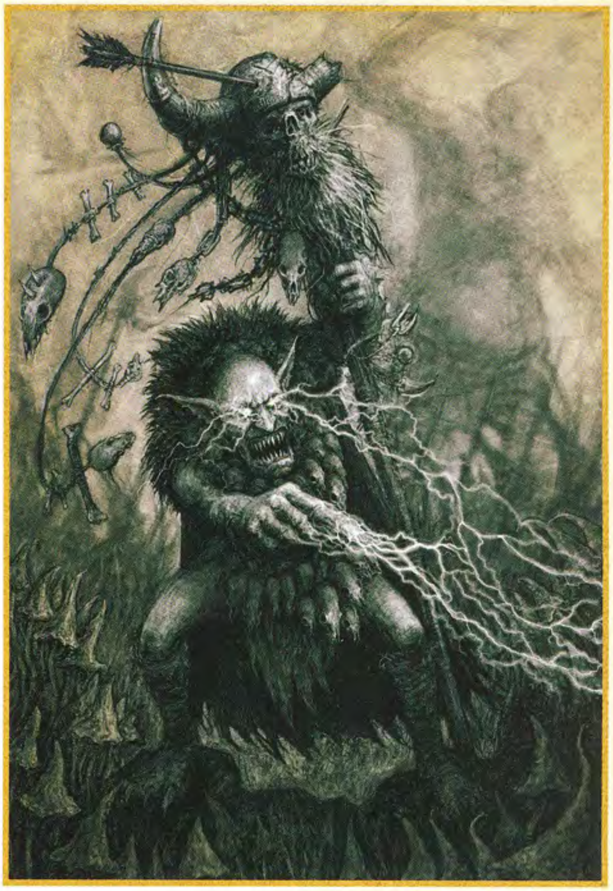
A Goblin Shaman's spells are weedy and irritating, but dangerous – just like the Goblins themselves. While Orc Shamans tend to be seen as trance-addled buffoons, Goblin Shamans are cagey and cunning, if no less odd. They often use their magics to barter for tribal influence. Many Goblin Shamans work their way into a top position, either directly advising the Warboss or even taking the command role themselves. Any greenskin that opposes a Goblin Shaman is apt to suffer nasty rashes, mysterious beetle infestations or some other wicked malady. In battle, Goblin Shamans turn their spiteful spells towards slaying, or at least annoying, the foe. These spells are more subtle than their larger kin's, but no less effective. When an enemy fails to charge because they have doubled up with itchy hives, or the weapons of the greenskins seem to dart unerringly for weak spots in a foe's armour, it is often due to the magics of a Goblin Shaman.

Shamans are important figures in a tribe. A Shaman of the Wolf Lands, for example, will lead his tribe in the moon-howling ritual, while Shamans of the Forest Goblins are the centre of the cult of the Spider-god. Forest Goblin Shamans encourage small poisonous spiders to nest upon their bodies, often living in convenient crannies behind the ears, between the toes, or even in a Shaman's mouth. As a result of the spiders' poisonous bites, Forest Goblin Shamans have swollen and purple tongues, but they claim the toxins allows them to communicate with their multi-legged deity. It is true that Forest Goblin Shamans can approach the ferocious Arachnarok Spiders without being attacked, and some Shamans even ride to battle atop such enormous beasts.

Just as Goblins are widely varied, so too are their Shamans. Shaman exemplify the Goblin tribe to which they belong. For instance, the Shamans of the many tribes of Wolf Riders are a feral lot, draped in skins and laden with wolf skulls. Like their comrades, these Shaman are bent, wind-gnarled and bow-legged from their life crossing the plains on wolfback. Shamans of the Red Cloud tribe ritually use their magics to turn themselves at least half red depending on the cycle of the moon. There are bandage-covered Dust-Goblins from the deserts of Araby, shrewd fortune-teller mystics of the nomadic Goblin trader tribes, and more.

Night Goblin Shamans wear the easily recognised hoods of their kind and are known for being particularly crazed due to eating vast quantities of hallucinogenic mushrooms. They are especially knowledgeable about fungus and only Night Goblin Shamans know the full rituals for growing, picking and preparing the deadly madcap mushrooms that can turn a Night Goblin into a ball-wielding Fanatic. It is said that a Night Goblin Shaman who eats too many mushrooms will eventually turn into a giant Shamanshroom, a magic-saturated fungal shoot. It is a damp, dull life as a mushroom, but it will probably get worse. As Shamanshrooms are highly coveted by other magic-casters, getting turned into one is almost surely a one-way ticket to being eaten alive.

Regardless of what tribe a Goblin Shaman comes from, he will be greedy and ready to use all the magics at his disposal to advance his own situation. Goblin Shaman are a spiteful lot and even Black Orcs won't cross them lightly.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Goblin Great Shaman	4	2	3	3	4	3	2	1	7
Goblin Shaman	4	2	3	3	3	2	2	1	6
Night Goblin Great Shaman	4	2	3	3	4	3	3	1	6
Night Goblin Shaman	4	2	3	3	3	2	3	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (character).

MAGIC: Goblin and Night Goblin Shamans are Wizards and use the Spells of da Little Waaagh! (see page 73).

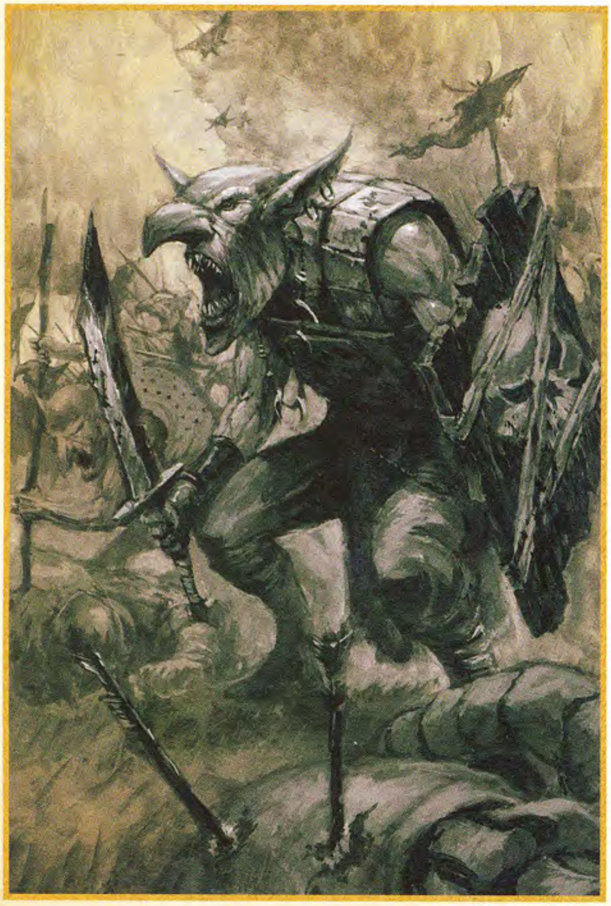
EQUIPMENT: (Night Goblins only)
Magic Mushrooms: Each time they attempt to cast a spell, after the casting dice have been rolled a Night Goblin Shaman must eat a Magic Mushroom. This adds 1D6 to the casting result. This dice does not count as a power dice, and cannot contribute to Irresistible Force. However, if you roll a 1 on this dice you must roll a further D6. On a roll of 4+ nothing else happens, but on a roll of 1-3 the mushroom was poisonous, and the Shaman suffers a wound with no armour saves allowed. Finally, unless it was cast with Irresistible Force, the spell automatically fails.

SPECIAL RULES: Fear Elves, Hatred (Dwarfs) (Night Goblins only).

GOBLINS

Goblins vary widely in size and habit, but all are mean-spirited and wicked. They are scrawny and gangly with clutching fingers; the perfect sneak-thieves. With their shifty eyes and whipped-dog demeanour, most gobbos act like the guilty party, even when they're innocent, largely because they spend a goodly portion of every day committing malicious acts, with any remaining time spent denying it or trying to sneak off. As a result, a Goblin's life is fraught with danger. Their grasping nature and penchant for thievery means scraps break out within their own mobs frequently. It is dangerous to turn your back on your comrades, as backstabbing is rife within a Goblin camp. If that isn't enough to contend with, Orcs frequently kick gobbos simply to show off who is bigger. Hungry Orcs are even worse, certainly not being above having a few Goblins to 'tide 'em over' between meals. Despite all this, Goblins are ridiculously prolific and thus accept the steady loss of their fellows' lives as a given – so long as it's 'da uvver guy'.

Goblins gather in great masses under the tyranny of an Orc leader or in widely varying tribes of their own. Regardless of whether a Goblin is a lackey under the heel of a domineering Orc, or the member of a distinct tribe, Goblins make for lacklustre troops. They can defeat an enemy through weight of numbers, especially if they can attack from a flank or even better from behind. Goblins prefer to attack defenceless foes and shooting arrows from a distance is likewise popular.



Goblins are the cleverest of greenskins and are the primary builders amongst their kind. From the construction of crude engines of war to the rickety watchtowers that guard encampments, Goblins provide the know-how, if not always the brute labour. It was Goblins that learned to stitch beast hides into wings, make wheels for chariots and other dead-useful things.

When it comes to discovering underhanded advantages, Goblins are always seeking some new kind of dirty trick, be it a chance to sneak attack a foe, or gang up on a crippled enemy. Some Goblins excel at darting forward and stabbing at an enemy's soft spots before slinking away. It is almost magical the way they seem to pop out of nowhere – striking from between a comrade's legs or leaping out of shadows. Such devious gobbos are known as Nasty Skulkers and are generally thought to be 'a bad piece o' work' even by shifty Goblin standards. Once a Nasty Skulker has latched onto an enemy unit, he will plague it, slitting throats and jabbing groins until he is found out and stomped to death.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Goblin	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6
Goblin Boss	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	2	6

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Animosity, Fear Elves.

NASTY SKULKERS

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Nasty Skulker	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	2	6

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (character).

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Animosity, Armour Piercing, Fear Elves.

Concealed: Nasty Skulkers are not placed on the table at the start of the game like other troops. Instead you must make a note of any Goblin units that include Nasty Skulkers. These units are referred to as concealing units. If their concealing unit is wiped out or flees the battlefield before they are revealed, the Nasty Skulkers are removed as casualties. There is no other way a Nasty Skulker can be harmed until revealed. Nasty Skulkers must be revealed at the start of the unit's first round of Close Combat, and can't be revealed at any other time. Place the Nasty Skulkers following the rules for characters joining a unit. They may never leave their concealing unit.

Surprise!: Nasty Skulkers have the Killing Blow special rule in the turn that they are revealed.

GOBLIN WOLF RIDERS

The giant wolf stands taller than a pony and is a slavering beast with a ravenous appetite. Long ago the predatory packs were so large and formidable that they prowled the lands unchecked, holding back the rising civilisations of mankind for millennia. To this day the mighty wolf packs are still a threat, although entire villages being destroyed in the night is now only common on the edge of the wilds or in the trackless wastes, such as Kislev or the Badlands.

> **"Flank 'em, shoot 'em, hit 'em hard, and then do it again from annuver angle. Of course, if da battle is going bad for our side, I'm gonna keep ridin' and act like I wuz never there, so yer'd better stick close!"**
>
> **– Gitilla da Raider's advice to new rekroots**

Giant wolves are not just voracious beasts, but skilled hunters that show a great deal of animal cunning. They have a knack for encircling their prey and attacking from unexpected angles, or targeting the weakest points of defence. Perhaps it is their mutual instincts to pick on the helpless, the injured and the isolated but, for whatever reason, there has always been a strong bond between Goblins and giant wolves. The two creatures recognised in each other an ally, albeit a fierce one, that was apt to remain loyal only while times were good. Goblins soon began to ride atop giant wolves in the same way that other races ride upon horses.

Goblin Wolf Riders are dangerously fast, able to outride all other beasts save perhaps the swift steeds of the Elves. Some Wolf Rider mobs use bows to shower a foe with arrows. They lope into range, unleash a hail of bowfire, and then retreat before a foe can respond. Wolf Riders often harass the flanks of oncoming troops but have also been known to charge into smaller (and more vulnerable) units such as war machines or enemy scouts. Other Wolf Rider mobs are more heavily armed and armoured and these Goblins will dare to lower their spears and attack larger formations, howling as they crash headlong into enemy troops. However, it is often said that the snarling wolves are more formidable foes than the Goblins who ride atop their shaggy backs. More than one Warboss has found out that the 'dog boyz' are not always reliable, finding Wolf Riders sometimes as quick to leave the field of battle as they are to launch an attack.

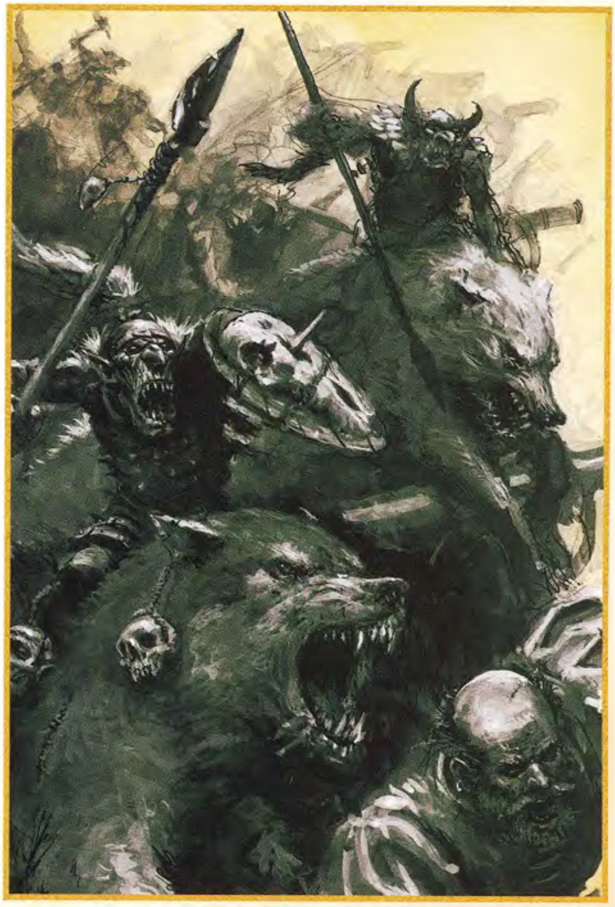
Both Orc and Goblin tribes will commonly recruit a mob or two of Wolf Riders in order to harry the foe or mercilessly chase down any who flee the battle (be they friend or foe!). These speedy patrols often range far out from the main battleline, seeking the enemy, probing for weaknesses, and sniffing out small settlements to pillage and raid. Many a large and successful Waaagh! has been led on its destructive journey by scouting Wolf Riders. The nomadic trader tribes use even more mobs of especially flea-bitten Wolf Riders to protect their creaking caravans of ragged carts and wagons. In the most open country, such as the northern steppes or the heart of the Badlands, there can be found what are called Wolf Rider tribes. These are entire armies made up of the speedy raiders, perhaps supported by a handful of wolf-drawn chariots. Even formidable Orc tribes approach the open spaces of the Wolf Rider tribes with a feeling that comes as close to trepidation as their brawny kind allows. The most famous of these sites is just east of Mad Dog Pass and is known, appropriately enough, as the Wolf Lands. On those wide plains it is easy for the giant wolves to scent prey from afar and, led by their crafty Goblin leaders, it is quick work for the howling mobs to encircle and endlessly harass any intruders who do not pay handsomely for safe passage.

Tribes and individual mobs of Wolf Riders bear distinctive names, such as the Moon-howlers, Gorehounds, or Mogrubb's Mangy Marauderz. All Wolf Riders will fight alongside any greenskins, but conversely, they have no qualms about fleeing far afield and leaving their former tribe as the opportunity favours them.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Goblin Wolf Rider	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6
Goblin Wolf Rider Boss	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	2	6
Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

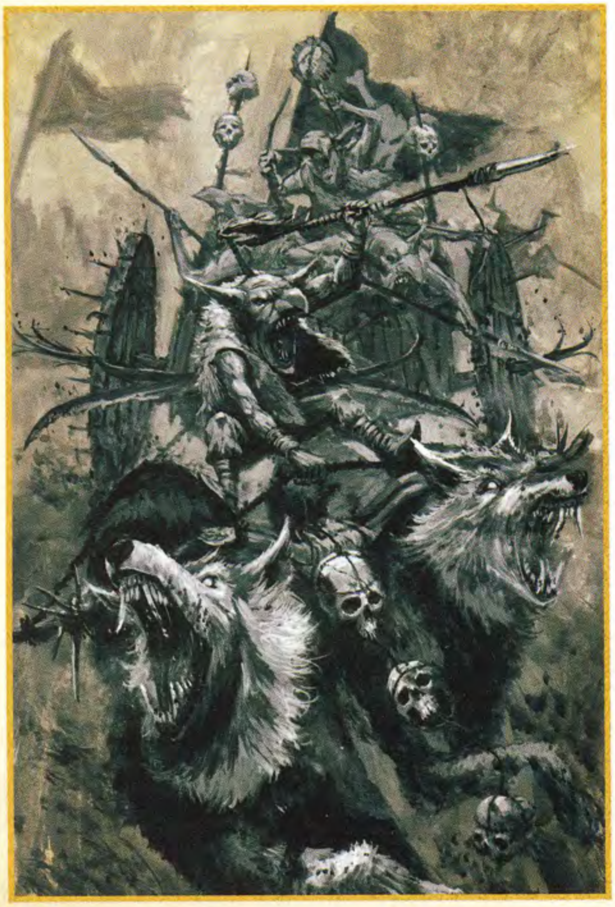
SPECIAL RULES: Animosity, Fast Cavalry, Fear Elves.



GOBLIN WOLF CHARIOTS

It wasn't long after they first starting using giant wolves as cavalry that Goblin armies began to field wolf-drawn chariots. Cobbled together out of crudely hacked wood or scavenged materials and lashed tight with gutstring cords, all greenskins hold such rickety constructions in high regard. To be able to rumble across a battlefield mounted atop a chariot is a clear sign of importance. Many tribal chieftains prefer to ride in chariots, trying to outdo their rivals by having the fastest and flashiest contraption.

It is not unusual for Goblins to tinker with their battle-chariots. They sometimes add cruel scythes, an additional wolf, or perhaps they find space for an extra warrior to make the chariot even fightier. To a Goblin, the look of a chariot is also very important. Not wanting to pass up a chance to shamelessly show off, most Goblins embellish their chariots with markings, shields, trophies or perhaps oversized banners. Chains, wolf tails or tattered checkered pennants are nailed to the chariot's side or frame, so they whip wildly in the wind when the machine picks up speed. All of this extra attention comes partly from mob or tribal pride, but there is also a practical side to the customisation. Goblins are notorious thieves and stealing "da wheels" of another tribe is a highly regarded feat by all right-thinking gobbos. Thus, the more distinctively marked the chariot, the easier it will be to find and reclaim after it has been stolen by some other thieving tribe!



In battle, Goblin Wolf Chariots are steered into the enemy line, ploughing into units and running over them with ironshod wheels. While not as sturdy as the lumbering boar-pulled chariots of the Orcs, the Goblin wolf-drawn chariot has one huge advantage – speed. The giant wolves that pull the chariots are lean, savage beasts, well used to chasing down prey across the empty steppes.

While any Goblin Warboss might wish for many chariots, being that they are such destructive contraptions, very few are lucky enough to have more than one or two at their disposal at any time. Some chariots are lost in battle, some are stolen and others just fall apart – Goblins are, after all, not known for taking care of equipment. It takes a Warboss with a lot of plunder to build many chariots. When deployed in mobs, chariots are capable of tearing gaping holes in any enemy unit. A tribe able to employ several mobs of Wolf Chariots can form swift-drawn wedges of devastation capable of sweeping away enemy battlelines in an instant. Fleeing from Goblin Wolf Chariots is one thing, but actually escaping from the fleet-moving battle-carts is another. When faced with a routing foe, the wolf-drawn chariot comes into its own, the howling beasts straining to mercilessly run down the opposition and feast on their ruined remains.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chariot	-	-	-	5	4	3	-	-	-
Goblin Crew	-	2	3	3	-	-	2	1	6
Giant Wolf	9	3	-	3	-	-	3	1	-

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 5+).

SPECIAL RULES: Fear Elves.

Certain Goblin tribes, notably the Rusty Nails, Drippin' Fangz and Oozy Eye tribes, make use of massed chariot mobs. The Teef-robberz, perhaps the richest (and swindle-happiest) traders out of the Dark Lands, have so many wheeled and clanking contraptions in their motley host that they raise a dust cloud a mile above their caravans. They have been known to disguise their battle-chariots to look like old dilapidated wagons, only ditching the bogus scrap at the last minute, to transform creaky old trading carts into sleek and deadly weapons of war. Many gullible tribes of raiding Orcs or foolhardy Ogres have been lured close in this fashion, before subsequently being counter-charged and demolished by howling mobs of wolf-drawn battle chariots. After the inevitable massacre, any salvageable loot is piled into the carts. The Great Grif of the Teef-robberz rides in the centre of this rag-tag convoy. His mount is a rickety landship that is little more than several chariots cobbled together and pulled by dozens of flea-bitten wolves. It mounts Spear Chukkas, tattered banners and enough Goblin archers to drive off all but the most determined of assaults.

GOBLIN ROCK LOBBERS

Orcs and Goblins were introduced to catapults, or "fings wot throw roks," shortly after they encountered the Dwarfs. Greenskins are not technically minded (particularly Orcs), but they have great appreciation for destruction. Even as boulders splattered their forces, Orcs and Goblins began to wish for some catapults of their own.

Since then, the greenskins have built a plethora of what they generally refer to as "lobbers." These are deployed singly or in batteries to soften up enemy formations, smash defensive positions, or to toss those that offend the Warboss very, very far. A great shot, one that pulverises a large amount of the foe or sends body pieces flying particularly high, always raises a rowdy cheer. Most Rock Lobbers are counterweight devices, although some use twisted rope to generate torque. Experiments with Troll-powered devices have been tried, but such creatures tend to eat either the ammunition or key parts of the machine (or both). Some war engines, especially those that have launched spectacularly bloody shots, are given names, such as the legendary *Skull Crusher, Fings Chucker,* and *Hammer of Gork.* The Rock Lobber known as *Da Boss' Bane,* named for its habit of landing off target and smashing the tribe's Warboss, was burned, along with its crew, as a precautionary measure by an unusually bright new leader.

Rock Lobbers are generally made and crewed by Goblins, often under the command of an Orc Warboss. Being lazy, Goblins rarely finish what they start, so canny Warbosses provide an Orc overseer to see the work gets completed. These Orcs, known as Bullies, are irascible, infirm and often incontinent old warriors that boss the war machine's crew around. This is a comfortable position for an Orc, as it allows him to crack the whip with authority without doing any of the actual work. The looming presence of a gnarled and muscular Orc helps keep discipline amongst the crew, as Goblins by themselves are likely to abandon their machines should the enemy get too close. Bullies have proven so effective that even Goblin Warbosses sometimes seek them out to ensure their Rock Lobbers remain steady and focused.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Rock Lobber	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-
Goblin crew	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6
Orc Bully	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7

TROOP TYPE: War Machine (stone thrower).

SPECIAL RULES: Fear Elves.

Orc Bully: An Orc Bully counts as an extra crew member (and an extra wound) for the war machine, and is always the last model to be removed. Orc Bullies have the Choppas special rule. In addition, while the Bully is still alive, their unit gains the Size Matters special rule and no longer Fears Elves.

GOBLIN SPEAR CHUKKAS

The opportunity to spear large monsters from a distance or to skewer several man-sized creatures in a single shot appeals greatly to the violent and bloody nature of any greenskin. The bolt thrower, or Spear Chukka as it is termed by Orcs and Goblins, is a device commonly found in greenskin armies. Working along the same lines as a giant crossbow, the device fires a single spear-sized bolt at a high velocity. A well-placed shot can bring down a row of oncoming infantry, penetrate the armour of a steel-encased knight or even slay an Ogre with a single shot, which is no easy feat given their considerable girth!

Made from wood, scrap metal, or even the bones of enormous creatures, Spear Chukkas are easy to build, transport and maintain, making them popular war machines with all types of Warbosses. When working bits break, as is common with such dubiously made contraptions, it is easy enough to lash the pieces back together. Spear Chukkas can be found not just in the battlelines supporting advancing troops, but also atop watchtowers, mounted aboard rickety greenskin-made ships, perched atop siege towers, bolted onto the mobile caravans of the Shiftygobs and other, even less successful adaptations. Every so often a bright young gobbo will attempt to strap a firing platform and some Spear Chukkas atop a Giant, but such experiments fail as soon as the towering lummox breaks off a piece of the war machine to use as a backscratcher.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Spear Chukka	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-
Goblin crew	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6
Orc Bully	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7

TROOP TYPE: War Machine (bolt thrower).

SPECIAL RULES: Fear Elves.

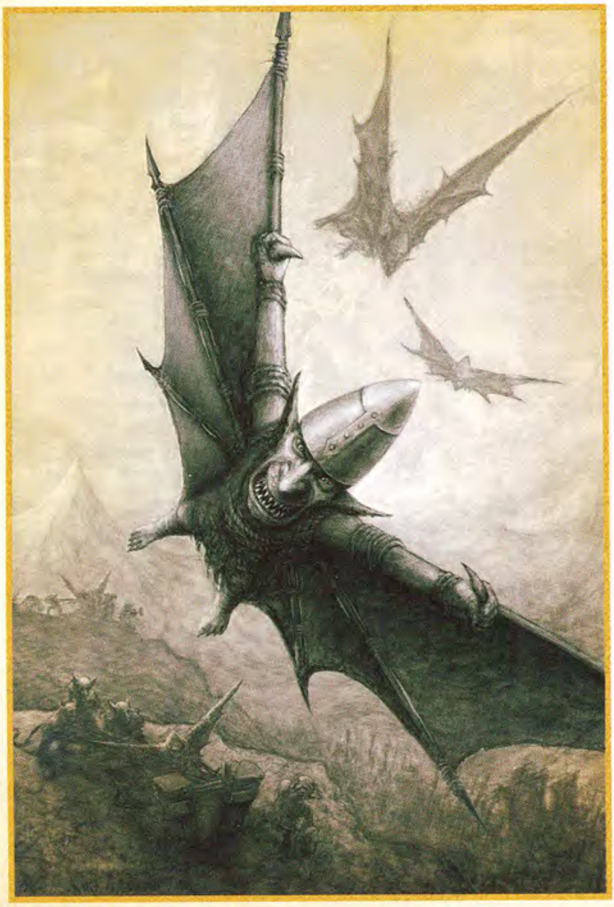
Orc Bully: Spear Chukkas can be upgraded to have an Orc Bully (see Orc Bully rule, above).

Slipshod: Goblin Spear Chukkas are notoriously unreliable. To represent this, if the To Hit roll for a shooting attack made by a Spear Chukka is a 1 (before any modifiers are applied), then it misfires. Roll on the Stone Thrower Misfire table in the Warhammer rulebook and apply the result to the Spear Chukka.

DOOM DIVER CATAPULTS

First developed as a means for nomadic Goblin tribes to scout surrounding areas, the Doom Diver Catapult has became a dreaded weapon of war. The device, a small but powerful catapult powered by a huge stretchy sinew (often cured Troll intestines), lobs Goblins high into the air. The aerial Goblins are known as Doom Divers, or occasionally 'Bat-Winged Loonies'.

The height the Doom Diver can reach is largely dependent upon the quality of his hand-stitched leather wings and, perhaps even more importantly, how far back his crew can pull him on the sinew. It has been known for over zealous types to pull the entire device from its mounts – but more often than not the Doom Diver is stretched back to the limits of the crew's strength and let go with a loud TWANG! Ripping skywards like a bullet, the Doom Diver reaches cloud level before beginning his dive. Using his wings, the gobbo spirals and guides himself toward the chosen target. As the downward descent gains speed, most Goblins emit a high-pitched scream that grows louder and more irritating as it plummets earthwards. With worrying rapidity, the black speck in the sky expands into the plunging Doom Diver. When the Goblin finally impacts, the greenskin himself might splatter altogether or, if he has effectively applied his wings as brakes and is a bit lucky, he might bounce. Either way a Doom Diver is likely to cause considerable damage to any foe he lands upon.



As Goblins have a remarkable tendency to bounce upon impact, so casualties amongst the Doom Divers are less than one might reasonably expect. There are many unfortunates, though, whose diving career ends with a wet splatter. It is a sad way for a Goblin to go, but it is infinitely better than being eaten by a peckish Troll, and so there is no end of willing volunteers eagerly awaiting a chance for airborne glory.

TROOP TYPE: War Machine (stone thrower).

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Catapult	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-
Goblin Crew	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6

SPECIAL RULES: Fear Elves.

Doom Diver Catapult: The Doom Diver Catapult is a stone thrower, but because the Doom Diver has the ability to 'glide and guide' into a target, it has some additional rules, detailed here. Fire the Doom Diver Catapult as a stone thrower. However, no template is used. Instead, place the flying Doom Diver Goblin model on the target point, and then roll for scatter as you would for a stone thrower. After doing this, you may roll a D6 and move the Doom Diver Goblin model by that many inches in any direction. If any units are touched by the Doom Diver's base, then each must take D6 Strength 5 hits with no armour saves allowed.

Should the artillery dice roll a misfire, roll a D6 and consult the Doom Diver Misfire table, below.

1-2	**Destroyed!** With a crack, the sinew snaps, smashing the machine and slaying the Doom Divers. The war machine is destroyed.
3-4	**Disabled.** The over-anxious gobbo gets the elastic tied up in knots. The problem can be fixed, but means the Doom Diver Catapult cannot shoot this turn or in the controlling player's next turn.
5	**Skidmarks.** The Doom Diver badly miscalculates and does not get airborne, instead ploughing a furrow in the dirt. He will hit the first thing along the path towards his chosen target point. If this is a piece of terrain he is removed immediately and inflicts no damage. If this is a unit (friend or foe) he will inflict D6 Strength 5 hits, with no armour saves allowed, before being removed. The catapult may be fired next turn as normal.
6	**Wild Shot!** The catapult slips on its mountings, spinning round and shooting the Doom Diver randomly into the air. The Doom Diver is fired D6x10" in a random direction. This roll determines the impact point for the Doom Diver – he is unable to move the impact point D6" in this case. The catapult may be fired next turn as normal.

FOREST GOBLIN SPIDER RIDERS

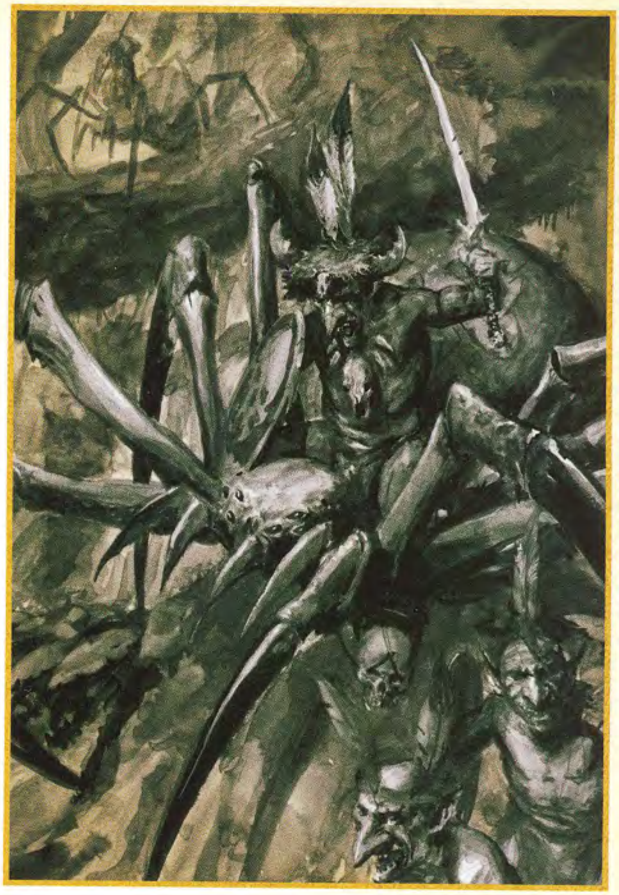
The dark forests of the Old World are home to many dangerous creatures, including Beastmen, Jabberslythes and countless other evil-minded things. In these gloomy arboreal regions also dwell the Forest Goblins. These distinctive Goblin tribes decorate themselves with bright feathers, the quills often stuck directly into their skin. Different tribes use various coloured feather combinations and bear tribal glyphs on their shields and skin. What is most unusual about Forest Goblins is how they are so intertwined with the spiders that live deep in the woods – they are eaten as food, milked for poisons, kept as pets and even worshipped as gods.

The giant spider breed grows large enough to serve as mounts for Forest Goblins, who capture and hand-rear these scuttling nightmares. There are many sub-types of giant spider, such as Tilean Greybacks, Drakwald Mancatchers, and the Scarlet Deathheads of the Great Forest, to name just a few. All are poisonous and have steely, pincer-like mandibles that can punch through platemail to deliver a toxic bite. While not as fast as wolves or horses, these spiders can move at speed through the most dense patches of woods. Forest Goblin Spider Riders have become masters at stalking their prey, nimbly guiding their multi-legged beasts to scuttle across the treetop canopy in order to get into ideal position before pouncing. Spider Rider mobs are known to ambush Empire patrols, eradicate Beastmen herds or even attack large monsters that encroach into their territory.

In battle Spider Riders act as light cavalry, although the shrewd gobbos always look to manoeuvre into dense terrain. They know that once ensconced in a copse of trees, the Spider Riders will have cover from an enemies' attacks while being able to quickly launch their own deadly strikes. Some Spider Rider mobs are equipped with bows and these regiments typically slink over obstacles or around an enemy's flanks seeking to pick off vulnerable targets. The most aggressive Spider Riders scurry straight at a foe, relying on their spears and the venomous bites of their mounts. When they charge, the Forest Goblins are well known for screaming out their horrible, high-pitched and undulating battle cries.

Cunning raiders, Spider Riders have learned to creep soundlessly from beneath the eaves to launch ambushes or to make surprise attacks. The climbing ability of their mounts allows Spider Riders to effortlessly clamber up and over wooden palisades or even high stone walls to reach the more vulnerable villages beyond. Spider Riders have become adept at attacking defended buildings, plucking defenders from ramparts and storming through even the smallest of openings. The inhabitants of those settlements that lie within a few days' march of Goblin-infested woods have rightfully grown to fear the eight-legged death-bringers, which can so easily breach their defensive walls and towers.

> **"They were already over the walls before the guards knew they were there. The town was destroyed and half the population was carried off to the forest..."**
>
> **- Albrecht Heinz, Drakwald Militia**



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Spider Rider	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6
Spider Rider Boss	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	2	6
Giant Spider	7	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	2

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Animosity, Fast Cavalry, Fear Elves, Forest Strider, Obstacle Strider, Poisoned Attacks (Giant Spider only)**.**

Wall-crawler: Models with this rule treat ungarrisoned buildings as open terrain for the purposes of movement. They may not finish their movement inside or on top of an ungarrisoned building – they can pass over obstructions of this kind, but they cannot linger.

Creeping Assault: Their ability to climb walls and squeeze through tight holes makes Giant Spiders ideal at assaulting buildings. Unlike other cavalry, Spider Riders do not have to dismount before assaulting a building, meaning the Giant Spiders are allowed to attack during the assault, and the riders increase their armour save for being mounted. Each Spider Rider and his mount count as a single model when determining the number of models that fight in a building assault. Note that Spider Riders still cannot garrison a building.

ARACHNAROK SPIDERS

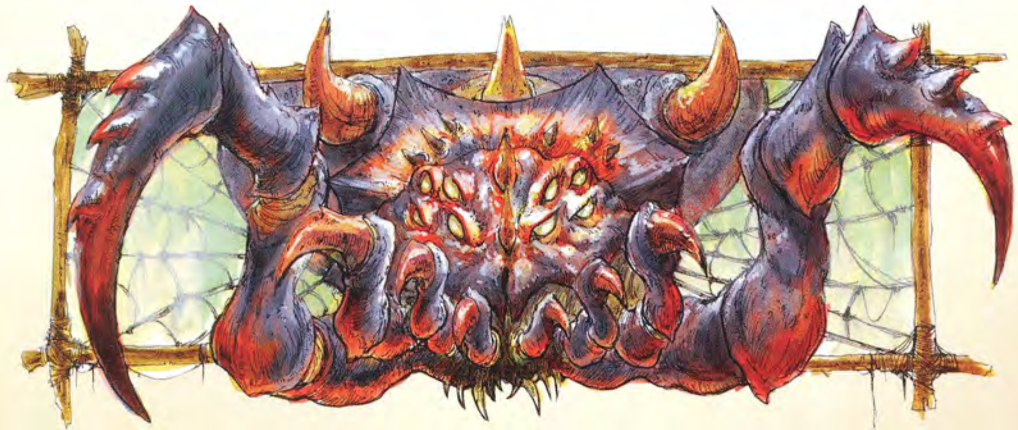
Of the many spiders that infest the wild woods, the colossal Arachnarok Spider is the largest. It is a nigh-unstoppable predator bigger than an Empire townhouse. In the depths of the forest where the light of the sun never penetrates, the gargantuan eight-legged monstrosity stalks and entraps whole Beastmen herds as well as larger prey such as Giants or Cygors. After incapacitating larger creatures with flesh-dissolving venom, an Arachnarok Spider will drink up the liquefied innards of its paralysed, but still living quarry. Man-sized victims are wrapped into web-casings by the hundreds. So potent is the poison in the Arachnarok's web that a few hours entwined in its sticky mass will reduce a man into a jelly-like morsel of putrefied flesh, a protein-rich puddle ready to be consumed. Arachnarok Spiders have been known to ensnare the entire population of villages foolish enough to build near its darksome forest abode. Despite its bulk, the great beast can work noiselessly to encircle a hamlet within webs thicker than an Orc's arms. None can escape. Then, leisurely, the creature will feast.

Since Goblins first entered the primeval woods, they have been prey to the spiders that dwelt within the arboreal confines. The goblinoids adapted their customs to the woodland environment, becoming the precursors of the Forest Goblin tribes known today. They soon found that packs of giant spiders could be defeated and, over time, could even serve as mounts. The larger Gigantic Spiders could be fended off and, if their broodlings were captured, those could be hand-fed and turned into great steeds for powerful leaders. However, no tribe could stem the onslaught of the Arachnarok Spider. Luckily, these titanic beasts were rare, as their appearance spelt a horrible end for an entire tribe or, at the best, a rapid move of camp with many a fearful backwards look.

The Goblins reasoned that since the powerful arachnids could not be defeated, perhaps they could be appeased. Eight-legged totems festooned with webbed skulls began to appear alongside the traditional idols of Gork and Mork. The Forest Goblin Shamans, having recently discovered the hallucinogenic venom of the tinier spiders, talked about the many faceted eyes of the Feaster from Beyond. With tongues swollen purple from the bites of tiny mouth-mites, the Shamans turned to worshipping the Spider-god. The tribes followed their Shamans in supplicating themselves, and the Spider-kult was born. Although Gork and Mork were not forsaken, in the black thickets of the endless forest the Spider-god soon ruled supreme. Forest Goblin Shamans led gruesome rituals, and the tribes offered elaborate sacrifices.

Who knows what thoughts, if any, occur behind the multiple eyes of an Arachnarok Spider, but the eight-legged behemoths did not attack Forest Goblin camps surrounded by Spider-totems. Some crept to the edge of the fire-lit clearings to watch the tribes weave the spider-dance and offer gifts of warm blood to the insatiably hungry Kings of Spiders. Emboldened, some Shamans dared approach their living idols. Many tried to communicate and were summarily eaten, until finally the mystical properties of the small Purple Skullback spiders were discovered. By chewing on enough of the bulbous, plum-coloured savouries, a Shaman either died a twitching and horrible death or entered such a state of shock that new vistas and mindpaths into the Great Beyond were opened. The convulsive rhythms of a mind-numbed Forest Goblin Shaman will entrance an Arachnarok. The great spider will sway back and forth on hunched legs, the image of the tiny twitching gobbo reflected in the black orbs of its many eyes. Under the hypnotic spell, the Shamans discovered they could communicate in simple terms with an Arachnarok.

The ravenous depredations of the Arachnarok were ended and Forest Goblin Shamans learned that, with enough bribes of fresh blood, they could call out to such a beast. Instead of fleeing from the deepwood behemoths, Forest Goblin tribes began to purposefully seek out and encamp near an Arachnarok's lair. There the tribe proffered the beast sacrifices and used Shamans to coax the enormous spiders out should a formidable enemy draw near. The worshipped spiders grew even more bloated due to the non-stop supply of blood-rich offerings. Many spiders began to remain in their darksome holes as still-screaming food was thrown into their pits. Over long periods of time some Arachnarok Spiders no longer needed the shamanistic rituals, having grown tolerant of Forest Goblins. They even allowed them to scurry about their hulking bodies, treating the Goblins as if they were young broodlings that needed to be carried upon their spiny backs. Great stick-howdahs were created atop the beasts using green saplings and copious spider-silk twinings to build battlements and platforms from which to shoot.



Over the centuries many Arachnarok Spiders have become satisfied with their life of luxury, keeping their bulk hidden underground upon a nestbed of their victims' remains and their own foul wastes. Such noisome dens house veritable mountains of bones and dried husks. To Forest Goblins, these pits are the most holy of sites for the Spider-kult. When the needs of such an ancient monstrosity are required, the Great Shaman moans and convulses in a summoning ritual. First to emerge from the dark hole are the spider's front legs, which it uses to pull the rest of its bloated and nightmarish immensity out of its loathsome lair. Bedecked with shanty towers, altars to the Spider-god or even crude catapults, the Arachnarok Spider lurches forward to war, to once again terrorise the surface world.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Arachnarok Spider	7	4	-	5	6	8	4	8	-
Forest Goblin Crew	-	2	3	3	-	-	2	1	6

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Forest Strider, Immune to Psychology, Large Target, Obstacle Strider, Stubborn, Swiftstride, Terror, Wall-crawler (see page 49), **Poisoned Attacks** (Arachnarok Spider only).

Howdah Crew: The Arachnarok Spider is ridden by a small mob of Goblins. The Arachnarok Spider and its howdah crew have their own characteristics, but are treated as a single model. If the Spider is removed as a casualty, then the Forest Goblin crew are removed along with it.

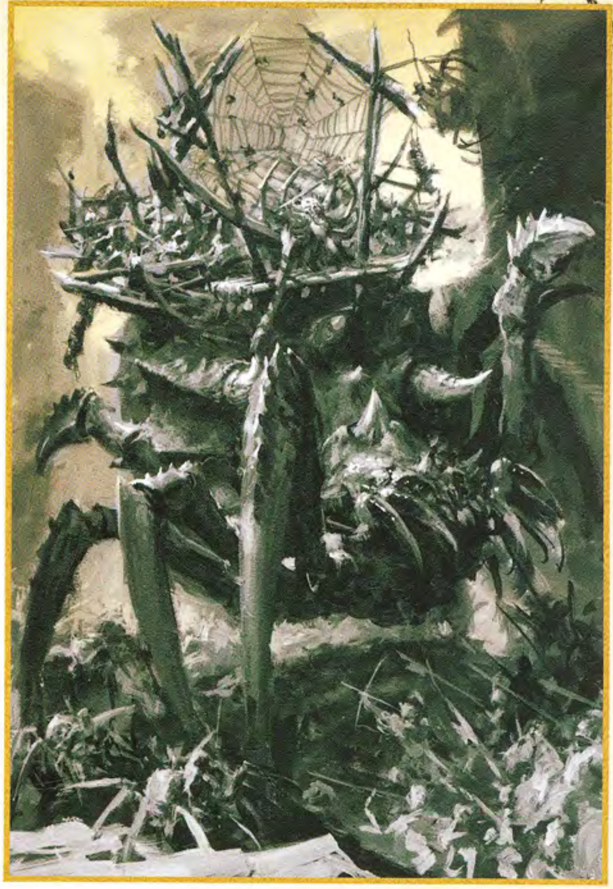
When moving, the model always uses the Movement characteristic of the Spider. The Spider and crew use their own Weapon Skill, Strength, Initiative and Attacks characteristics when they attack. Each can attack any opponent that the model is in base contact with. The crew use their own Ballistic Skill when making Shooting attacks.

All hits upon the Arachnarok Spider are resolved using the Spider's Toughness and Wounds. In combat, enemy models attacking the Arachnarok Spider use the Spider's Weapon Skill when rolling to hit. However, we assume the crew to be in complete control of the monster, so the Arachnarok Spider's Leadership is never used.

An Arachnarok Spider is treated as a monster in all other respects, as described in the Warhammer rulebook. It may be taken as a ridden monster for a Goblin Great Shaman, in which case any shooting attacks against the Arachnarok Spider will hit the monster on the D6 roll of 1-4, and the Great Shaman on a roll of 5+, as normal.

Natural Armour (4+): The Arachnarok Spider is protected by a thick, chitinous hide, granting it an armour save of 4+.

Venom Surge: The Arachnarok Spider uses a jolt of poison from its huge, envenomed fangs to kill more formidable opponents. Before rolling to hit, nominate one of the Arachnarok's attacks to be made with the Venom Surge, and roll it separately. In addition to being Poisoned, this attack has the Multiple Wounds (D6) special rule.



UPGRADES:

Flinger: The Flinger is a stone thrower with the profile shown below. It can fire even if the Arachnarok Spider moves, but not if it marches.

Name	Range	Strength	Special Rules
Flinger	12-48"	1 (3)	Multiple Wounds (D3)

Any unit hit by a Flinger is covered in a mass of sticky webs, and has the Always Strikes Last special rule until the end of its next turn. The Flinger does not use the Stone Thrower Misfire table – a misfire result simply means that the Flinger may not shoot this turn.

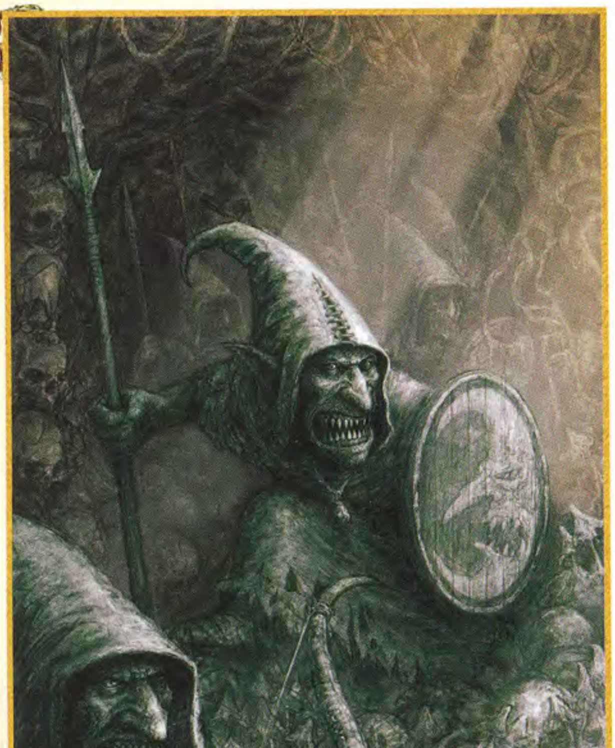
Catchweb Spidershrine: A Goblin Great Shaman mounted on an Arachnarok Spider with a Catchweb Spidershrine has the Loremaster (Little Waaagh!) special rule. In addition, he and any other friendly Wizard within 12" of the Arachnarok Spider adds +2 to their channelling attempts.

NIGHT GOBLINS

Long ago many Goblins took up abode in the caves beneath the Worlds Edge Mountains. Over the centuries those that survived became distinct in type and are now known by the name men have given them: the Night Goblins.

Night Goblins are well suited to their subterranean existence. They range in size, but many are on the stunted side, which better enables the spiteful creatures to move quickly through the tight cavernways below ground. Night Goblins are easily marked out from other greenskins as they wear long, dark and hooded cloaks, in part to blend in with the poorly lit tunnels, but mostly to protect themselves from the hated sunlight should they venture above ground. Given a choice, Night Goblins only leave their underground lairs at night or when the sun is shrouded by cloud or gloomspell. When they do emerge, Night Goblins launch deadly raids, ambush travellers in mountain passes, and commit countless other malicious deeds. They are particular enemies of the Dwarfs, and the two races share a long history of bitter battles on the mountainous peaks and below ground.

In the moist darkness of their subterranean lairs, the Night Goblins are inundated by all manner of moulds and mushrooms. Many kinds of toadstools are grown for a variety of uses. Fungus is consumed, mixed in potions, used to fuel glow-lights and used as bait to attract the unusual creatures known as Cave Squigs.



Night Goblins are especially cowardly, even for Goblin-kind. While their mobs might be more likely to run from danger, there are some Night Goblins who overcome their spinelessness through sheer madness. Perhaps it is the lack of sunlight or the proximity of so much dank mould, but Night Goblins produce more bulging-eyed lunatics than all the other Goblin tribes put together. Displaying even more than the usual goblinoid lack of common sense, individual Night Goblins gleefully ingest dangerously hallucinogenic mushrooms. Deep in their caves, Night Goblin Shamans lead many strange rituals, almost all of which are centred around lethally psychotic fungus. Some Night Goblins are even deranged enough to willingly work alongside Cave Squigs, vicious mounds of muscle that are likely to devour anything not especially quick and wary.

When a leader arises who is sneaky and brutal enough to focus the boundless energy and spite of the Night Goblins, he can wield their numbers as a formidable (if unstable) army. When the underground tribes are called to battle, the mountains seem riddled with holes, each issuing forth a steady procession of cackling, black-hooded creatures. Horrible high-pitched shrieking issues forth from the caves, as does the unpleasant smell of fungus-beer and mouldy rot. The army clusters in the shadows, gathering in mobs beneath their tribal banners. Should the moon emerge to light the vales, it would reveal a nightmare – a teeming mass of Night Goblins. While individually puny, Night Goblins rely on numbers rather than quality. Archer mobs can release dark clouds of arrows while other units present a spiky forest of cruel-tipped spears. They shriek and howl, eager to jab the enemy (especially if he can't fight back!). Once summoned out of their caves, Night Goblins launch such merciless attacks that all who live within sight of the Worlds Edge Mountains have learned to dread them.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Night Goblin	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	1	5
Night Goblin Boss	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	2	5

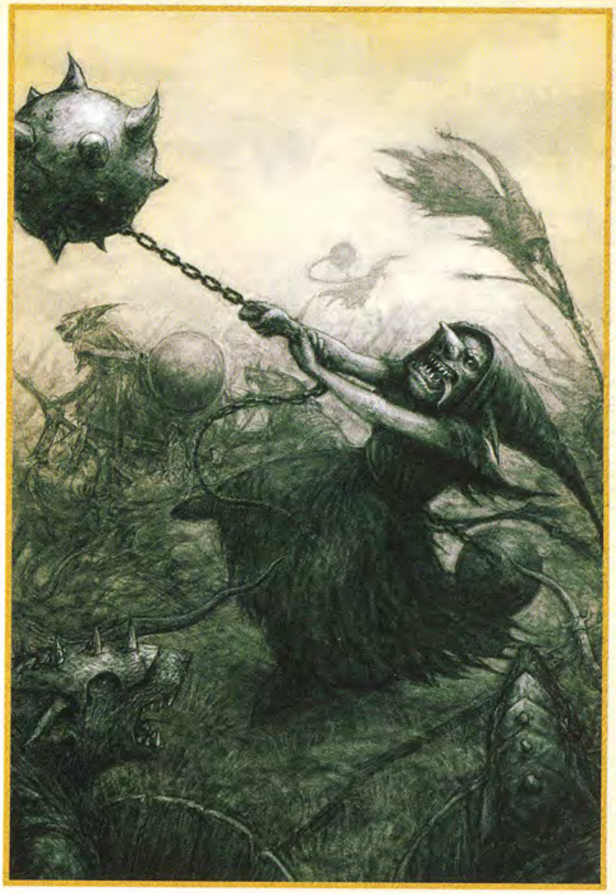
TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Animosity, Fear Elves, Hatred (Dwarfs).

Netters: In the dark, cramped tunnels underground, Night Goblins use throwing nets to entangle beasts such as Cave Squigs, Shroom-gnarlers, Scumgloids or particularly irritating Snotlings. A unit of Night Goblins may be upgraded to include Netters. This is represented by including one or more Netter models in the unit. At the start of each round of close combat, a unit that contains Netters must attempt to entangle one of the units they are fighting. Roll a D6. On a roll of 2-6 the enemy unit has become entangled. If a 1 is rolled, the Netters have instead managed to cast the nets amongst their own ranks, and their own unit is entangled instead. A unit that has been entangled (regardless of how many times) suffers a -1 penalty to their Strength until the end of the combat round.

NIGHT GOBLIN FANATICS

A Fanatic is a Night Goblin that wields an iron ball so heavy it should be impossible to lift; yet these crazed individuals whirl the weighty orb on the end of a stout chain. The entire gobbo rotates, spinning the ball and smashing any caught in its deadly arc. What grants the Fanatic such strength is a highly intoxicating brew made from the rare and deadly Mad Cap Mushroom. Once a draught is consumed, a Night Goblin's eyes bulge and his whole body begins to spin. This mad urge to rotate is stifled by the Fanatic's mob-mates, who hold him down until an enemy unit approaches close enough. At this time, the mob hands the Fanatic the end of his chain and chucks him in the right direction. Free at last, the deranged Night Goblin spins crazily. After the initial shove, the Fanatic has no directional control and will recklessly plough through anything, including friendly troops or even his own regiment. Few things can survive the battering a Fanatic can deliver. Eventually, however, a Fanatic will stumble, throttle himself with his chain or simply collapse, dying in a maniacal and convulsive fit. Through it all, Fanatics have a crazed, euphoric expression and even in death many Fanatics bear a self-satisfied and tongue-lolling grin.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Night Goblin Fanatic	2D6	-	-	5	3	1	3	*	10

TROOP TYPE: Unique.

SPECIAL RULES: Immune to Psychology, Random Movement (2D6).

Hide in Units: Fanatics are not placed on the table at the start of the game as are other troops. Instead you must make a written note of any Night Goblin units that include Fanatics. These units are referred to as concealing units. The Fanatics count as being part of the concealing unit until they are released. Fanatics remain hidden, carried along by their fellows, until they are ready to be pushed out towards the enemy. If a concealing unit flees or is destroyed, any Fanatics yet to be released are lost.

Release the Fanatics!: Fanatics must be released when a concealing unit comes to within 8" of the enemy or vice versa. The moving unit stops immediately (fliers land). Once the Fanatic's movement has been resolved, the unit can continue moving if the controlling player wishes, although chargers must complete their charge unless panicked. When a Fanatic is released, you may choose the direction in which it travels, and the point on the concealing unit from which it starts. Fanatics move 2D6" using the rules for Random Movement. After release, Fanatics are treated as individual units. In your subsequent turns they move in the Compulsory Moves sub-phase using the Random Movement special rule, but they always move in a random direction.

***Splat!:** If a Fanatic's move would bring it into contact with another unit, then he moves through rather than stopping. If the Fanatic's move would end within a unit, then he automatically bounces through it – place the Fanatic model 1" beyond the unit, in the direction he was moving. When a Fanatic moves through a unit (friend or foe) it inflicts D6 Strength 5 Armour Piercing hits.

***Force of Destruction:** Fanatics cannot be charged, but models can move into contact with them. Any unit that moves into contact with a Fanatic takes D6 Strength 5 hits for moving into the Fanatic and a further D6 Strength 5 hits due to the Fanatic's death throes (all hits are Armour Piercing). The Fanatic model is then removed, and the unit may carry on with its move. Fanatics can be targeted with shooting attacks and spells, but count as being in soft cover thanks to the protection offered by the huge metal ball that they swing.

Out of Control: The life of a Fanatic is fraught with mishap, as the loonies are as apt to kill themselves as the enemy! A Fanatic is removed immediately as a casualty when:

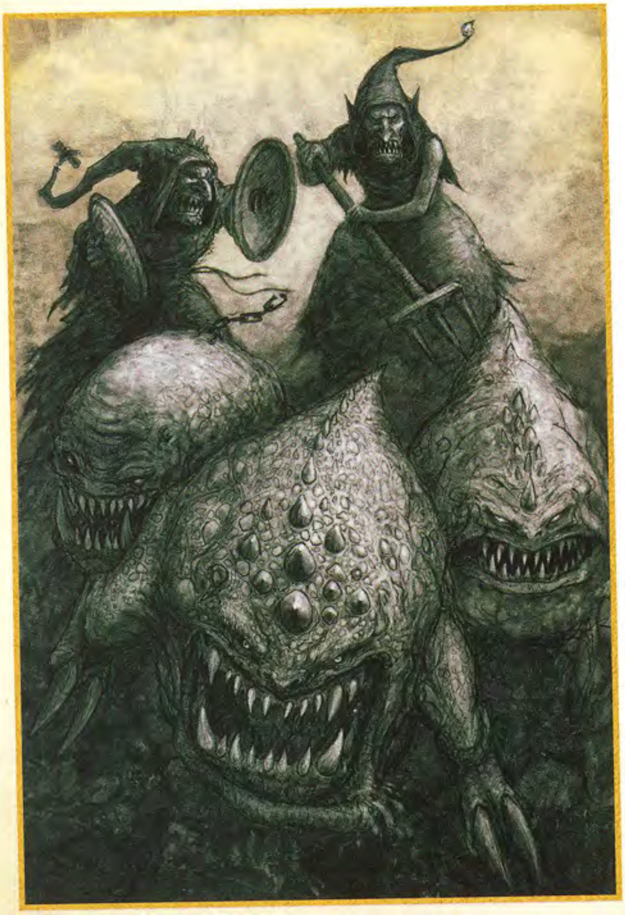
- It contacts a piece of terrain of any kind other than a hill.
- It contacts another Fanatic (both Fanatics are removed).
- It moves off a table edge.
- It rolls a double for movement. This does not apply in the turn of release and represents the Fanatic being choked by the chain, tripping or other comical, yet fatal, mishaps.
- Any unit moves into contact with the Fanatic – see Force of Destruction rules, above.

Friendly units do not take Panic tests if a Fanatic is destroyed.

NIGHT GOBLIN SQUIG HERDS

Cave Squigs are found far beneath the Worlds Edge Mountains. They are improbable creatures, part fungus and part flesh with spheroid bodies, beady eyes and gaping maws dominated by row upon row of dagger-like teeth. Night Goblins hunt Cave Squigs for a number of purposes. Squig hide is very useful and Squig meat is considered a delicacy. Some Cave Squigs are captured and reared to become guard creatures or pets to affluent Boss-types (no other could afford to feed such voracious beasts). In times of need, Squigs are driven into battle with devastating effect.

The dank and exotic mushrooms that grow in Goblin-infested tunnels attract Cave Squigs. From out of the pitch black of the underground, the spherical creatures scuttle, sniffing the tunnel air for the pungent stink of the fungi. It is a rude smell, a cross between overworn boots damp with foot sweat and other scents frequently associated with the dropz. Yet that odour draws Cave Squigs from afar, as they come to feast upon the mushroom patches. Hunting Cave Squigs is no easy matter. They are fast, powerful, and perfectly formed for tunnel fighting, able to back into a hole and present nothing to an assailant but great slashing teeth. It is a dangerous hide-and-seek game, as Night Goblins stalk their prey. The pursuit leads from large caverns with vast fungal forests to narrow passages where even the stunted Night Goblins must bend and shimmy to get through. The Cave Squigs can launch unexpected attacks from side-tunnels and at times the hunter will become the hunted. Should a Cave Squig be found, Night Goblins – armed with sturdy, jabby sticks called 'prodders' – will attempt to drive it from its hidey-hole. Once provoked into the open, nets are thrown over the enraged creature so it can be more safely beaten into a catatonic state by Night Goblins wielding large clubs.



Captured Cave Squigs are herded into combat by Night Goblins. Incensed to be out of their protective holes, Squigs become even more ferocious. To ensure the rotund beasts waddle in the correct direction, Night Goblins employ prodders, pitchforks, firebrands and a host of noise-making devices such as squigpipes, gongs, or skrittle-barkers. This array of stabs, bright lights and clanging keeps the Squigs moving in the right direction, and also keeps them incredibly angry. With their iron-breaking bite, Cave Squigs can do major damage, and after all that irritating poking, they are more than ready to do so. The Night Goblins chip in by stabbing over the top of the bounding beasts where they can.

When all goes well, a Night Goblin Squig Herd can chomp through any opposition. When it goes wrong, like when all the Night Goblin Herders are slain, the remaining Cave Squigs quickly disperse. Driven mad by noise and prodding, Cave Squigs are eager to scatter in all directions, snapping at anything in their way, including other mobs on their own side. Night Goblins, being a bit deranged, don't seem to mind such a risk – as long as it is somebody else being bitten in two by suddenly rampaging, wild Cave Squigs.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Night Goblin Herder	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	1	5
Cave Squig	4	4	0	5	3	1	3	2	3

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Animosity, Hatred (Dwarfs), **Immune to Psychology.**

Obnoxious: Squigs are unpleasant creatures of vile disposition. Characters cannot (will not!) join a Squig Herd.

Squig Herd: Squig Herds are composed of both Night Goblins and Squigs. So long as the unit includes both types, shooting attacks upon the unit are randomised as follows: 1-4 hits a Squig, 5-6 hits a Night Goblin. In close combat enemy models must attack the type of models they are in base contact with (or can choose if in base contact with both Squigs and Night Goblins). All casualties are taken by removing models of the appropriate type. Bring models forward from the rear ranks to fill any gaps that result.

Squigs Go Wild: If the unit flees, or if at any time there are only Squigs left alive in the unit with no Herders, the Squigs go wild, biting at anything nearby. All units within 2D6" (friend and foe) immediately take D6 Strength 5 hits. For every 5 Cave Squigs remaining when the Squigs Go Wild, add +1 to the number of hits caused. After damage is resolved, the Squig Herd is removed in its entirety.

NIGHT GOBLIN SQUIG HOPPERS

Once, in a reckless mood, a Squig Herder dared to leap upon the back of one of his catches. Driven to new heights of fury by the unexpected rider, the Cave Squig responded by bouncing with unflagging enthusiasm. The rider flailed about, screaming in a high-pitched manner, while desperately holding on. This provided great entertainment and the remaining Herders cheered and cackled every time the Squig nearly unseated its unwanted guest. Although the incident ended with both Squig and rider skewered on top of a wickedly sharp stalagmite, it was an impressive enough spectacle to inspire the onlookers. Thus the tradition of riding atop Squigs was born and the first mob of Squig Hoppers soon followed.

The majority of gobbos that try to ride a Squig end up being eaten. However, enough survive that most Night Goblin tribes can muster a mob or two of these unusual troops. Squig Hoppers are an unpredictable lot, sometimes covering much ground with great leaping bounces, while at others thumping along sluggishly. The riders try to control their mounts, but simply holding on and coaxing their beasts in a desired direction is as much as most can accomplish.

When the living balls of muscle, teeth and claws do manage to bounce into an enemy, they deliver quite a blow. Squigs use their gaping maws and prodigious strength to gouge and tear, often biting victims in two. The riders are far too preoccupied with clinging onto their mounts to add their own meagre contributions. This doesn't stop some Night Goblins from bringing along clubs or weapons, but these are mere props brandished when bragging about their (mostly fictitious) heroic deeds.

Squig Hoppers are usually held in awe by other Night Goblins. After all, it takes an undeniable daredevil bravado to leap upon a ferocious Cave Squig – the ravenous beasts are more than capable of swallowing a Night Goblin whole. In battle, Squig Hoppers display a distinctly un-Goblin-like bravery, charging into hulking monsters and attacking even the most daunting of foes with something akin to wild abandon. This boldness and moderate display of discipline is, of course, entirely due to the facts that Squigs are too dumb to know fear and the riders are too busy holding on to see what is going on – they don't even have time to instigate any of the infighting typically seen in greenskin mobs. However, Squig Hoppers will never admit they aren't in control, or let the truth get in the way of their grandiose visions of themselves as daring, elite mobs. The chance of joining such a reckless group is motivation enough for young Night Goblins to risk that first leap upon a Cave Squig's back.

SQUIG MISADVENTURES

When Durkit One-finger of Mount Grunt 'accidentally' left the gates of the Great Squig Farm open overnight, he doomed thousands of his tribe to a bitey death. The surviving Night Goblins realised the only place safe from being gnashed by a large Squig was to jump on top of an even larger Squig and hang on for dear life. Seeing the effectiveness of Squig-based carnage and buoyed by a tide of enthusiasm, the horde of Squig-riding Night Goblins bounded all the way to the fortified town of Ruttheim and used up their energy on the unsuspecting Empire battalion they found there.

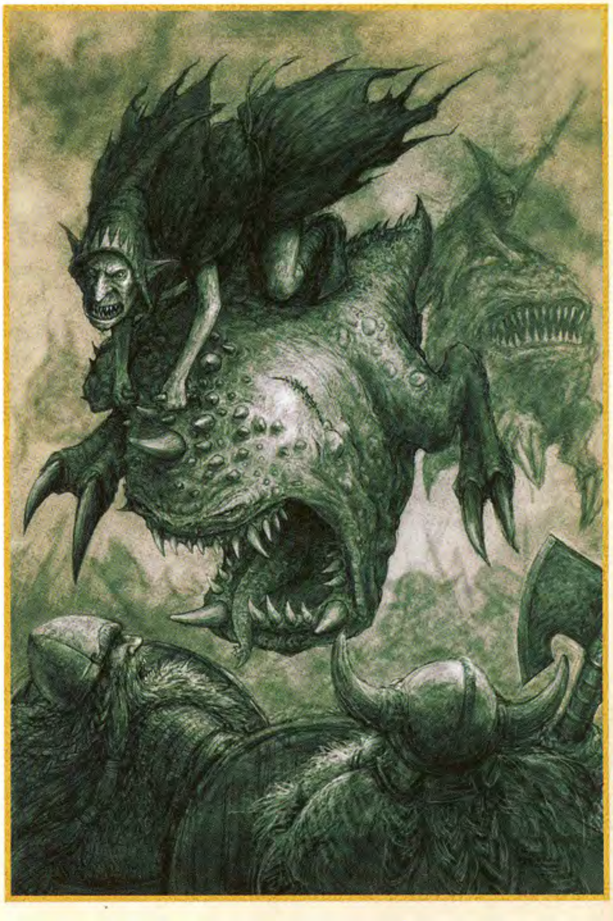
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Squig Hopper	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	1	5
Squig	3D6	4	0	5	3	1	3	2	3

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Hatred (Dwarfs), Immune to Psychology, Random Movement (3D6), Skirmishers.

Obnoxious: Squigs are unpleasant creatures of vile disposition. Characters cannot (will not!) join a unit of Squig Hoppers.

Extra Boingy: Once in a while, Squigs get so much bounce in their springy strides that they become hurtling toothy meteors. In any turn in which a unit of Squig Hoppers rolls three 6s for its Movement, each Squig mount in the unit has the Impact Hits (1) special rule.



MANGLER SQUIGS

Other greenskins claim that living underground has driven Night Goblins mad, and it might be true. One thing is for certain – only the unhinged would try to catch a Great Cave Squig, and only absolute maniacs with little regard for life would dare chain together two Great Cave Squigs and then prod them towards the enemy.

Known as Mangler Squigs or occasionally Chain-Squigs or Great Squig Knockers, these bounding balls of destruction can tear apart a battleline with brutal savagery. Alternately pulling, yanking and dragging each other along, the two fettered Great Squigs hurtle forwards. There is a token attempt by the Night Goblins to steer the Mangler Squigs by chaining a few foolish volunteers directly onto the furious beasts. This crew, if they can be called that, preserve some notion of goading the rolling monstrosities in a direction, however this fades the moment the creatures first move, and is altogether gone by the time they hit anything.

The chained Giant Squigs produce an impact that is nothing short of spectacular. The ideal end result, at least from a Night Goblin's perspective, is that the Mangler Squigs enrage each other, whirling themselves into a tumbling motion. The beasts build a wild, unstoppable momentum of pure aggression, swirling chain and snapping teeth. Should the Mangler Squigs hit a unit, they earn their name, sending severed body parts and splashes of gore skyward, to the delight of any onlooking Night Goblins.

The Ironbreakers formed a living wall across the passageway, their backs against the last gateway protecting the hold above. The Night Goblins had tried for days to breach this tunnel, but the Dwarfs had held firm, their nigh-impenetrable armour blocking the feeble strikes of the greenskins, while their own axes claimed the lives of many foul Grobi. The Dwarfs were tired, but unyielding. They had fought the Night Goblins enough not to trust this lull in the fighting, suspecting some new trickery.

Sounds could be heard on the other side of the mound of Goblin corpses that blocked the tunnel and soon two immense Squig-beasts emerged over the pile. The creatures snorted with rage as they were prodded down the passageway. When the Squigs caught Dwarf-scent at the end of the hallway, no further goading was needed and they bounded forward. The beasts were chained together, and they stumbled over each other, crashing against the narrow confines. Yet for all of their commotion, the tumbling did not slow their pace, but accelerated it to breakneck speed. Each snarling fiend whipped the other around in a dizzying whirl until all that could be seen were flashes of teeth, swirling chain, or a semi-pulped Night Goblin who was tied onto one of the Squigs. The Dwarfs raised their shields against the living thunderbolt, but to no avail – the rotating Squigs scattered the Dwarfs like skittles and smashed straight into the gate beyond with a resounding clang. Although a few of the severed limbs still twitched, not a thing was still alive. The pathway into the Dwarfhold was opened and the Night Goblin assault began in earnest.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Mangler Squigs	3D6	-	-	6	4	3	3	*	3

TROOP TYPE: Unique.

SPECIAL RULES:
Immune to Psychology, Random Movement (3D6).

***Ker-splat!:** If the Mangler Squigs' move would bring them into contact with another unit, then they move through rather than stopping. If the Mangler Squigs' move would end within a unit, then they automatically bounce through the it – place the Mangler Squigs 1" beyond the unit, in the direction in which they were moving.

When Mangler Squigs move through a unit (friend or foe) they inflict 2D6 Strength 6 Armour Piercing hits.

Gone Crazy!: Mangler Squigs that make a Ker-Splat! attack go wild, their Night Goblin crew being either pulped to death or too busy holding on to even attempt to control the Squigs' direction. Once Mangler Squigs have Gone Crazy they will move in a random direction when they move in the Compulsory Moves sub-phase.

***Force of Total Destruction:** Mangler Squigs cannot be charged, but models can move into contact with them. Any unit that moves into contact with Mangler Squigs takes 2D6 Strength 6 hits for moving into the Squigs and a further D6 Strength 6 hits due to the Mangler Squigs' death throes (all hits are Armour Piercing). The Mangler Squig model is then removed, and the unit may carry on with its move. Additionally, Mangler Squigs targeted with shooting attacks count as being in soft cover to represent the difficulty of shooting at such an erratic target.

Completely Out of Control: Not surprisingly, the haphazard Mangler Squigs are prone to a number of spectacularly bloody accidents, such as choking themselves with their own chains, or pummelling each other repeatedly until both Great Cave Squigs are literally mashed to a pulp.

Mangler Squigs are removed as a casualty when:

- They contact other Mangler Squigs (both Mangler Squigs are removed as casualties).
- They have gone crazy and rolled a triple for movement. This represents the Great Squigs ripping themselves to pieces or some other comic, yet fatal mishap.
- Any unit moves into contact with the Mangler Squigs – see the Force of Total Destruction rule, above.

Watch Out!: Mangler Squigs are generally oblivious to their surroundings, and the crew's attempts to steer them are nominal at best. Mangler Squigs must take a Dangerous Terrain test if they move over any of the following types of terrain: Forests, Marshland, Obstacles or Mystical Monuments. If their move would take them into contact with a Building, Impassable Terrain or off a table edge then they must take a Dangerous Terrain test and will stop 1" short of the obstruction.

TROLLS

Trolls are hulking creatures whose hunched appearance belies their powerful nature. Trolls physically adapt to their environment and, depending on where they live, their skin can be warty, rocky, slimy or scaly. Despite their many physical differences, all Trolls are hideous, slow-witted and eternally hungry. Being dim creatures with indiscriminate appetites means Trolls will eat anything – they prefer flesh and bone, but will eat wood, rocks or bits of metal. Not surprisingly, the stomach of a Troll contains incredibly powerful digestive juices. This potent bile is highly sought by alchemists, potion-makers and dark sorcerers.

Trolls are remarkably strong despite their lanky-limbs. Perhaps the best-known characteristic of Trolls is that their hide is able to regrow almost as quickly as it is damaged. If a Troll's clawed hand is severed, a fresh one will grow from the stump. If a Troll is decapitated, a new head forms on its shoulders. You have to cause a great deal of damage to a Troll to stop it regenerating and even then it might reform the following day. The only thing Trolls cannot endure is fire, so burning a Troll is the one sure way of killing it.

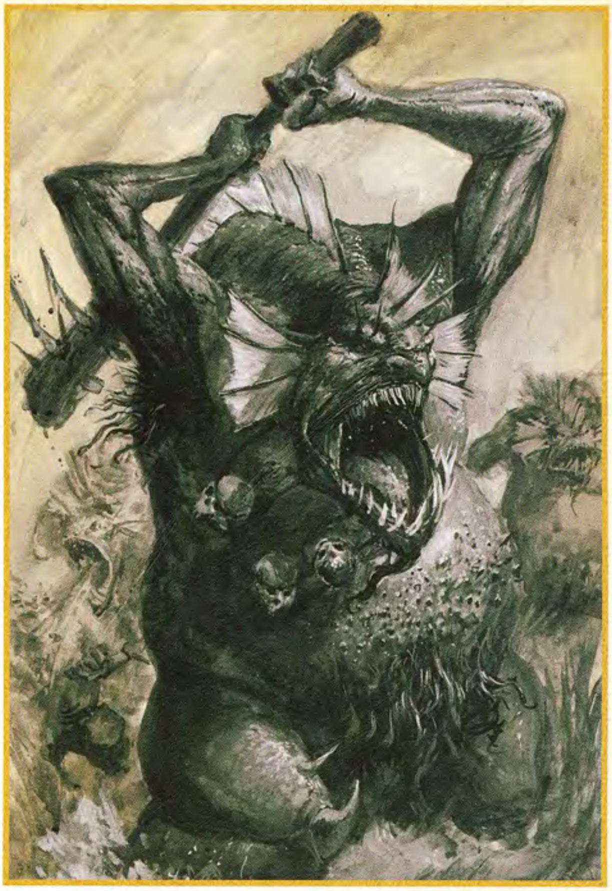
Trolls live alone or in small groups, and roam desolate regions, preying on travellers and attacking isolated villages. Bands of Trolls often latch onto greenskin tribes, attracted by the profusion of carcasses and refuse. Some are even thrown the odd Snotling or captive – the greenskins do this to encourage the Trolls to stick around, for they are handy in a scrap. Trolls can maul any foe, but are so dumb it is hard to get them to follow orders. Savvy Warbosses know that, without help, the brutes seldom remain focused on the battlefield. Left on their own, Trolls are easily distracted and, instead of attacking, will stoop down to eat the injured or simply stand and drool. Only by barking commands himself, or by tasking a Big Boss to lead the Troll pack, can a greenskin commander come close to relying on the hulking creatures. Even this shepherding isn't foolproof and some Trolls have been known to tune out a Warboss' yelling in order to eat rocks or pull up offending patches of grass. Yet should the creatures reach combat, they will flail about with their mighty fists or use makeshift weapons to lay waste to just about anything. Trolls also have the disturbing ability to retch up the contents of their stomachs. This noxious attack sends a semi-liquid spray of bile and half-digested bits upon its victim that can melt through armour and sear away flesh and even bone – it is, truly, an ugly way to die.

RIVER TROLLS

River Trolls live in bogs and along untamed riverbanks. They partially submerge themselves in swamps or brackish ponds in order to sneak up on and ambush their prey. River Trolls are slimy creatures that reek of rotten fish, but they'll leave their dank water holes to follow any greenskins that promise them a chance to gorge their bloated bellies.

STONE TROLLS

Stone Trolls live underground or in mountainous regions. They have rock-hard skin and are naturally resistant to magic. Many Stone Trolls wander the slopes and passes of the Worlds Edge Mountains, where they often fall in with the tribes of Orcs or Night Goblins that are prevalent there.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Troll (all types)	6	3	1	5	4	3	1	3	4

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Regeneration, Stupidity.

Troll Vomit: In battle, Trolls can vomit at will, to the horror of their foes. A unit of Trolls can make Vomit Attacks instead of their ordinary attacks in close combat (but they can still Stomp). Each Troll that is allowed to attack makes a single Vomit Attack at Strength 5. Trolls that are allowed to make supporting attacks can make a Vomit Attack. A Vomit Attack hits automatically and no armour saves are allowed.

In addition to the rules above, some types of Trolls have unique aspects and gain additional special rules. All the models in a unit of Trolls must be of the same type.

River Trolls: River Trolls have the River Strider and Marsh Strider special rules. Additionally, enemies attempting to attack a River Troll in close combat suffer a -1 penalty on their To Hit rolls due to the stench and slime.

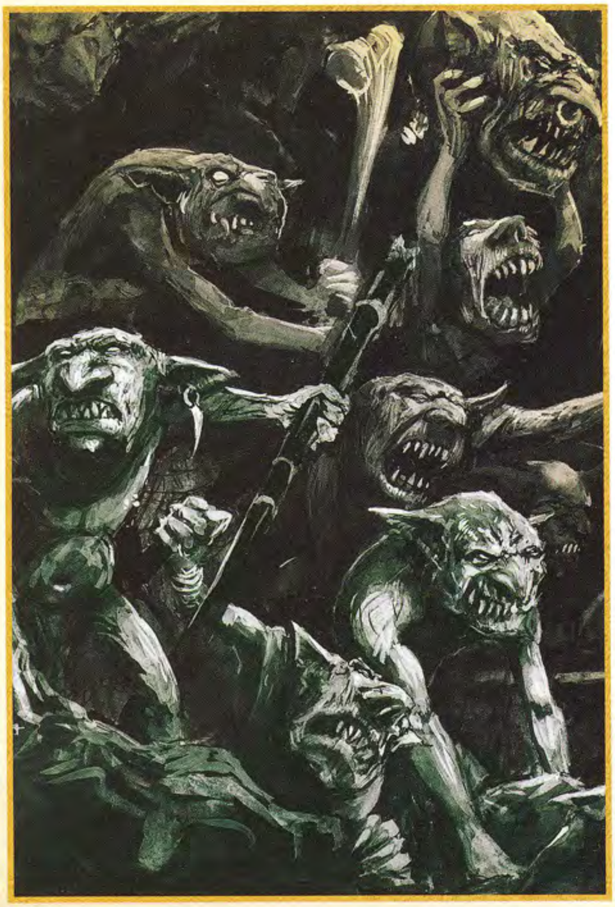
Stone Trolls: Stone Trolls have Magic Resistance (2) and Scaly Skin (5+).

SNOTLINGS

Snotlings are the smallest of the green-skinned races. They possess pea-sized brains and behave very much like extremely enthusiastic and uncontrollable puppies. Snotlings infest Orc and Goblin settlements, scavenging the rubbish piles and stealing whatever they get their grubby little green hands upon. Snotlings often nab unwanted cast-offs, bits of scrap or well-gnawed bones and they joyfully scamper off to hide such treasures in some secret nook.

Orcs look upon their smallest cousins with a certain amount of affection, often treating them as wayward and mischievous pets. Some Orcs will even capture a few Snotlings and train them to perform entertaining, if rude, tricks or possibly a few simple tasks. The brightest Snotlings can learn to fetch and carry or do menial duties such as scratching off hard-to-reach scabs, but they are no use for real work and only serve to get underfoot when they invariably try to help.

Goblins, on the other hand, despise Snotlings, finding the thieving habits of the little runts get in the way of their own, similar activities. Goblins find it is harder to sneak about if they are shadowed by a mob of gleeful Snotlings. Worse yet, the runts have a habit of squealfully pointing out guilty individuals, showing off the hiding places of appropriated goods and pantomiming murder scenes. To escape a Goblin's vengeance, Snotlings often run between the legs of a protective Orc, which further infuriates the gobbo!



Snotlings are fascinated by the activities of their larger relatives and are great mimics. Although these actions are inexplicable to their limited understanding, Snotlings will cheerfully imitate what they witness. It is common to see a self-important Orc or Goblin Boss swagger through camp followed closely (but safely out of kicking range) by a tiny Snotling impersonating his walk and every nuance in an exaggerated fashion. This aping behaviour can infuriate any greenskin, but especially Black Orcs, who are renowned for their lack of humour.

> **"If I find out 'oo ate me favourite snottie then there is gonna be sum trouble. I wuz savin' 'im, I wuz. Ded clever lil' feller - he could fetchit right quick. 'Course, it wuz never wot I asked fer, but yer could see he wuz eager. Poor lil' feller."**
>
> **- Orc Warlord Grizgutz Badax**

When Orcs and Goblins march to battle they are often accompanied by a horde of armed Snotlings. There is a broad spectrum of what the little greenies consider weapons, such as small tree branches, eye-catching mushrooms or bits of bone. Occasionally a Snotling actually acquires a real weapon, most probably a pointy stick or small dagger. As they frequently scavenge near the greenskin latrines, known as 'da dropz', Snotlings sometimes find and make use of exploding spores. These fungus balls can be thrown a short distance and upon landing will emit a deadly toxic cloud and an extremely terrible smell.

Snotlings want to do their part in any battle, but are not very effective. Their enthusiasm is undampened by their catastrophic results. The undersized greenies exhibit extra vigour when fighting where their larger brethren can see them. With such an opportunity to show off Snotlings pour forth a heightened output of attacks, although this still rarely harms the foe. For the most part, Snotlings harmlessly buffet the enemy with pieces of rubbish before being slaughtered wholesale. That's all right with the other greenskins, although the most familiar Orc patrons are saddened by the loss of a favoured 'snotty.' Such rare emotion only lasts for a short while, often about as long as it takes an Orc to scratch its unmentionables. By the time the Orcs and Goblins return to their camp, more Snotlings will have sprouted up anyway. They are, if anything, a constant nuisance.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Snotlings	4	2	0	2	2	5	3	5	4

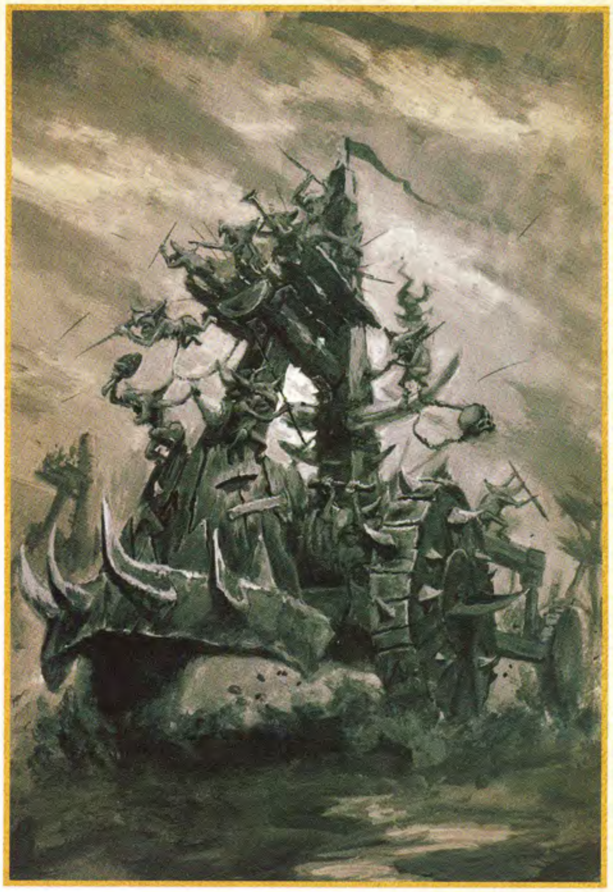
TROOP TYPE: Swarm.

EQUIPMENT: Explodin' Spores: Each Snotling base can make a single shooting attack in its Shooting phases, and as a stand and shoot reaction. An Explodin' Spore is a throwing weapon, hitting automatically with no armour saves allowed.

SNOTLING PUMP WAGONS

The Snotling Pump Wagon is a wooden fighting platform on wheels. Like a chariot, a Pump Wagon hurtles towards the foe to run them over. However, the Pump Wagon rumbles under its own power, with momentum provided by Snotlings, who frantically pump crude contraptions and cranks to drive the belts that turn the wheels. With spikes, or sometimes a heavy roller fitted to the front, the Pump Wagon crushes any foes (or crew) that fall before it. The crudely constructed war machine is built and crewed by Snotlings. This is surprising, as Snotlings barely know how to use tools, and are extremely dim – often struggling even to pick their own noses. How it is that Snotlings become possessed of enough know-how to construct a formidable killing device like the Pump Wagon should be considered one of the great green wonders of the world. Or at least it would be if greenskins cared about such things; but they don't.

Snotlings buzz with strange purpose when Waaagh! energy is in the air. They instinctively gather materials, heaping all manner of junk in a pile. When the rubbish mound is large enough they begin to build. The Snotlings work without language or plans. Many small green hands lash wooden beams together. In unison they pound broken blades into a log to make the formidable spiky roller. Crude wheels are built or scavenged. With such an anarchic building process, it is never quite known what the Snotling-built device will look like. Whether it is a shanty hut on wheels, a great teetering tower, or a mere wooden frame with planks for the crew to walk on, it still crashes into the foe with the same devastating and bone-breaking crunch!



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Snotling Pump Wagon	2D6	-	-	4	4	3	-	-	-
Snotling Crew	-	2	0	2	-	-	3	5	4

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 6+).

SPECIAL RULES: Impact Hits (2D6), Random Movement (2D6), Unbreakable, Unstable.

Pump Harder Ladz!: Before moving a Pump Wagon you may declare that the crew are 'pumping harder'. If you do so, you must roll 3D6 for its random movement.

Too Pumped Up: The exhilaration of battle can cause Snotlings to lose control. Any time a Pump Wagon rolls two or more 1s for its movement, it will not move as normal but instead veers out of control. Re-roll the Random Movement distance (including the extra dice if you were 'pumping harder'), but this time the Pump Wagon will move in a random direction. If the re-rolled movement also includes two or more 1s, then the Pump Wagon has crashed – remove it as a casualty. Otherwise, all Random Movement rules apply, except that a Pump Wagon halted by a friendly unit will inflict 2D6 Impact Hits on the unit that blocks its move.

EQUIPMENT: Explodin' Spores: (See page 58). The Pump Wagon may use Explodin' Spores, as if it were a single base of Snotlings.

UPGRADES:

Spiky Roller: The Pump Wagon may be fitted with a roller studded with sharp spikes. If a Pump Wagon has a spiky roller then all its Impact Hits have +1 Strength.

Out-rigga: Some Pump Wagons are fitted with a makeshift sail. This makes them faster but more difficult to control. If a Pump Wagon has an out-rigga then its Movement characteristic is increased to 3D6. Note that this means that if the crew decide to pump harder then you must roll 4D6 for the Pump Wagon's random movement.

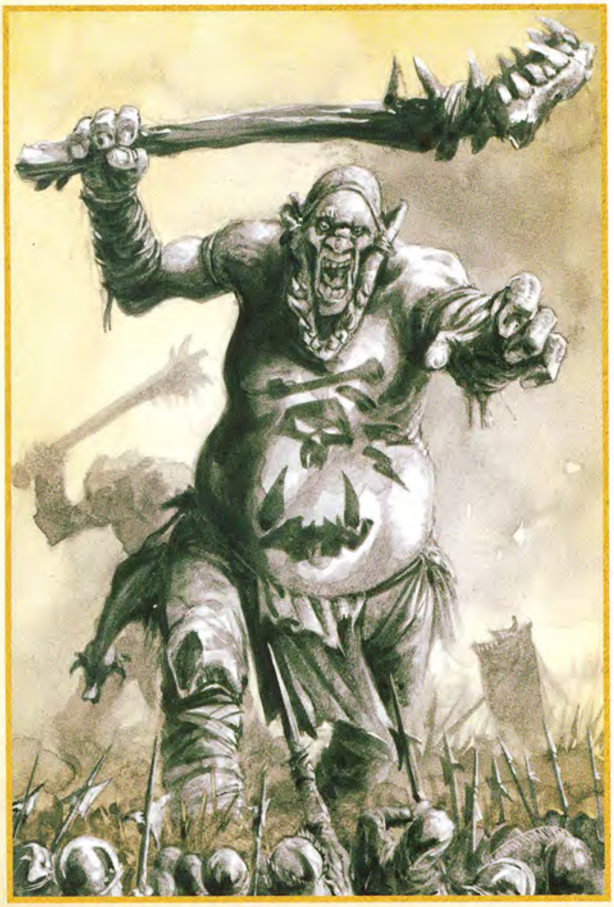
Flappas: Flappas are crude wings, attached to the side of the Pump Wagon, and flapped up and down by the actions of the crew. This allows the Pump Wagon to make short jumps as it bounces along, in order to avoid dangerous obstacles. A Pump Wagon fitted with flappas only has to take Dangerous Terrain tests if they end their move in Dangerous Terrain.

Giant Explodin' Spores: Sometimes Snotlings attach really big explodin' spores to the front of their Wagon, which burst when the Pump Wagon hits anything. If a Pump Wagon has giant explodin' spores, the first set of Impact Hits it inflicts in the game ignores armour saves.

GIANTS

Descendants of the long-forgotten Sky-Titans, Giants are large, lumbering brutes that bestride the world seeking battle and food (the one leading to the other in a Giant's mind). Giants can now be found almost everywhere, though they are (thankfully) rare. Giants often settle for a time before moving on, leaving behind ravaged countryside and flattened villages. They live solitary lives, but some of the hulking behemoths are coaxed to join an Orc & Goblin army. Rival tribes will often fight over a Giant, with the big lummox winning, as he eats the casualties from both sides.

To most greenskins, a Giant is a bellowing, cursing display of raw might, ruthless aggression and really large stompy feet – all things that make Orcs and Goblins break out into raucous cheering. There are few sights more inspiring than watching one of "da big fellas" dispense huge portions of violence upon an enemy and stomping them into paste. Some even earn a degree of fame and notoriety, such as "Little Gork", so named because he was once hit in the face by a stone from a Grudge Thrower and has since believed himself to be Gork, painting himself green before each battle for effect. For their part, Giants are happy to join an army of greenskins, as it significantly increases their chances of eating regularly and getting their hands on strong liquor. Amidst the endless battles, if an odd handful or two of Goblins happens to get scoffed along the way, no one seems to mind – it's just considered part of the rough and tumble of greenskin life.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Giant	6	3	3	6	5	6	3	special	10

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Large Target, Stubborn, Terror.

Fall Over: Giants are ungainly and frequently befuddled, as a consequence of which they often fall down. They are especially prone to this if they've been raiding the local breweries, which isn't altogether uncommon.

A Giant must test to see whether it falls over if any of the following apply:

- If it is beaten in close combat. Test once results are established but before taking a Break test.
- If it is fleeing at the start of the Movement phase.
- When it crosses an obstacle. Test when the obstacle is reached.
- If the Giant decides to Jump Up and Down on an enemy. Test immediately beforehand.

To see if a Giant falls over, roll a D6. On a roll of 1, the Giant falls over. A slain Giant falls over automatically.

To determine in which direction the Giant falls, roll a scatter dice. Place the Fallen Giant template with its feet at the model's base and its head in the direction of the fall – the Fallen Giant template is a special shaped template, which otherwise uses all the template rules from the Warhammer rulebook (so any models lying completely or partially under it are automatically hit).

A model hit by a falling Giant takes a Strength 6 hit that has the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule. If the unit is in combat and the Giant has fallen over whilst attempting to Jump Up and Down, wounds inflicted by a falling Giant count towards the combat result.

A Giant that falls over automatically suffers 1 wound. If the Giant is in combat then this wound counts towards combat resolution.

Once on the ground (you may lie the model down if you wish) a Giant may get up in his following Movement phase, but may not move that turn. Whilst on the ground a Giant may not attack, but he can still defend himself after a fashion so the enemy must still roll to score hits on him. If forced to flee whilst on the ground the Giant is slain – the enemy swarm over him and cut him to pieces. If the Giant gets the opportunity to pursue his foes whilst he's on the ground he stands up instead. A Giant may attack in close combat as usual on the turn he stands up.

> **"He snores and eats all our gobbos, but dat big lug is handy in a fight..."**

Giant Special Attacks: Giants do not attack in the same way as other creatures. They are far too large and fractious to take orders and much too scatterbrained to have any sort of coherent plan. To determine what happens in each Close Combat phase, pick a unit in base contact with the Giant and roll a D6 on one of the following tables. Which table you use depends on the size of the Giant's victim. When fighting characters who are riding monsters, decide whether to attack the rider or mount before rolling on the table.

Big Things Chart

Use this chart when fighting Monsters, Monstrous Beasts, Monstrous Infantry, Monstrous Cavalry, Chariots, War Machines, anything with the Large Target special rule, and characters riding any of the above.

D6	Result
1	Yell and Bawl
2-4	Thump with Club
5-6	'Eadbutt

Man-sized or Smaller Things Chart

Use this chart when fighting anything not covered by the Big Things chart, above.

D6	Result
1	Yell and Bawl
2	Jump Up and Down
3	Pick Up and...
4-6	Swing with Club

Yell and Bawl: The Giant yells and bawls at the enemy. This is not a pleasant experience, as Giants are deafeningly loud and tend towards poor oral hygiene. Neither the Giant nor models in contact with him actually fight if they have not already done so this round. The Giant's side automatically wins the combat by 2 points (if both sides have a Giant that Yells and Bawls, the combat is a draw).

Thump with Club: The Giant brings down his club on a single model from the target unit, that is in base contact. The target may attempt to avoid the blow by passing an Initiative test (use the lowest if the model has several different values). If the test is failed, the model takes 2D6 wounds with no armour save allowed. If a double is rolled the Giant's club embeds itself in the ground and the Giant cannot attack at all in the following round of the same combat whilst he recovers his weapon.

'Eadbutt: The Giant head-butts a single enemy model from the target unit, automatically inflicting 1 wound with no armour saves allowed. If the victim is wounded but not slain, then he is dazed and loses all of his following attacks. If the target has not yet attacked in that combat round, he loses those attacks; if he has already attacked, then he loses the next round's attacks.

Jump Up and Down: The Giant jumps up and down vigorously on top of the enemy. Before he starts, the Giant must test to determine if he falls over (see previous page). If he falls over, work out where he falls and calculate damage as already described. Any wounds caused by the fall (on either side) count towards the combat result. If the Giant remains on his none-too-nimble feet, the target unit sustains 2D6 Strength 6 hits. Work out damage and saves as usual. Giants enjoy jumping up and down on their enemies so much that a Giant that does so in one combat round will automatically do so in the following round if he is able to, assuming that he did not fall over in the previous round. A Giant that starts to Jump Up and Down will therefore continue to do so on the same target until he falls over, the target is destroyed, or the combat ends.

Pick Up and...: The Giant stoops down and grabs a single model in base contact from the target unit (Giant player's choice). The target must make a single attack to try to fend off the Giant's clumsy hand. If this attack causes an unsaved wound, the Giant's attack fails. Otherwise, the Giant grabs the model and the player rolls a D6 to see what happens next:

D6 Result

1 Stuff into Bag. The Giant stuffs the victim into his bag along with sheep, cows and other plunder. The model is removed as a casualty.

2 Throw Back into Combat. The victim is hurled into his own unit like a living missile. The victim is removed as a casualty, and D6 Strength 3 hits are inflicted on the unit (save as normal).

3 Hurl. The victim is hurled into an enemy unit within 12" of the Giant – randomly determine which. The victim is removed as a casualty, and the unit takes D6 Strength 3 hits (save as normal). Unsaved Wounds from these hits count towards the Giant's combat result. If no enemy units are in range, treat this as a Throw Back into Combat result instead.

4 Squash. This doesn't really bear thinking about. Suffice to say the model is removed as a casualty.

5 Eat. The Giant gobbles his victim up, swallowing him whole. The model is removed as a casualty.

6 Pick Another. The Giant hurriedly stuffs the victim into his bag or under his shirt (or down his trousers if they're really unlucky). Treat the attack as if the Giant had rolled the Stuff into Bag result, above, and then choose another victim. The second victim makes a single attack as usual to avoid being picked up – if he fails, roll again on this table to see what the Giant does with him.

Swing with Club: The Giant swings his club across the enemy's ranks. The Giant inflicts D6 Strength 6 hits on the target unit.

UPGRADES:

Warpaint: If your army includes at least one Savage Orc Shaman or Savage Orc Great Shaman, a Giant may have Warpaint. See page 40.

GREAT CAVE SQUIGS

Only the most fungus-covered Night Goblin lairs attract the Great Cave Squig – an even larger and more ferocious version of the Cave Squig. The fangs of these beasts are as long as swords and they will snap at anything that moves in front of them. Their hides are tough and leathery and their small eyes gleam with a mad fury. As one might expect, these powerful Squigs are greatly prized, although it takes an equally crazed Night Goblin to hang onto such a hard-bounding creature. As Great Cave Squigs are ridiculously dangerous to capture, to ride one into battle is quite an achievement for a Night Goblin Big Boss or Warboss.

The process of breaking in a Great Cave Squig costs many Night Goblin lives, but once the beasts learn to accept a rider, they serve as more stable mounts than smaller Squigs. This allows a rider a free hand to fight in close quarters, instead of just hanging on for dear life. When grouped with Squig Hoppers, Great Cave Squigs lead the pack. Although they are costly, eating over twice their own body weight daily (ideally in Dwarfs or the right kind of mushrooms), Great Cave Squigs are still the preferred mount for any right-thinking (and insanely daring) Night Goblin.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Great Cave Squig	3D6	4	0	5	4	3	3	3	3

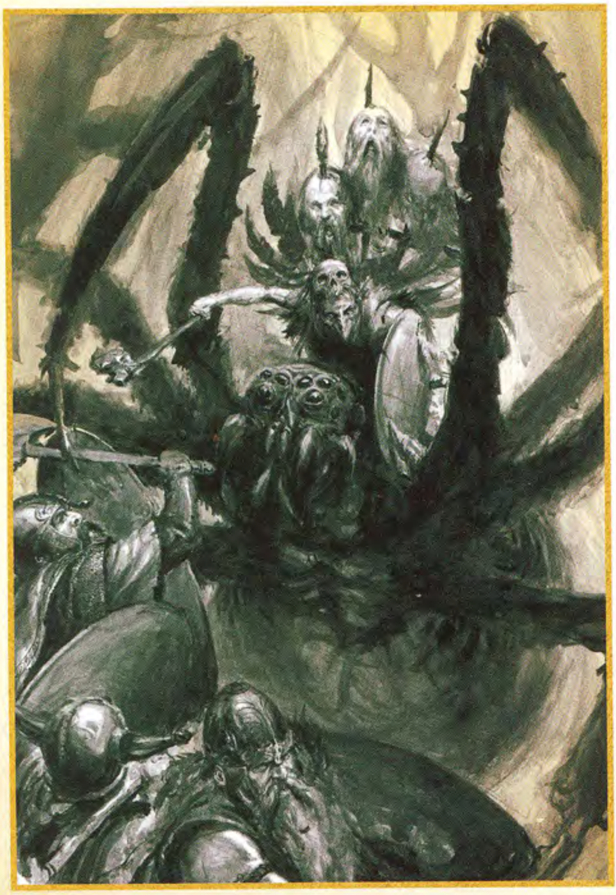
TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Extra Boingy (see page 55), **Immune to Psychology, Random Movement (3D6).**

Loners: Great Cave Squigs are among the most obnoxious, bad-tempered beasts in the Warhammer world, and any Goblins that ride them are considered a 'bad sort' even by gobbo standards. The only unit a Night Goblin character mounted on a Great Cave Squig is allowed to join is a Squig Hopper unit. He is allowed to do this even though characters are not normally allowed to join Squig Hopper units.

Supreme Bounder: A Great Cave Squig that is used as a mount for a character may re-roll the Random Movement roll as long as the character is still alive. If the character joins a unit of Squig Hoppers then you may re-roll the Random Movement roll for the whole unit.

GIGANTIC SPIDERS



The darkest forests of the world are the home to the Gigantic Spiders. These venomous creatures grow to an enormous size, sucking the life juices out of prey and leaving behind only skin-husks and bones. A full-grown Gigantic Spider is larger than a Troll, and its whole body is protected by chitinous armoured plates. All Gigantic Spiders have a poisonous bite that is used to paralyse their prey. Only the most foolhardy would attempt to seek them out, and Forest Goblin Shamans fit right into that lack-of-common sense category. A gifted Shaman, touched by the Spider-god's blessings, will not be turned into a lifeless husk, but instead may be rewarded with a clutch of spiderlings. This foul brood, with each spider already the size of a horse's head, can be reared and trained. When fully grown, these Gigantic Spiders are prized as revered mount for a Goblin tribe's mightiest warriors.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Gigantic Spider	7	3	0	4	4	3	4	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

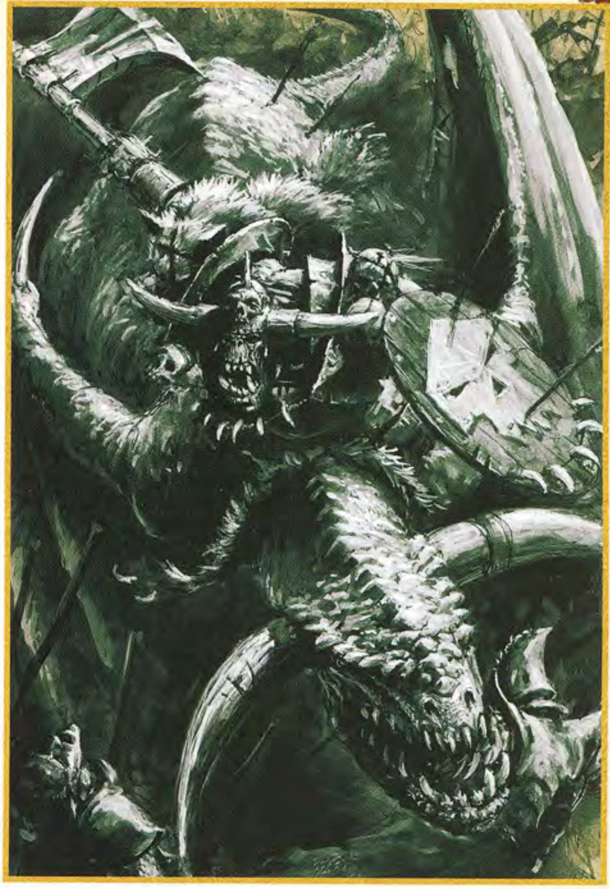
SPECIAL RULES: Creeping Assault (see page 49), **Fear, Forest Strider, Obstacle Strider, Poisoned Attacks, Wall-crawler** (see page 49).

Thick-skinned: Gigantic Spiders are covered in thick chitinous armour. A rider atop a Gigantic Spider receives an armour save bonus of +2 rather than the usual +1 for monstrous cavalry mounts.

WYVERNS

At a distance you could mistake a Wyvern for a Dragon, but there is no nobility of spirit in these brutal beasts. Wyverns are cannibalistic predators that are not above eating carrion and this, along with their other filthy habits, ensures Wyverns are amongst the most foul-smelling creatures imaginable. Wyverns live high in the barren reaches of the Worlds Edge Mountains, although they often venture far from their bone-filled lairs to devastate Empire towns and farms. When the greenskins see the menacing silhouette of a Wyvern circling high above, they greet it with raucous cheers – another example of the strong imposing their will.

No Orc would be so foolish as to try to tame a fully grown Wyvern. However, adventurous Night Goblins raid Wyvern nests to steal eggs, which are traded or subsequently sold to Orcs for a steep price. It is dangerous work to hand-rear a Wyvern to full growth, but they are highly prized mounts for the most powerful Orc Warlords or Great Shamans, who form an unnatural bond with these hideous brutes. Wyverns are voracious beasts that always hunger for fresh meat, and their Orc masters are always willing to throw a few unlucky gobbos into the feeding pit of their loyal winged steed.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wyvern	4	5	0	6	5	5	3	3	6

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly, Large Target, Poisoned Attacks, Scaly Skin (4+), Terror.

When Waaagh! Nogdrod descended upon the city of Baltheim, it found the entire Talabecland army arrayed against it. Thousands of soldiers were arrayed in Baltheim's defence, hardy warriors of Talabecland who stood firm as the Waaagh! surged forward. So valiant were the men of the Empire that Nogdrod swiftly lost patience with his army's progress. He spurred his wyvern, Snaptooth, forward to the centre of the enemy army, where Arch Lector Fedorin marshaled his troops from a War Altar's lofty perch.

As the Wyvern's shadow fell over him, the Arch Lector smote his staff upon the ground and a bolt of holy soulfire leapt forth, charring the creature's scaly hide. Dull-witted though Snaptooth was, he knew pain well enough and fled into the lightning-flecked skies – carrying an unwilling Warboss with him. The greenskins, their enthusiasm for the fight subdued by their Warboss' seeming retreat, lost all heart as the Talabeclanders surged forward. The Goblins routed first, to the usual Orcish jeers, but then the Orcs swiftly decided that, for once, the gobbos had the right of it and so began to retreat themselves. Seeing victory in his grasp, Fedorin roused the men of Talabecland to fresh deeds. He called upon Sigmar, upon duty to Emperor, land and lord. Ten thousand soldiers cheered their reply in one voice, and carried their swords and spears forward onto the greenskins.

Unfortunately for Fedorin, this was the precise moment at which Nogdrod, having finally regained control of his unruly steed, re-entered the battle. Bellowing wildly, Warboss and Wyvern burst through the encircling stormclouds like a mucky emerald thunderbolt and slammed into the War Altar with a deafening thud; timbers splintered, iron buckled and the War Altar exploded in a shower of debris. In the wake of the battle, his aides were to diligently search the crater, but all they would find of their fallen master was a single finger bearing his ring of office.

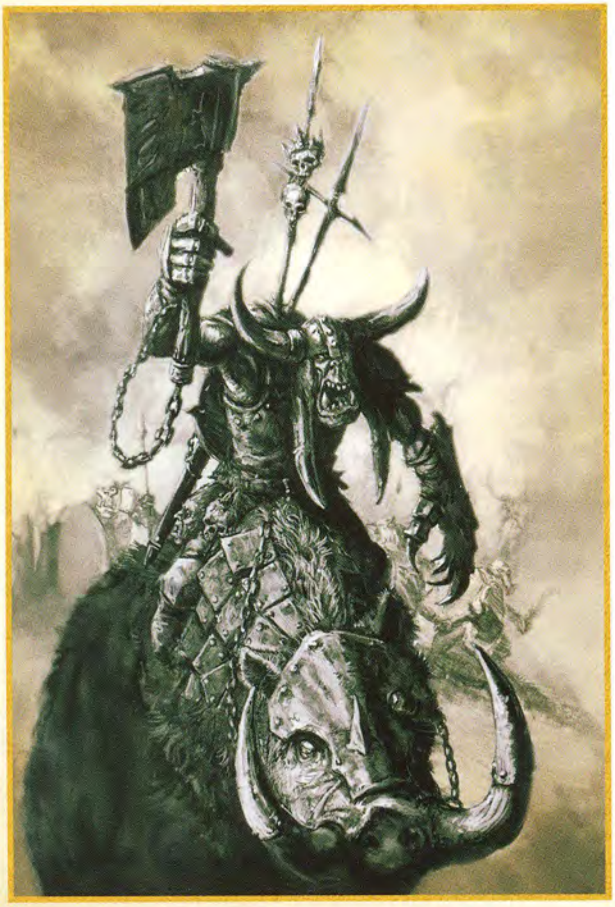
For their part, Warboss and Wyvern had indeed survived, thanks mostly to a pair of thick skulls, and they rose roaring from the wreckage. Nogdrod's victorious cry was answered from every corner of the battlefield, as his boyz took heart from their boss' deeds. Where the horde had been in full retreat it now surged forward once again. The Talabecland forces, who had thought the battle done and the pursuit begun, were caught completely wrong-footed. In moments, what had been a proud-arrayed army of the Empire was reduced to scattered islands of desperate warriors huddled around their regimental colours, calling on their last dregs of courage to stave off a sea of greenskins. All to no avail.

GORBAD IRONCLAW

Gorbad Ironclaw is one of the most infamous of all Orc Warbosses. In his day, Gorbad led a massive invasion that almost crushed the Empire. His armies succeeded in slaying Emperor Sigismund and wiping the Imperial province of Solland off the map. 'Not too shabby,' as Orcs like to say.

Gorbad was a hulking Orc who rose to fame as the leader of the Ironclaw tribe. It was he who first built the Iron Rock, the most redoubtable Orc fastness in the Old World. Yet conquering greenskin tribes was no real challenge for Gorbad and so he inevitably crossed into the human land of the Empire. It was his horrific deeds there that raised Gorbad's status, making him a bloody inspiration to his kind and a byword for 'invasions done propa'. It is said that Gorbad could single-handedly destroy enemy regiments and headbutt a war boar into a tongue-lolling comatose state. However, it wasn't his remarkable strength that allowed Gorbad to wreak such havoc. Gorbad was a supreme Warboss, able to drive his troops, whether Orcs or Goblins, to their utmost. Tribes from all corners travelled to join this legendary leader.

Most of the truly hulking Orc Warbosses disdain the weaker types that rush to join a successful Waaagh!, generally considering goblinoids too puny to aid the cause. Gorbad did attract many hard units, especially Orc Big 'Uns, yet he had an eye for when to use lesser types too. He was a master at ordering Goblin screens and Wolf Rider flank attacks.



Despite his brawn and predilection for close combat, Gorbad wasn't above winning a battle through massed archery or war machine batteries. He used the troops he had and drove them to do their best. It was this flexibility that garnered the mighty Warboss a bloody and unbroken string of triumph after triumph.

Of course, it helped that if the battle wasn't going his way, Gorbad could rear up on Gnarla, his immensely large war boar, and bellow out his Waaagh! so that it echoed across the battlefield like thunder. Every greenskin who heard this war cry surged forth with renewed and rampant violence, a call to once again rise to greatness and to bloody victory.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Gorbad Ironclaw	4	7	3	5	5	3	5	4	10
Gnarla the War Boar	7	3	0	4	4	1	3	1	3

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Special Character; Orc).
Gnarla: Gorbad rides Gnarla, a war boar of prodigious size, might and flatulence.

MAGIC ITEMS:
Morglor the Mangler: Magic Weapon. Morglor the Mangler is one of the most feared weapons ever to be wielded by an Orc warboss. When using Morglor the Mangler Gorbad gains the Always Strikes First and Multiple Wounds (D3) special rules. No armour saves are allowed against wounds caused by Morglor.

SPECIAL RULES: Choppas (Gorbad only), **Thick-skinned** (see page 37)**, Waaagh!** (see page 34)**, Size Matters, Tusker Charge** (Gnarla only – see page 37)**.**

Da Great Leader: Gorbad can whip any rabble into an effective fighting force. Friendly units within 18" of Gorbad that fail an Animosity test add his current number of Wounds to their roll on the Animosity table.

Da Boss 'as a Plan!: Gorbad acts as both the General and Battle Standard of your army. In addition, the range of Gorbad's Inspiring Presence and Hold Your Ground! abilities is increased from 12" to 18". Note that you may not choose a separate Battle Standard in an army that includes Gorbad.

Orcs are da Best: Gorbad was the most inspirational Orc leader of all time and drew the biggest and best Orc fighters from across the land to fight under his banner. An Orc & Goblin army that includes Gorbad may upgrade any number of units of Orc Boyz and/or Orc Boar Boyz to Big 'Uns.

AZHAG THE SLAUGHTERER

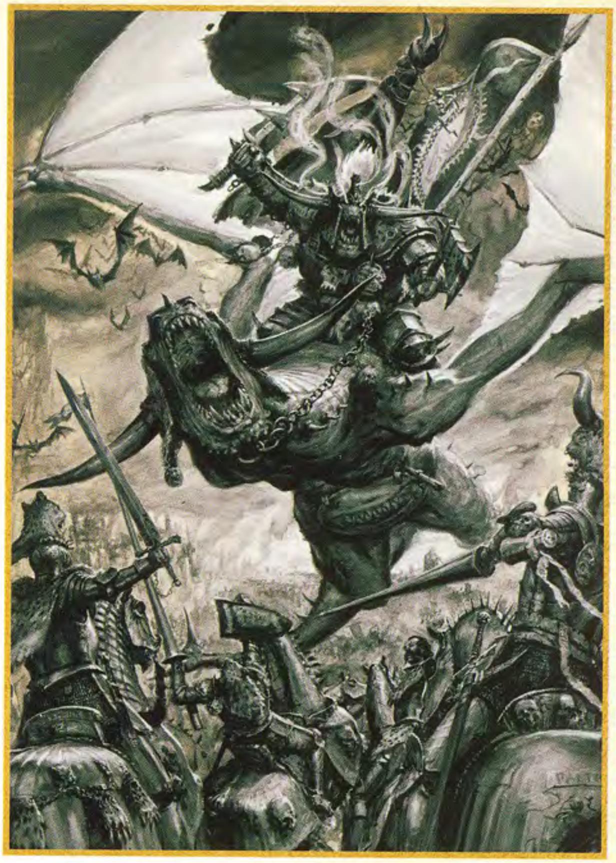
Azhag was a threat like no other. What made Azhag so unusual was his ominous iron crown, which emanated an ancient evil. It was this crown, a relic of olden days, which granted Azhag sorcerous powers and a sinister council beyond the comprehension of any greenskin. This evil combination of Orcish brute strength and a brilliant, if completely malevolent, ability to grasp far-seeing strategy made for a deadly combination.

Having discovered the magic crown amidst the ruins of a long-forgotten city, Azhag soon rose to ascension in his tribe. Rivals were easily beaten, for the crown whispered fell plans to Azhag. It is true that Azhag did not fully understand many of the suggestions, and often the crown used a vocabulary beyond the grasp of the Orc Warboss, but still, the plans worked to perfection. Many battles with rival Orcs or the barbaric human warbands followed and Azhag led his tribe to resounding victory each time. As word of his deeds spread, many greenskins travelled to join Azhag.

Many of his followers noted marked changes in Azhag. He used un-Orcish words and often tried to explain orders instead of simply cracking skulls and bellowing. The hordes forgave such peculiarities, as the victories were rapidly stacking up. As the crown fully grafted itself into his mind, Azhag felt a yearning to travel southwards. With a growing Waaagh! at his back, Azhag marched from the wastelands towards the land of the crown's origins. As the evil artefact sought its original owner, Azhag struggled to have a say in his own actions. For all his brutish simplicity, Azhag found he could still, at times, exert his will. So the army zig-zagged along its journey, getting sidetracked despite the protests ringing in Azhag's head. To the crown's frustration, Azhag could not resist raiding towns or rushing headlong to confront armies raised against him. At times when the crown and Azhag's willpower struggled for control, the Orc commander would go into trances or move slowly, as if sleepwalking. More than one of Azhag's lackeys heard the Warboss mumbling nonsense or even arguing with himself.

One of the oddities that the greenskin army grew to favour was Azhag's new habit of reviewing troops before a battle. The mobs took inspiration from seeing Azhag, mounted atop the Wyvern, Skullmuncha, flapping down the battleline. He had a disturbing trait of stopping to give a mob orders that were seldom understood. Once the fighting was underway, however, all knew that Azhag would wade in as needed. During several engagements Azhag flew into the thick of the battle to lop off many enemy heads and turn the tide. At times, Azhag's eyes and crown would glow with a dark nimbus and horrific, un-Orcish spells would blast the foes. Many Orcs found such behaviour 'not right,' but as long as they were fighting and winning, they tolerated such peculiarities. Still, some grumbled that no good would come of such behaviour, and in the end they were proven correct.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Azhag the Slaughterer	4	7	3	5	5	3	5	4	9
Skullmuncha	4	5	0	6	5	5	3	3	6



TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character; Orc). Mounted on Skullmuncha the Wyvern (Monster).

MAGIC ITEMS:

Azhag's 'Ard Armour: Magic Armour. Many charms boost the protective power of Azhag's armour. The 'Ard Armour gives Azhag a 5+ armour save and a 5+ ward save.

The Crown of Sorcery: Enchanted Item. This magical crown speaks to Azhag with a voice as dry as the grave and old as the southern deserts. The crown makes Azhag a Level 3 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Death. As the whispers can be confusing, Azhag suffers from Stupidity.

Slagga's Slashas: Magic Weapon. Azhag always fights with two crude but magical weapons known as Slagga's Slashas. The Slashas are Paired Weapons that allow Azhag to re-roll failed To Hit rolls in the first round of combat.

SPECIAL RULES: **Choppas** (Azhag only), **Waaagh!** (see page 34), **Fly** (Skullmuncha only), **Large Target** (Skullmuncha only), **Poisoned Attacks** (Skullmuncha only), **Scaly Skin (4+)** (Skullmuncha only), **Size Matters, Terror** (Skullmuncha only).

Get on Wiv it!: Azhag has no tolerance for in-fighting. Any unit within range of Azhag's Inspiring Presence that fails an Animosity test must immediately re-roll the dice.

WURRZAG
DA GREAT GREEN PROPHET

Wurrzag Ud Ura Zahubu is a Savage Orc Shaman of mighty mystical powers. Known as da Great Green Prophet, Wurrzag is guided along his path by the greenskin gods. He leads tribes to greatness before wandering off to pursue yet another mad plan to advance Orcish kind. Wurrzag's green crusade began in the Southlands when, with the magical energy that arced uncontrollably out of his eyes, he transformed the former Shaman of the Bone Nose tribe into a squiggly beast. As the tribe prepared to ritually eat Wurrzag for his deed, the marinated Orc entered a trance and spouted a tale of long ago, when the now-sorry Bone Nose tribe ruled the lands. The cold-blooded ones came and built great pyramids, driving the tribe away and destroying their idols. Since those shameful days, the tribe had lived under a curse. Wurrzag rekindled their spirit of conquest and, filling in for their transformed Shaman, led the Bone Nose warriors to level the nearest lizard-city. Using the rubble of the wrecked pyramid, Wurrzag ordered the greenskins to erect two edifices. To this day these same stone-faced idols watch over the Bone Noses and the tribe's fortune has grown.

Next Wurrzag travelled to the Land of the Dead, where, after saving the Spotted Skullz tribe, he was presented with the Bonewood Staff. In the Badlands, Wurrzag raised new effigies of Gork and Mork, for which he was given the War Boar Spleenrippa, by the Iron Pig tribe. Speaking with other tribal Shamans at every stop on his journey, Wurrzag sought out the best Big Bosses and the most promising Warbosses. His message was always the same – Gork and Mork are coming, now is the time for greenskins to take what should be theirs. Even now Wurrzag is wandering somewhere in the lands, seeking out and aiding the most powerful greenskin leaders, or perhaps inspiring some unknown tribe to greatness. He travels alone or with mobs of Savage Orcs that have vowed to 'see 'im off to da next fight.' Rumours about da Great Green Prophet run rife and it is said an army with Wurrzag in it has never been defeated in battle.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wurrzag	4	3	3	4	5	3	2	1	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character; Savage Orc).

MAGIC: Wurrzag is a Level 4 Savage Orc Great Shaman. He uses spells from the Spells of da Big Waaagh! In addition to his other spells, Wurrzag always knows the *Wurrzag's Revenge* spell.

Wurrzag's Revenge **Cast on 8+**

This spell turns Wurrzag's rivals into Squig-like beasts.

Wurrzag's Revenge is a **hex** spell, which affects all enemy Wizards within 12" of Wurrzag. Roll a D6 for each Wizard that is affected. On a roll of 1-5 they shake off the spell, but on a roll of 6 they are turned into a Squiggly Beast! The Wizard is removed as a casualty, along with any mount they have, with no saves of any kind allowed. In addition, you may store one extra dice in your Squiggly Beast magic item for each Wizard that is transformed.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Baleful Mask: Enchanted Item. Bound spell (power level 3). The Baleful Mask contains the Vindictive Gaze spell (see Spells of da Little Waaagh!, page 73).

Bonewood Staff: Magic Weapon. This bone staff bears many glyphs. It is a hand weapon that also grants Wurrzag Magic Resistance (3) and allows him to re-roll miscast results.

Squiggly Beast: Arcane Item. This odd beast was once a Shaman that was transformed by Wurrzag. At the end of either player's Magic phase, you can store one unused dice from your pool in the Squiggly Beast. At the start of the next Magic phase, you must add this extra dice to your power or dispel pool as appropriate.

SPECIAL RULES: **Choppas, Frenzy.**

Warpaint of Wurrzag: No one makes Warpaint like ol' Wurrzag. His Warpaint gives him a ward save of 5+.

GROM THE PAUNCH OF MISTY MOUNTAIN

Gobbos are cowardly and disloyal, but nothing stirs their wicked hearts like Grom, mightiest of Goblin Warbosses. Stories of Grom's greatness still command attention around any Goblin camp and if a Shaman should conjure his superlative-sized image, even the most boisterous gobbo will behave with reverence. In Grom's looming presence Goblins will stand up straight, refrain from grumbling backtalk and even limit their rampant nose-picking. These ultimate displays of respect are because, to lowly Goblins, Grom is a living god, the embodiment of everything that they will never be – large, ferocious and idolised.

It was not always so. Grom's meteoric rise began when, as a young Boss of the Broken Axe tribe, he consumed a portion of raw Troll. As Troll flesh regenerates and Grom, always a big eater, had not stopped to cook the meal, the foul meat writhed in his belly. The race to regrow, against the race to digest, was on. A lesser Goblin would have burst asunder, but Grom was made of sterner stuff. The Battle of the Belly, as the deed came to be known, changed Grom. He grew to prodigious size. It is said that on that day Grom last saw his own legs. Yet so huge and powerful had Grom grown that he no longer needed to see them, and could, instead, order others to see his legs for him.

So Grom's legend began. He quickly rose to be Warlord of the Broken Axe tribe and they spent many happy years plundering the Wolf Lands, the Badlands and the southern Worlds Edge Mountains. By this time, Grom had taken to fighting atop a chariot, as it suited his grandiose proportions. Many Goblins travelled far to see 'da Great 'Un' and join his exploits and, at its peak, Grom's Waaagh! contained hundreds of different tribes. Grom carved his name large in the psyches of Men, Dwarfs and Elves, in whose realms he is still feared and cursed. Even now, rumours sweep the Badlands that his corpulent majesty has returned and is once again amassing an army to launch a new invasion…

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Grom	4	5	3	4	4	3	4	4	8
Grom's Chariot	-	-	-	5	4	3	-	-	-
Niblet	-	3	3	3	-	-	2	1	-
Giant Wolves	9	3	-	3	-	-	3	1	-

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character; Goblin). Mounted in Grom's Chariot (Chariot, Armour Save 5+).

Niblet: Niblet is Grom's assistant and counts as the army's Battle Standard Bearer. Niblet is part of the chariot model and, although he can attack, he can never be engaged separately or issue or accept challenges. If the chariot is destroyed, then Niblet and the banner are lost too.

Grom's Chariot: This large chariot is pulled by three Giant Wolves and has scythed wheels. It has room to carry only Grom and Niblet.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Axe of Grom: Magic Weapon. The fabled Axe of Grom is also known as Elf-Biter. Attacks made with this axe are at +2 Strength and benefit from the Killing Blow special rule. In addition, against Elves (of any kind), Grom's Axe will cause a Killing Blow on a roll of 5 or 6.

Lucky Banner: Magic Standard. Niblet triumphantly waves Grom's tattered Lucky Banner. It actually is lucky and gives Grom and his Chariot a 5+ ward save.

SPECIAL RULES: Regeneration (Grom only).

Eats Elves for Breakfast: Grom has overcome his fear of Elves. As long as Grom is alive, all units in his army that are subject to the Fear Elves special rule ignore its effects.

Grom's Waaagh!: Grom is so huge and mighty that he can call a Waaagh! just as if he were an Orc Warboss (see page 34). When Grom calls a Waaagh!, in addition to the units that would normally be affected, every unit of five or more Goblins, Goblin Wolf Riders, Night Goblins and Forest Goblin Spider Riders in the army adds +1 to its combat resolution for the rest of the player turn.

THE CHALLENGE OF THUNDER MOUNTAIN

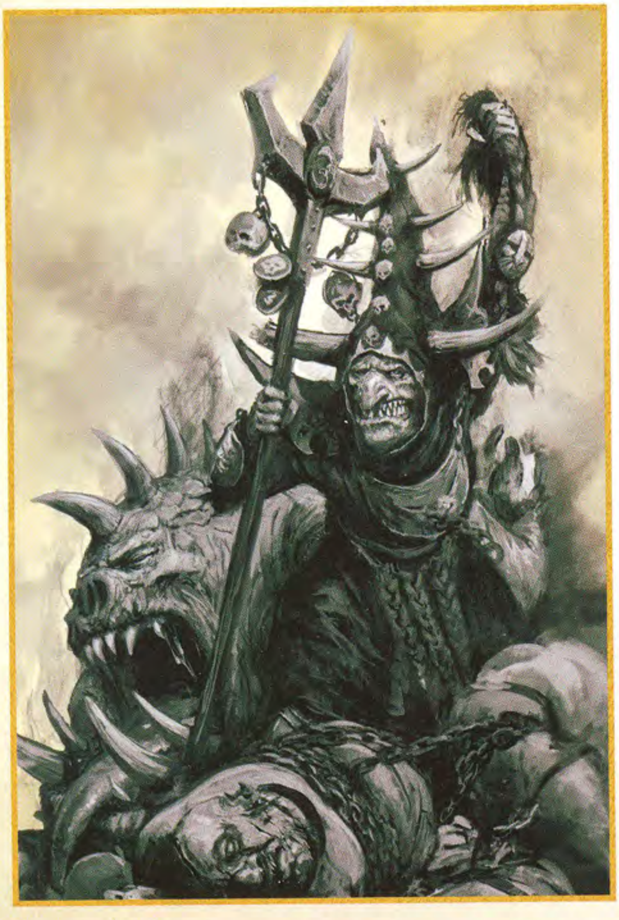
Within a year of the Troll-eating incident, Grom was already 'large and in charge' of the Broken Axe tribe. The tribe had grown considerably but had yet to test their strength against the most formidable power in the region – Zhok Gutstabba, Orc Warboss of the Gutstabba tribe. Zhok and his Orcs had recently conquered the Night Goblins that lived in and under Thunder Mountain. Many of the Broken Axe Goblins felt they should run from the larger Orcs or submit to their rule. Grom, however, had other ideas.

Grom set out alone, his axe slung over his mighty shoulder. When word reached Zhok, the Orc demanded the Goblin King be allowed to journey without ambush – he would teach the lumpy gobbo a lesson himself. When Grom made it to the Gutstabbas' camp, he found Zhok waiting for him, already encircled by a ring of bloodthirsty onlookers. Grom's size was impressive; he was less muscled than Zhok, but far larger in girth. The battle was short and brutal. Zhok landed a blow with his cleaver, but before everyone's eyes, the gaping wound healed itself. Zhok's dismemberment, however, did not. Grom's takeover bid for the Gutstabbas was only resolved after he slew every Orc Big Boss in the tribe. Grom was so exhausted, he sat his bulk down – directly on top of a diminutive Night Goblin. All expected to find just a black cowl and an oozy stain beneath Grom's mass, but the Night Goblin not only survived, he sprang forth with a maniacal grin on his face. Taking this great fortune as a sign from Mork, Grom instantly promoted the lucky Night Goblin to carry his standard.

SKARSNIK, WARLORD OF THE EIGHT PEAKS

Skarsnik is the chieftain of the Crooked Moon tribe and the most powerful Night Goblin in the Worlds Edge Mountains. All of the surrounding greenskin tribes acknowledge Skarsnik's overlordship of the peaks, valleys and upper levels of the ruined Dwarfhold of Karak Eight Peaks. Through devious machinations and relentless spite, Skarsnik has risen to command in the midst of the bitter and ongoing three-way battle between the greenskins, Dwarfs and Skaven.

Skarsnik is a mastermind when it comes to laying complex ambushes and setting elaborate traps. When necessary, however, the self-proclaimed Warlord of the Eight Peaks is more than capable of leading an assault. Although a fierce fighter himself, what really makes Skarsnik formidable is his ever-present pet, the Giant Cave Squig named Gobbla. Grown huge on a steady diet of Dwarfs and Skaven, Gobbla will attempt to bite anything that its near-sighted, beady eyes can focus on. Gobbla's massive teeth and voracious appetite can clear a hallway of a Stormvermin assault, or break the most determined of Dwarfish defenses in the blink of an eye. Although it galls Orcs to take orders from a diminutive Night Goblin, Skarsnik backs up his authority when needed, and Gobbla has feasted on dozens of failed Orc challengers.



A merciless opponent, Skarsnik is forever devising new traps with which to lure his enemies to their doom. His mere name kindles incandescent rage in Dwarfs. It is said that the abominable deeds done by Skarsnik have gained their own chapter in the Book of Grudges, but the Dwarfs are not alone in hating Skarsnik. The Skaven have made innumerable pacts with the greenskins, only to find they themselves being double-crossed by arguably the shrewdest Night Goblin ever. Skarsnik orders heaps of Skaven skulls stacked into grim monuments to demoralise his ratmen foes. Queek Headtaker, second in command and right Clawlord to the grand ruler of Clan Mors, has vowed to place the head of Skarsnik on his trophy rack. Not a day goes by in Karak Eight Peaks without some plot, probing raid, ambush, assassination or full-scale assault. Yet still Skarsnik rules supreme. By the light of flickering candles made of Dwarf-fat, Skarsnik sits on his iron throne and plots yet more wicked schemes of conquest.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skarsnik	4	5	3	4	4	6	5	4	8
Gobbla	-	5	-	6	-	-	4	4	-

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character; Night Goblin).

Gobbla: Skarsnik's pet is a huge and ferocious Giant Cave Squig. Skarsnik and Gobbla are treated as a single infantry model with a single set of wounds. Gobbla's profile is used only when he attacks.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Skarsnik's Prodder: Magic Weapon. This pointy implement projects the spite of nearby Night Goblins. The Prodder contains a Bound Spell (power level 5). The spell is a magic missile with a range of 24". It causes D3 Strength 6 hits with no armour saves allowed. The number of hits is increased to D6 if Skarsnik is within 12" of a Night Goblin Horde.

SPECIAL RULES: Hatred (Dwarfs)**, Fear Elves, Killing Blow** (Gobbla only)**.**

Sneaky Schemes: Skarsnik is renowned for his evil sneakiness, sending warriors through dank, secret tunnels to catch his enemy off guard before the battle has even begun. At the start of the game, before deployment, roll a D6 for each enemy unit. On a roll of 6, that unit has been delayed by a Wild Squig strike or some other happening. Affected units do not deploy as normal, but instead enter play as reinforcements in the Movement phase of their first turn.

Tricksy Traps: Any friendly Night Goblin unit that chooses to flee as a charge reaction and subsequently rallies at the beginning of its next turn may reform as normal, but is then also free to move during the Remaining Moves sub-phase. The unit is also free to shoot as normal (but it always counts as having moved).

SNAGLA GROBSPIT

When men from the Empire first cut their frontiers deeper into the surrounding forest, they unwittingly began the bitter War of the Drakwald that continues to this day. The fractious Forest Goblin tribes who dwelt in the hinter regions of that sprawling woodland ceased their internal strife to unite against the enemy. Unbeknownst to the men of the Empire, their deepest forays had encroached dangerously close to the most holy of sites to the Forest Goblin tribes, the sacred lands known as the Black Pit, or the Valley of Many Eyes. To stray near that dark and web-strewn place is certain death, for the Forest Goblins will stop at nothing to destroy any interlopers who dare approach it.

At first, forest patrols and huntsmen disappeared at an alarming rate. The deep woods were always treacherous, but the men of the Empire were savvy enough about life beneath the boughs to understand that something terrible was brewing. They didn't have to wait long, for soon the Forest Goblin raiding parties mobbed together to form armies. Emboldened by their numbers, the Forest Goblins left the confines of the woods to mount fierce attacks on the nearest human settlements. In turn, fresh troops marched out from the Empire's cities, eager to push the boundaries of civilisation further. Many ambushes and large battles followed, most fought entirely beneath the gloomy canopy.

One of the rising legends amongst the Forest Goblins was Snagla Grobspit. He and his mob of Spider Riders, the Deff Creepers, were at the forefront of every greenskin victory. It was Snagla who rode straight into the line of Handgunners and broke the Empire's flank, leading to what is now known as the Forest Road Massacre. It was the stealthy Deff Creepers who silenced the central watchtower, leading to the fall of the walled town of Glomstadt. His foes whisper that Snagla and his Spider Riders can creep right out of the very shadows, and perhaps it is true.

Snagla Grobspit is a woodcrafty Spider Rider, able to sneak around enemy armies and launch attacks from unexpected quarters. While all Forest Goblins wail a high-pitched cry as they charge, none can match the horrible undulating cry of Snagla and his mob. Snagla has a knack for picking his way through dense cover and scuttling unseen over the forest canopy. Once the Deff Creepers have worked their way into the most advantageous position, they will dart out of hiding to ruthlessly destroy their target.

Of Snagla's tribe, the Redvenom Forest Goblins, little is known. They were destroyed early on in the battles in the Drakwald, for they dwelt on the edge of the Gnarlwood – the lands that were first cleared by the Empire soldiery. If there were any survivors they never returned from out of the woods. When Snagla returned to find his camp in ruins, it is rumoured that the Spider-god spoke to him. All that is known for sure is that Snagla took the fangs from his tribe's cannonball-blasted Arachnarok Spider. With these he fashioned a throwing spear and a great spiked club. When the Forest Goblins first began to gather, seeking to push the invading humans farther away from the sacred Black Pit, Snagla and his Deff Creepers mob turned up, eager to join the fight. They alone still wear the distinctive striped feathers and facepaint associated with the Redvenom tribe. Snagla and his mob have a penchant for the feathers worn by many Empire troops. After battle, the Deff Creepers soak these feathers in the blood of their former owners and wear them as grim trophies upon their weapons and shields. With their status still growing, Snagla and his mob travel throughout the vast forest, ever eager to join any battle they can.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Snagla Grobspit	4	4	3	4	4	2	4	3	7
Giant Spider	7	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	2

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Special Character; Goblin).

EQUIPMENT:

Sting of Snagla: One use only. The Sting is a throwing weapon that has the Poisoned Attacks and Multiple Wounds (D3) special rules.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Fangspike: Magic Weapon. The Fangspike has the Poisoned Attacks and Multiple Wounds (D3) special rules.

SPECIAL RULES: **Creeping Assault** (see page 49)**, Fast Cavalry, Fear Elves, Forest Strider, Obstacle Strider, Hatred (Empire), Poisoned Attacks** (Giant Spider only)**, Wall-crawler** (see page 49)**.**

Deff Creepers: Snagla always rides into battle at the head of his elite Deff Creepers. The Deff Creepers are a unit of Forest Goblin Spider Riders with the Ambushers, Devastating Charge and Hatred (Empire) special rules. In addition, they cause Fear in any turn that they successfully charge into combat. Snagla must set up with this unit and may not leave it. No other character may join the unit.

THE SACRED SPIDER GROUNDS

The most revered of all Forest Goblin sites is the Black Pit, which is also called the Valley of Many Eyes. Beyond a series of wooded hills deep in the trackless depths of the Drakwald Forest can be found this bleak and unwholesome valley. Here, the light of the sun never penetrates, and all colour seems drained from the lands. The ground is strewn with piled bones and pitmarked with the nest-lairs of spiders of enormous size. It truly is the black-heart of spiderdom in the world. Only the largest of Arachnarok Spiders make their foul dens here, gargantuan creatures whose bloated size staggers belief. When the cycles of the moons are in alignment, Arachnarok Spiders make their way to this twisted wood to breed, travelling from the forests of the Old World and beyond. The Forest Goblins protect this land, entering it themselves only occasionally in order to drop vast amounts of sacrifices into the dark pits. They let the ancient behemoths sleep, and they wake only to feed languidly upon the mountains of sacrificial victims. Such great beasts are only fully roused in times of greatest need.

GITILLA DA HUNTER

Some young Goblin leaders leave their traditional hunting grounds in search of richer pickings. It is a hard existence following the Gruntalope herds on the wind-swept plains of the Wolf Lands, and there is little chance for loot or fame in those mean regions. Riding down Skaven clans as they searched for fallen meteorites in the open was not enough of a challenge for Gitilla, Big Boss of da Drippin' Fangs tribe. Gathering some other dissatisfied Wolf Riders, Gitilla split off from his former tribe, setting off through Mad Dog Pass in pursuit of greatness.

Calling his new mob da Howlerz, Gitilla has since seen many lands. During his extensive travels he has joined countless battles, taking part in Black Orc Warboss 'Uge-jaw's Stunty Wars, riding as scouts for Gruntaz Boar Boyz army, and leading the Moot Raids with the Night Goblins of Spite-peak. It was high up in the Worlds Edge Mountains that Gitilla caught sight of Ulda, a lone she-wolf of unusual ferocity. Eager to capture the beast to serve as his own steed, Gitilla pursued her up and over the narrow passes for three days and three nights. At last, driven to exhaustion, the Great Wolf was bested and broken to Gitilla's will. Ulda has proven an excellent mount with an ability to scent trouble, nudging her master when it is time to leave the battlefield.

After years on wolfback, Gitilla is a master raider and a scout beyond compare. None can match his sudden assaults or wily feints along an enemy's flanks. With his enormous bow (for a Goblin, anyway), Gitilla has become a deadly accurate marksman. He and da Howlerz are notorious for launching wicked volleys of bowfire, even while riding at breakneck speeds. Unless the situation is desperate or victory is assured, however, the crafty Wolf Rider will keep his speedy mob uncommitted, preferring instead to harass the foe with deft manoeuvres and a steady rain of black-shafted arrows.

With his mob's deadly services eagerly sought by any Warboss with even a hint of cunning, Gitilla and his Howlerz still remain unsatisfied. They never stay with any tribe for too long. Bold opportunities, worthier opponents, or juicier targets always seem to beckon from over the horizon. Gitilla ensures his mob never runs out of juicy bones to gnaw upon, yet he keeps the Wolf Riders lean and ever-eager to mount up and ride off at a moment's notice. It is for this reason that, when their paths crossed in the Badlands, the wandering prophet Wurrzag called Gitilla 'da hunter' – for despite his ceaseless raids and plundering, he remains single-minded in the pursuit of his prey, and a great destiny.

Gitilla envisions his eventual return to his homelands, not as another rider or mere mob boss, but as a triumphal Wolf-chieftain who will unite the tribes into a single almighty horde-pack and sweep all before him, like the great Wolf-khans of legend. That day may yet come, but until then Gitilla continues to affiliate with other greenskin tribes as outriding scouts, leading them on lightning raids and adding to his already fearsome reputation.

SLAUGHTER AT FROZEN HEATH

In the bitter winter of 2497 Grand Master Ludo Brecht of the Order of the Hammer had his reputation utterly destroyed. Tasked with halting Waaagh! Grognok, Ludo deployed a grand army upon the frigid banks of the River Sol and confidently awaited the greenskin offensive.

The attack came before dawn, as two score Goblin Wolf Riders splashed noisily across a deep, icy ford and overran the pickets. Howling Wolf Riders swept through the Empire camp, moonlight gleaming upon their filthy bodies. Their flesh, and that of their mounts, was smeared in a thick, greasy coating of Troll fat; ample protection from the winter chill. Quickly they loosed a salvo of arrows, cheerfully insulted the parentage of their foe and awaited the reaction. Duly enraged, Brecht roused his warriors, and barely gave them time to gather their weapons before ordering them to chase the whooping Goblins. As they retreated across the river, the Wolf Riders chanted one word over and over again: 'Gitilla!'

While the Troll fat protected Gitilla and his Howlerz from the icy river, the Empire soldiers stumbled and trembled, while weapons slipped from icy fingers. As the Empire vanguard reached the other bank, they looked into the eyes of a horde of fresh, rested Orcs, and realised their folly.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Gitilla da Hunter	4	4	4	4	4	2	4	3	7
Ulda the Great Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	2	3

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Special Character; Goblin).

Ulda the Great Wolf: Ulda is lethal in pursuit and has a knack for escaping when the fight goes poorly. Gitilla, and any unit he is with, can choose to re-roll any Pursuit or Flee rolls they make.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Bone Bow: Magic Weapon. Carved from a single piece of mammoth bone and strung with wolfgut, the bone bow is a missile weapon with the following profile:

Name	Range	Strength	Special Rules
Bone Bow	24"	3	Quick to fire, Multiple Shots (3)

Stinky Pelt: Magic Armour. Gitilla's thick, Gruntalope-fur cloak has protected him many times. The Stinky Pelt grants Gitilla a 4+ armour save, which, when combined with his wolf mount gives Gitilla a 3+ save.

SPECIAL RULES: Fast Cavalry, Fear Elves.

Da Howlerz: Gitilla is always accompanied by his trusty mob of slavering wolf boyz, da Howlerz. Da Howlerz are a unit of Goblin Wolf Riders with an additional +1 Ballistic Skill and the Quick to Fire special rule. Gitilla must set up with this unit and may not leave it. No other character may join the unit.

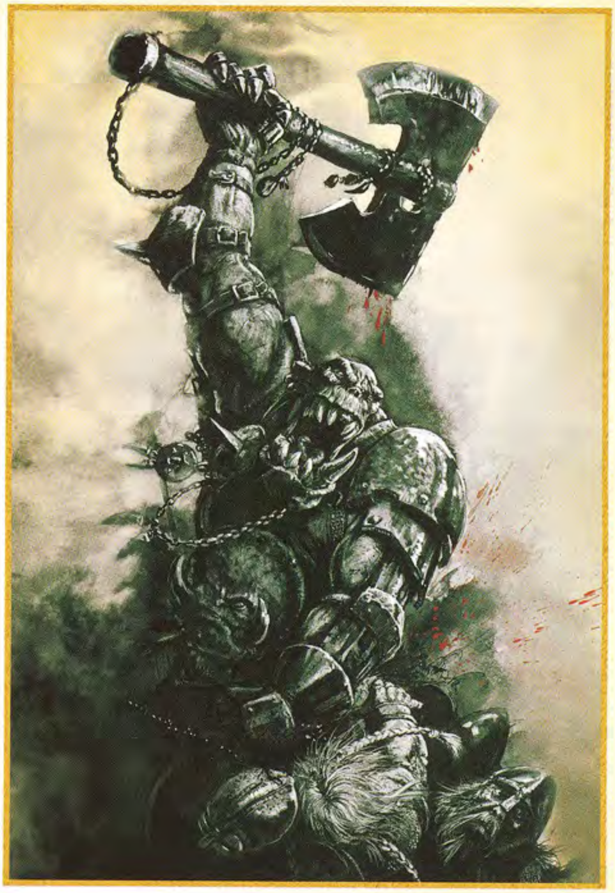
GRIMGOR IRONHIDE

No one knows much about Grimgor before he staggered out of the Blasted Wastes with the Immortulz, his bloody-minded bodyguard. They were tired and hungry, but they were Black Orcs nonetheless, and particularly hard ones at that. They proceeded to take over one greenskin tribe after another, quickly establishing themselves as the dominant force in the region. Tribes that fought well, like the Skullsplittaz, were allowed to limp off, but most, like the Goblin-dominated Bonepickaz or the Red Spears, were smashed aside or annihilated. Soon the most formidable tribes along both sides of the northern Worlds Edge Mountains were either following Grimgor or had fallen before his blood-splattered axe.

Even for a Black Orc, Grimgor's thirst for war was exceptional. If a single day went by without a battle, Grimgor was known to start camp-decimating arguments, his one good eye blazing with eagerness to find fault and start a good scrap. Two days without a battle and Grimgor would smite anything he could reach, save (perhaps) his fellow Black Orcs. No one knows for sure what would happen if three days without a battle ever occurred, but even scarred veterans tremble just to think of it. This unquenchable thirst for battle is a sign that marks out a Warboss for leadership, a sign that the Orc is favoured by Gork. In a hulking Black Orc with unmatched fighting skills and ferocity, it has marked out Grimgor for greatness; the prophet and harbinger of Gork.

Grimgor maintains a tough, elite retinue of Black Orc warriors around him. This is the hard-as-nails mob known as da Immortulz, a moniker earned due to their habit of surviving almost impossible battles (although rumours abound that they tend to go rekrootin' after a fight with a bit more fervour than usual). This veteran bodyguard has seen many battles alongside Grimgor, and they enjoy their grisly work. On the whole, Grimgor much prefers Black Orcs to any other kind of greenskin, but plenty of weedier types have snuck into his camp when the steely gaze of his single eye is fixed elsewhere. So long as things are going well (which means there are lots of other things to fight against), Grimgor tolerates the company of other Orcs and Goblins, at least as long as they stay out of his sight. However, when Grimgor runs dry of opponents to chop into offal, the many tag-along tribes drifting in his wake are liable to end up on the wrong side of Grimgor's frustration and his magical axe, Gitsnik. At times like these, the smarter tribes tend to keep well away from Grimgor's camp for a while.

Grimgor has slaughtered his way across the Blasted Wastes to the centre of the Empire and back. Yet after winning many victories, Grimgor returned to Red Eye Mountain. Deep underground, beyond where the Red Eye Night Goblins dwell, the endless hordes of Skaven can be found. Here, for a time, Grimgor can appease his need for daily butchery – for the ratmen feed uncountable numbers into the fray solely to occupy Grimgor's fury. Yet eventually Grimgor will grow weary, striking out again in search of a worthier challenge – and when he does so, the world will tremble with fear, each nation praying that Grimgor won't head in their direction.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Grimgor Ironhide	4	8	1	5	5	3	5	5	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character; Black Orc).

MAGIC ITEMS:

Gitsnik: Magic Weapon. This formidable axe came from the forges of Zharr-Nagrond and, despite constant use, has never grown dull. Close combat attacks made with Gitsnik are resolved at +2 Strength. In addition, the axe grants Grimgor the Always Strikes First special rule.

Blood-Forged Armour: Magic Armour. After being forged, this armour was cooled with the blood of Dwarf Runepriests. The Blood-forged Armour gives Grimgor a 1+ armour save and a 5+ ward save.

SPECIAL RULES: Choppas, Hatred (Everybody!), Immune to Psychology, Waaagh! (see page 34).

Da Immortulz: Grimgor must always be accompanied by his grizzled Black Orc bodyguard, and may join no other unit. The Immortulz are a unit of Black Orcs with an additional +1 Weapon Skill. Grimgor must deploy with this unit and may not leave it. No other character may join the unit. As long as Grimgor is alive, the Immortulz have the Hatred (Everybody!) special rule.

SPELLS OF DA BIG WAAAGH!

POWER OF DA WAAAGH! (Lore Attribute)
The magical powers of Orc and Savage Orc Shamans are boosted by the positive energies of Orcs fighting nearby. Conversely, if nearby Orcs are running away, their negative energy weakens a Shaman. To represent this, if a Spell of da Big Waaagh! has a Strength value or grants a Strength bonus, that value or bonus is increased by +1 as long as there are more friendly units in combat than there are fleeing.

Orc and Savage Orc Shamans generate spells as described in the Warhammer rulebook. They can swap one spell for their signature spell, *Gaze of Mork*.

Gaze of Mork (Orc Signature Spell) Cast on 7+

Mork (or possibly Gork) gives the Shaman the ability to project beams of coruscating energy from his eyes.

Gaze of Mork is a **direct damage** spell. Extend a straight line, 4D6" in length, within the Shaman's forward arc and directly away from his base. Any model whose base falls under the line suffers a Strength 4 hit. The Shaman can choose to extend the range of the spell to 8D6". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 10+.

1. Brain Bursta Cast on 6+

Projecting violence in a mental wave, the Shaman glowers at his target and lets loose a bolt of brain-melting force.

Brain Bursta is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 18" and targets a single enemy model. The target is selected just as if the Shaman had the Sniper special rule. The target suffers a Strength 5 hit. The Shaman can extend the range of this spell to 36". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 9+.

2. Fists of Gork Cast on 8+

In a fit of fighting fury the Shaman's gnarled fists grow large, becoming harder than iron.

Remains in play. *Fists of Gork* is an **augment** spell. The Shaman that cast the spell has +3 Attacks, +3 Strength and a 6+ ward save as long as the spell remains in play.

3. The Hand of Gork Cast on 9+

The Shaman's eyes roll back and an enormous, ghostly green hand materialises in order to pick up a nearby mob and plonk them down where the fighting is fiercest.

The Hand of Gork is an **augment** spell with a range of 24" that targets a single unengaged friendly unit. Remove a model from the front rank of the unit and place it anywhere within 3D6" of its original position, facing in any direction. Remove the remainder of the unit from the battlefield and form them up around the first model so that the unit keeps its original formation and the first model maintains its original position in the unit (if the unit comprised just one model, such as a chariot or character, then this step is unnecessary). Models from the unit cannot be placed in impassable terrain, nor may they be placed within 1" of any other unit. The Shaman can choose to extend the distance that the target unit moves to 5D6". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 14+.

4. 'Eadbutt Cast on 9+

As the Shaman chants and thrusts his head forward, a wave of potent green energy emanates outwards, forming a shockwave of power that assaults an unfortunate enemy wizard.

'Eadbutt is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 4D6". One enemy Wizard within range suffers a Strength 4 hit that inflicts Multiple Wounds (D3), with no armour saves allowed. The Shaman can extend the range of this spell to 8D6". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 12+.

5. 'Ere We Go! Cast on 11+

As the Shaman chants his gibberish, he seems to visibly leak fighty energy, which boosts the aggressive zeal and close combat prowess of nearby mobs of Orcs.

'Ere We Go! is an **augment** spell with a range of 2D6" and targets all Orc units (of any kind) that are in range, including the Shaman himself. The target units may re-roll To Hit rolls in close combat until the start of the caster's next Magic phase.

6. Foot of Gork Cast on 15+

The Shaman raises his arms and implores the sky with wild gesticulations. An almighty green foot descends to crush the foe, making a resounding krunching sound as it does so.

Foot of Gork is a **direct damage** spell. Place the Foot of Gork template within 36" of the Shaman. It then scatters D6", maintaining the same facing. All models hits by the template suffer a Strength 6 hit with the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule. The *Foot of Gork* template can be found on page 111.

The Shaman can choose to intensify Gork's involvement in the battle to a full warpath of stomping. If he does so the casting value is increased to 18+, but after resolving the effects of the spell, roll a dice and consult the following table:

1	Gork slips and stomps one of your own units! Your opponent places the template anywhere on the table. It then scatters and inflicts damage exactly as described above. The spell then ends.
2-3	Gork gets bored and wanders off. The spell ends without further effect.
4-6	Gork stomps another enemy unit. Place the template again, as described above. After resolving the effects of this stomp, roll again on this table.

Note: If you roll a 4-6 on the above table, the same unit can be targeted successively – when Gork wants something stomped, he stomps it!

SPELLS OF DA LITTLE WAAAGH!

SNEAKY STEALIN' (Lore Attribute)
When a Spell of da Little Waaagh! is successfully cast, and after its effects have been resolved, roll a D6. On a roll of 1-4 nothing happens, but on a roll of 5-6 you may take one dispel dice from the opponent's dispel pool and add it to your power pool. If there are no dice left in the opponent's dispel pool, then this lore attribute has no effect.

Goblin and Night Goblin Shamans generate spells as described in the Warhammer rulebook. They can swap one spell for their signature spell *Sneaky Stabbin'*.

Sneaky Stabbin' (Goblin Signature Spell) Cast on 6+

This spell focuses mischievous energy to ensure blows from the mob blessed by this spell find the weak spot in armour, go right after 'hurty bitz' or sneak in at unexpected angles.

Sneaky Stabbin' is an **augment** spell with a range of 12". The target unit's close combat attacks have the Armour Piercing special rule until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. In addition, until the start of the caster's next Magic phase members of the target unit can re-roll all failed To Hit and To Wound rolls when attacking in close combat against an enemy's flank or rear.

1. Vindictive Glare Cast on 5+

Green bolts of purest spite burst forth from the Shaman and streak towards the foe. As the Shaman concentrates his vitriol, the bolts explode, pop and fizz amidst the foe.

Vindictive Glare is a **magic missile** with a range of 24" and causes 2D6 Strength 3 hits. The Shaman can choose to boost the power of the spell so that it inflicts 3D6 S3 hits. If he does so, the casting value is increased to 10+.

2. Gift of the Spider-god Cast on 8+

Hissing and baring his own fangs, the Shaman calls upon the Spider-god for its wicked aid. As if in answer to his call, nearby allies seem to take on a spider-like aspect...

Gift of the Spider-god is an **augment** spell with a range of 12". The target unit's attacks have the Poisoned Attacks special rule until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. If the unit already has Poisoned Attacks, the spell will boost its venom so that they wound the target automatically on a To Hit roll of 5 as well as 6.

3. Itchy Nuisance Cast on 8+

The Shaman vigorously scratches his armpits, cackling maniacally as he does so, and projects unhygienic discomfort and painful chafing onto a nearby foe.

Itchy Nuisance is a **hex** spell with a range of 24". Roll a D6. The target unit immediately reduces its Movement and Initiative by this number (to a minimum of 1), until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. Troops with Random Movement reduce the number of dice they roll by D3 (to a minimum of 1D6), and their Initiative by D6.

4. Gork'll Fix It Cast on 8+

The Shaman points a bony finger at a nearby enemy, and curses them in the name of Gork.

Gork'll Fix It is a **hex** spell with a range of 24". The target unit must re-roll any of its To Hit, To Wound and armour save rolls of 6 (in shooting and close combat), until the start of the caster's next Magic phase.

5. Night Shroud Cast on 9+

The Shaman throws a black-capped nightshade mushroom into the air, which bursts to form a cloud of pitch darkness.

Night Shroud is an **augment** spell that targets the Shaman and any unit he is with. They count as being in soft cover until the beginning of the caster's next Magic phase. Any enemy model that charges into base contact with the Shaman or the unit he is with while the spell is in effect must take a Dangerous Terrain test. The Shaman can also choose to have the Night Shroud target all friendly units within 12" of himself. If he does so, the casting value is increased to 15+.

6. Curse of da Bad Moon Cast on 15+

With a chilling howl the Shaman summons a great pale moon with a leering goblinoid face and large, tusk-like fangs.

Remains in Play. *Curse of da Bad Moon* is a **magical vortex** that uses the small round template. Once the template is placed, the caster nominates the direction in which it will move. Roll 4D6 to determine how many inches the template moves. In subsequent turns the template will move 3D6" in a random direction.

Any model under or passed over by the template is cursed, and must pass a characteristic test or take a wound, with no armour save allowed. The type of characteristic test is determined by rolling on the following chart. Roll once each Magic phase, just before moving the template, and apply the result to all models affected by the curse in that Magic phase.

D6	Characteristic
1-2	Strength
3-4	Toughness
5-6	Initiative

By increasing the casting value of the spell to a mighty 25+, the Shaman can boost the *Curse of da Bad Moon* so that it uses the large round template instead. Additionally, before the template moves each turn, the Shaman can choose the type of characteristic test that the victims must take instead of rolling on the table.

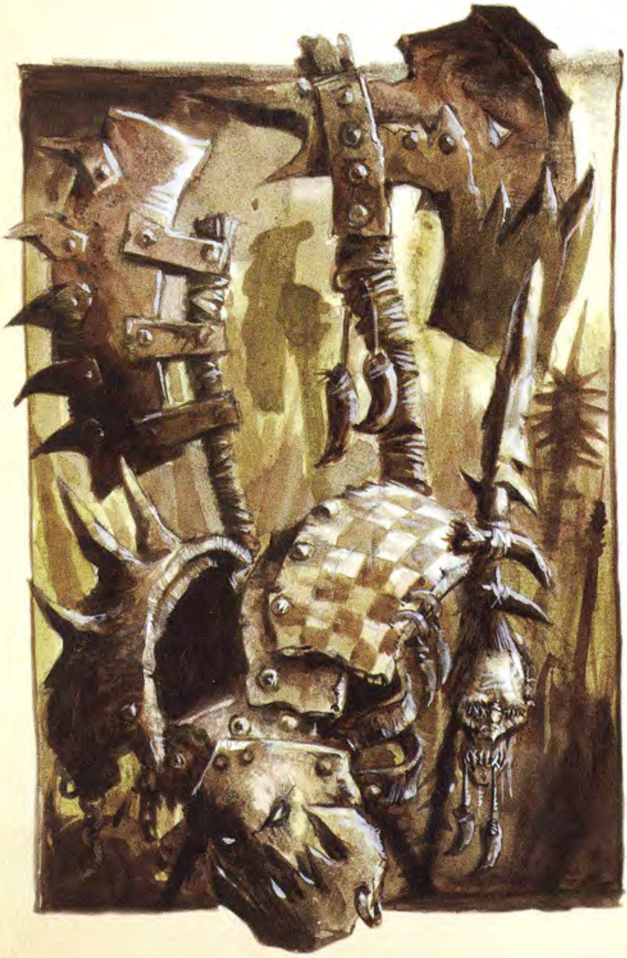
SHINY STUFF

This section contains the rules and background for some of the most infamous, powerful and iconic sorcerous items ever used by the greenskins. These may be used in addition to the magic items found in the Warhammer rulebook.

BATTLEAXE OF THE LAST WAAAGH! 100 pts
Magic Weapon

Rumour has it that this is the legendary axe that will start the battle that will end the world in an unstoppable orgy of fire and slaughter. According to Orc myth, this will come about when Warlord Ragna da Destroyer, Gork's (or possibly Mork's) chosen leader of the Last Waaagh!, goes mad with an axe and destroys the whole world. This is the famous Orcish day of Ragnarork, and forms the basis of one of Orcdom's most popular and enduring campfire tales. It remains to be seen if the Battleaxe of the Last Waaagh! is actually the instrument that will bring about this destruction. However, there is no doubt that it is one of the most powerful magical weapons to be found anywhere in the Old World.

Roll a D6 at the start of each round of combat – the wielder of this weapon adds that number to both his Attacks and Strength in that round. However, the more attacks the wielder makes, the more difficult the axe is to control. Because of this, the bearer's Weapon Skill is lowered by an amount equal to half the dice roll (i.e. 1-2 = -1 Weapon Skill, 3-4 = -2 Weapon Skill, and 5-6 = -3 Weapon Skill).



BASHA'S AXE OF STUNTY SMASHIN' 50 pts
Magic Weapon

This weapon is battered and stained through long years of hard use. While it shows evidence of many rough 'improvements', the core of its broad-headed blade and cutting edge is of a pure and untarnished metal, much like the expertly wrought master weapons forged by the Dwarf Runesmiths at the height of their powers. The rest of the chunky weapon is bashed and cobbled together from many metals. It is a blade that slices armour with its razor edge, before punching through it with its hefty bulk. Bathed in the spiteful magics of the Night Goblins, it is a weapon to bring home all their curses upon the stunties.

The wielder of this weapon has the Armour Piercing special rule, and adds +1 to both his Attacks and Strength in close combat. This bonus is doubled if the wielder is in base contact with a model from the *Warhammer Armies: Dwarfs*. In addition, the wielder causes Fear in models from the Dwarf army book.

ARMOUR OF GORK 100 pts
Magic Armour

Bashed together out of the blackest metals of the underground, together with the reforged suits of slain stunties, this armour is thick and heavy. It wasn't until the blessing of Gork was bestowed upon it that the suit of armour became so formidable. Now, imbued with the brutal and aggressive spirit of the most ruthless and fightiest of greenskin gods, it is fit for a king amongst Warbosses. The Armour of Gork gives its wearer an iron belligerence that steels his resolve, even as it hardens his hide.

Heavy Armour. The wearer has +D3 Toughness. Roll to determine the armour's effectiveness the first time the wearer is hit each turn, and use the result for the rest of the turn. In addition, the wearer has the Impact Hits (D6) special rule.

LUCKY SHRUNKEN HEAD 50 pts
Arcane Item

Small and gruesomely shriveled, like some over-ripened fruit, only a powerful enemy can be turned into the right kind of Shrunken Head. There are few charms as potent, but it can be made stronger still by the application of the correct rituals, shuffling dances and chants. Orcs have known this magic for as long as there have been Orcs. Some have forgotten, but the Savage Orc Shamans have not. When the crude stitches that keep the mouth sewn shut quiver, and the long-closed eyelids twitch, then the spell has worked. It is no minor charm, but a Lucky Shrunken Head. The old ways are best.

The Lucky Shrunken Head can only be taken by a Savage Orc Shaman or Great Shaman. It increases the Warpaint save of the bearer and any unit he joins from 6+ to 5+. If Wurrzag is in the unit, his Warpaint save is increased to 4+.

MORK'S WAR BANNER 100 pts
Magic Standard

After powerful rituals and plenty of Shaman mumbo-jumbo, this banner was left leaning against an idol of Mork. There, under the totem's stony gaze, the banner has absorbed a fraction of the great Mork's mighty and indomitable spirit. This great green blessing drifts over and protects any that march under the banner's aura. The puny spells of enemy Wizards will be confounded – 'outclevered' by Mork's cunning. So strong is Mork that the enchanted weapons and items of foes become feeble in his merest presence. Good ol' Mork.

A unit with Mork's War Banner has Magic Resistance (D6). Roll to determine the effectiveness of the banner the first time the unit needs to take any saving throws against spells in a turn. The result is used for all such saves made that turn. In addition, all magic items belonging to enemy models that are in base contact with the bearer do not work (if an enemy in base contact has an item that would stop the banner from working, then roll off to see which item takes precedence).

SPIDER BANNER 85 pts
Magic Standard

Covered in skulls and the webbed and dried husks of many offerings, this banner oozes with an evil aura. From out of the great webbed void, multiple-eyes gaze down upon the battlefield, with slaughter reflected in their blackness. When the wind moves the tattered banner, it flutters soundlessly, like so much webbing. Yet, ever so faintly, the furtive noise of scuttling can be heard, or perhaps the clicking and chittering of steel-hard mandibles. The divine blessings of the great Spider-god have been bestowed upon this banner and those who march beneath it visibly seethe with a black and deadly venom.

This Standard may only be taken by a Goblin Battle Standard Bearer (not a Night Goblin). Models in a unit with the Spider Banner, including the bearer, have Poisoned Attacks. Models that already have Poisoned Attacks will automatically wound on To Hit rolls of 5 or 6.

THE BAD MOON BANNER 50 pts
Magic Standard

When the leering, yellowed face of the Bad Moon Banner rises, all Night Goblins swell with an insane blend of daring and pure battle-madness. The very air about the banner seems to thicken into an inking gloaming. In the shadowy murk, the much-revered moon seems to shine more fully and more sickly still. As the light seems to get sucked away from their surroundings, the Night Goblins cackle and screech their glee. For those nearby, it feels for all the world like the damp and confined air of some darksome tunnel has materialised around them. Just the thing to fill a Night Goblin full of renewed bravery. Of a sort.

This Standard may only be taken by a Night Goblin Battle Standard Bearer. Night Goblin models in a unit with the Bad Moon banner are Stubborn. In addition, the banner shrouds the unit in darkness. The bearer and any unit he joins count as being in soft cover, and any enemy model that charges into base contact with the bearer or the unit must take a Dangerous Terrain test.

SKULL WAND OF KALOTH 75 pts
Enchanted Item

Originally captured from the Necromancer Kaloth, this staff fascinated the Goblin Shaman Kazgi, who spent long hours trying to plumb its secrets – that is until his mysterious disappearance. At first glance this skull on a stick seems like any other Shaman's fetish, at least it does until the ancient headbone's eye sockets gleam with an unearthly glow. Then the jawbone moves and a voice as dry and raspy as the ages gone rattles out. It speaks in a language long forgotten, but its words hold a fell power that even simple beasts might recognise and rightfully fear. Should you be close enough to hear it tell its dread secrets and mouth its unholy curse, then that will be the last thing you ever hear, for its words are death.

The Skull Wand may only be taken by a Shaman. It unleashes a curse on a single enemy model that is in base contact with the bearer at the start of the Close Combat phase. The victim must pass a Leadership test (using its own, unmodified, Leadership) or be slain instantly, with no save of any kind allowed. In addition, the bearer of the Skull Wand causes Terror.

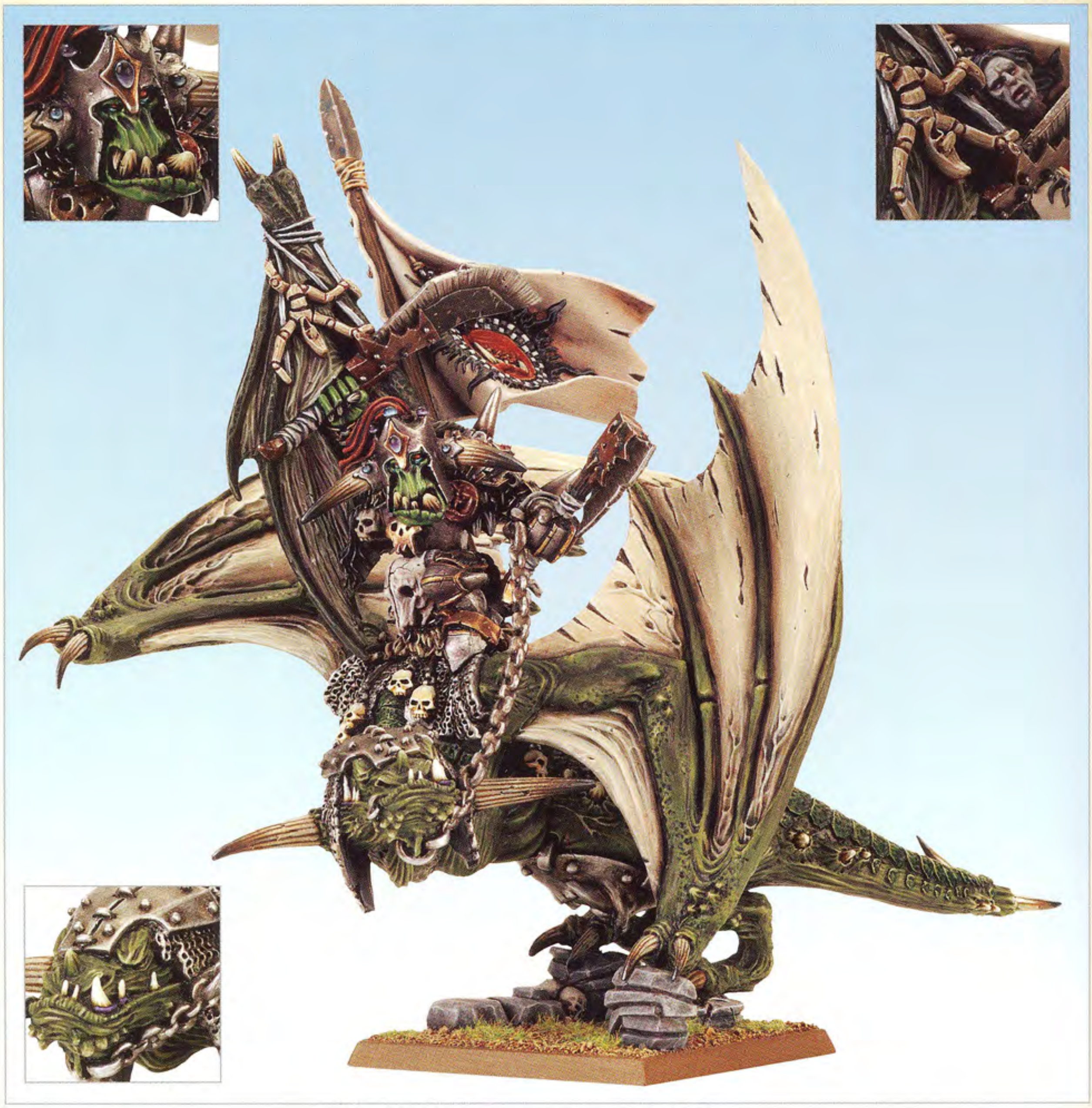
"I dunno boss, I tried to give da Shaman yer orders, but da bug-eyed loon is just talkin' to that skull wand of his. Da funny thing is, boss... I fink I 'eard it talkin' back."

– Greebitz, Goblin lackey of Warboss Ugg

MOB UP, BOYZ

The sight of a well-painted army arrayed for battle on the tabletop inspires any Warhammer player or collector. Those looking to amass their own Orcs & Goblins force should prepare to be spoilt for choice. There are a bewildering amount of different greenskin models and an almost infinite number of ways to build an Orc & Goblin army. A greenskin commander can swamp the foe with numbers, smash him with hard-hitting elite mobs or unleash huge, nigh-unstoppable monsters.

It is an eclectic mix, all of which is deadly, if not entirely predictable. This section presents a showcase of some of the fantastic Citadel miniatures in the Orcs & Goblins range. It is an inspirational guide for those starting, or adding to, their own greenskin collections.



Azhag the Slaughterer atop Skullmuncha, his Wyvern.

Orc Big Boss.

Orc Warboss.

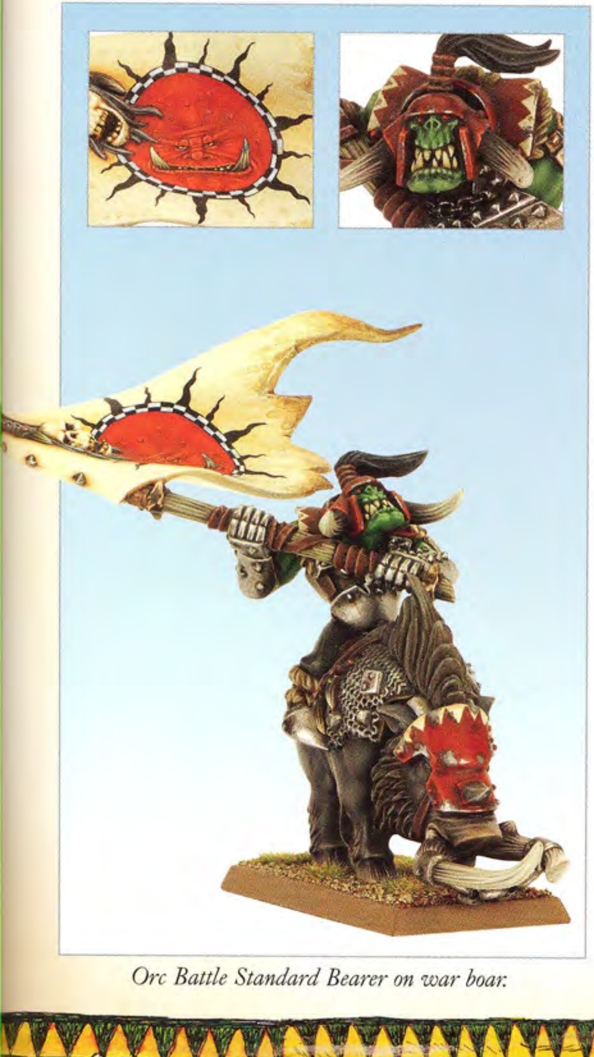
Black Orc Battle Standard Bearer.

Orc Warboss on war boar.

Orc Shaman.

Orc Great Shaman by Neil Green.

Pieces from several plastic models were combined to convert this Black Orc Big Boss on war boar.

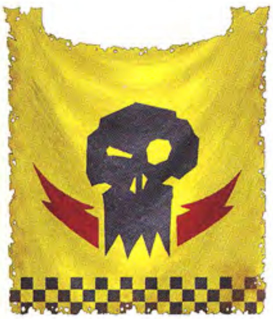


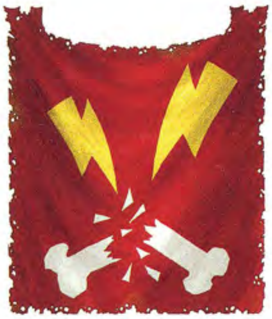
Orc Battle Standard Bearer on war boar.

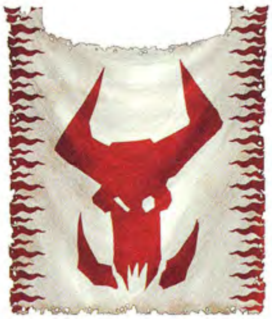
Legendary Orc Warboss Gorbad Ironclaw, on Gnarla.

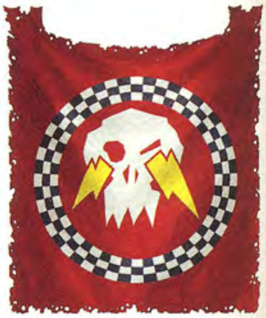
Orc shield designs vary between tribes, mobs and even individual boyz.

Orc Boyz mob.



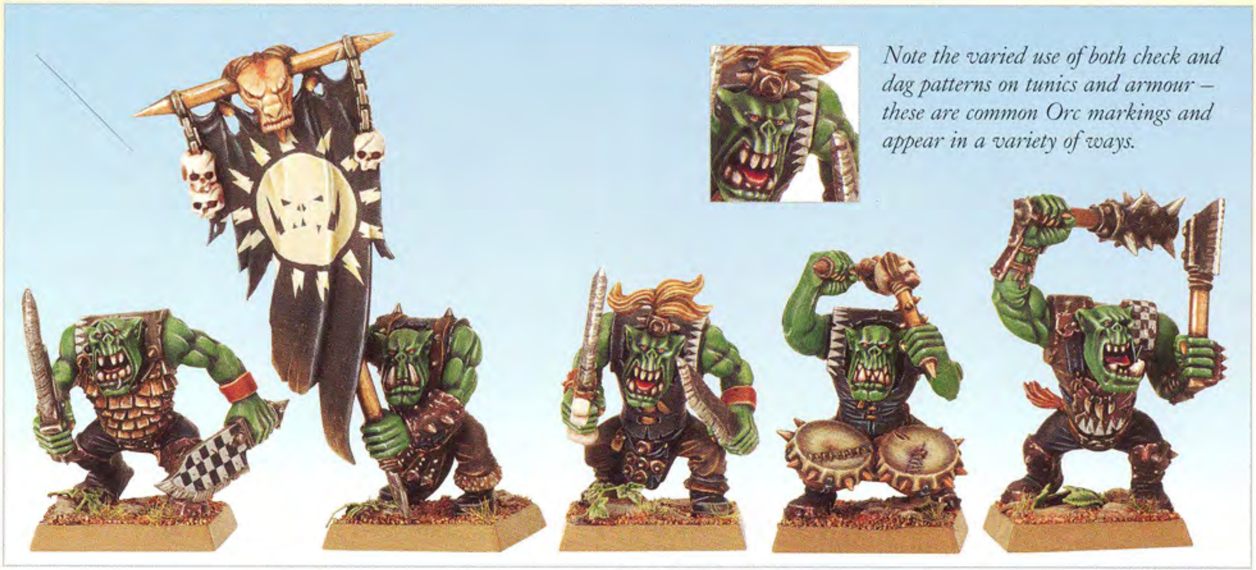




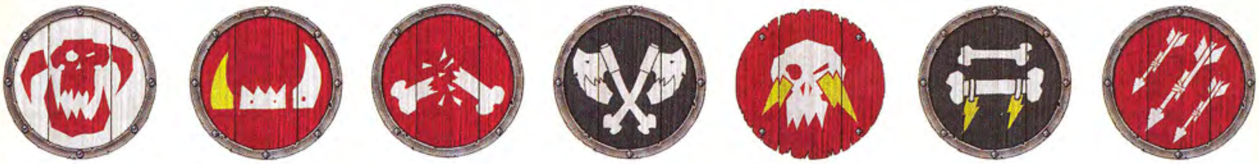


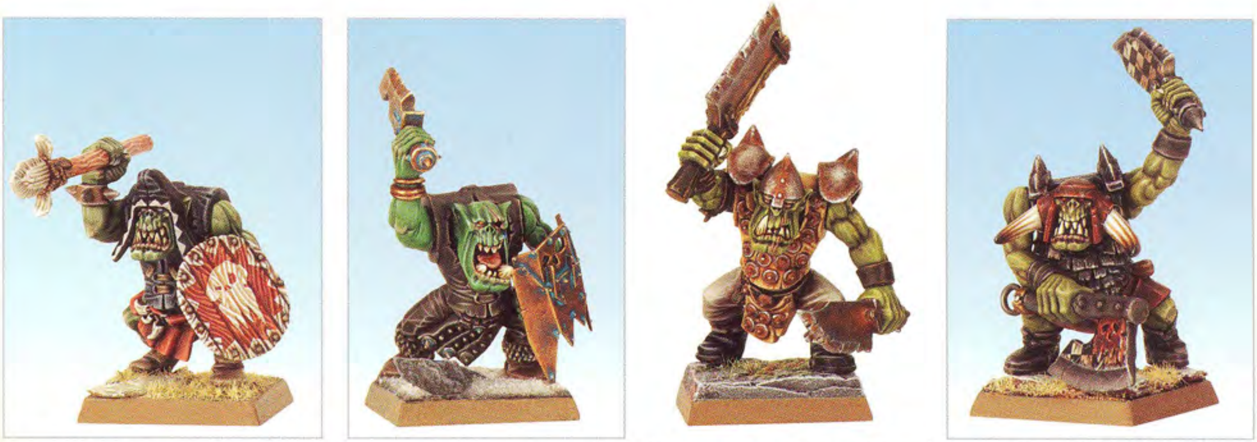
The Broken Tooth tribe are famous for their red shields, broken tusk icons and many notorious deeds.

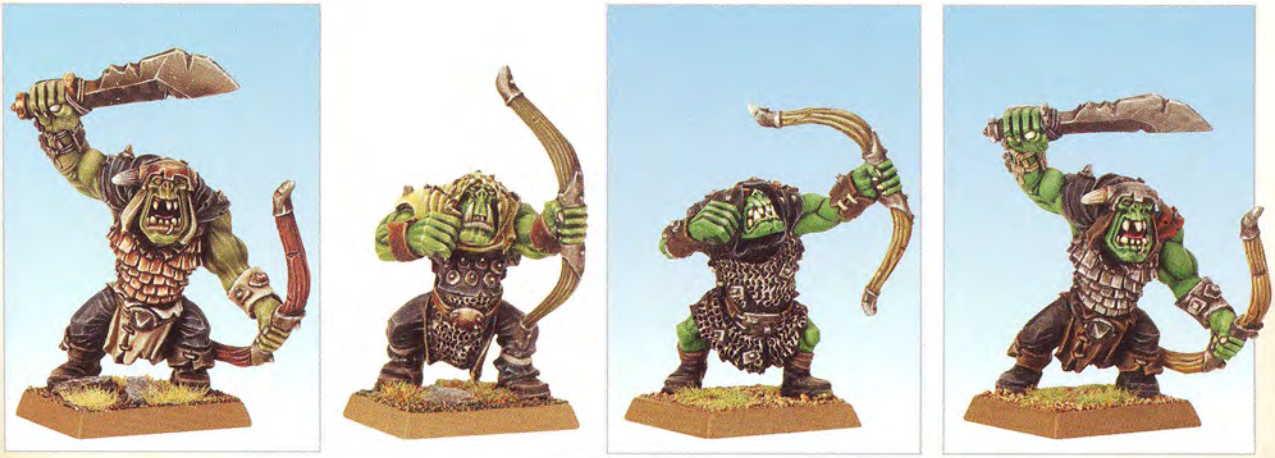
Orc Boyz from the Broken Tooth tribe.


Note the varied use of both check and dag patterns on tunics and armour – these are common Orc markings and appear in a variety of ways.

Orc Boyz from the Black Sunz mob.




Orc Boyz armed with an assortment of crude weapons, all of which – even the long pointy-ended one – they call 'choppas'.


Orc Arrer Boyz.

Grimgor Ironhide.

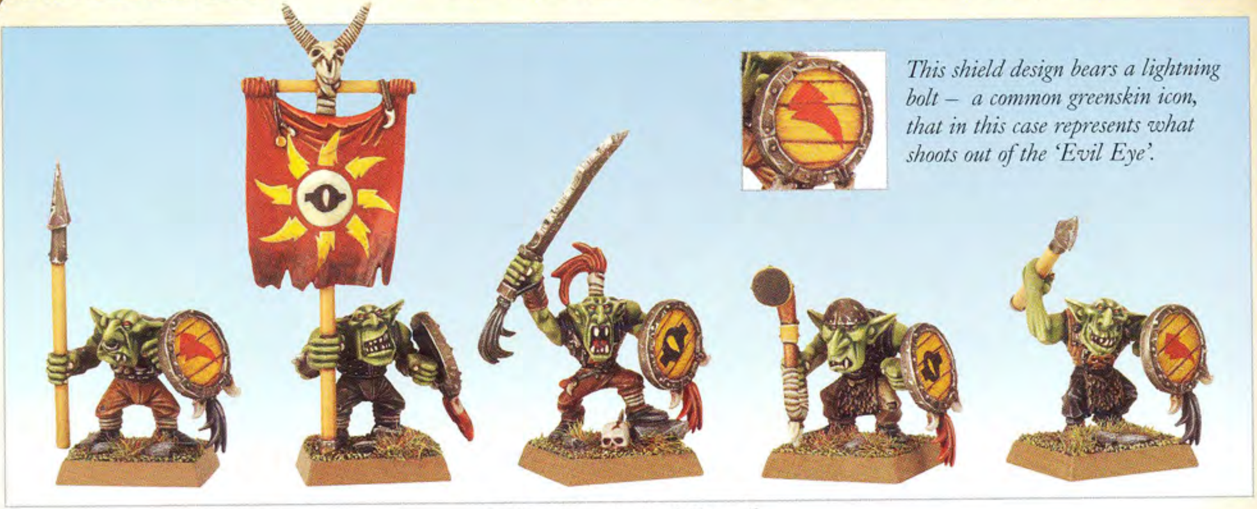
Black Orc Big Boss.

Black Orcs of the Krimson Killerz tribe.

Although often chipped, scratched and well-used, Black Orcs take great care of their arms and armour (well, for Orcs anyway).

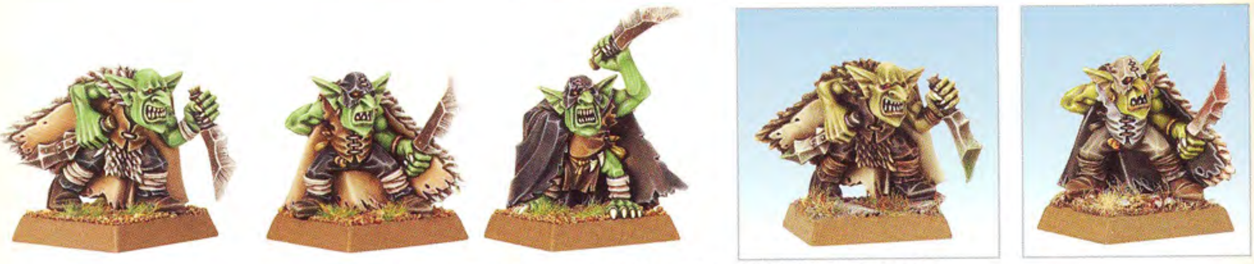
Black Orc mob.

Orc Boar Boyz.

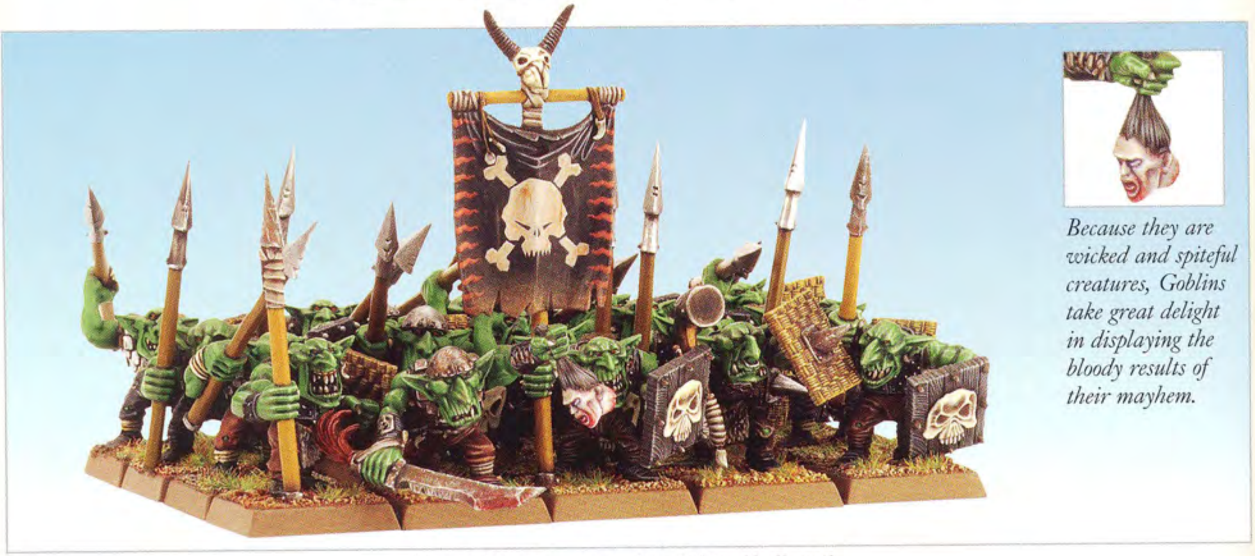


This shield design bears a lightning bolt – a common greenskin icon, that in this case represents what shoots out of the 'Evil Eye'.

Goblins from the Evil Eye tribe.

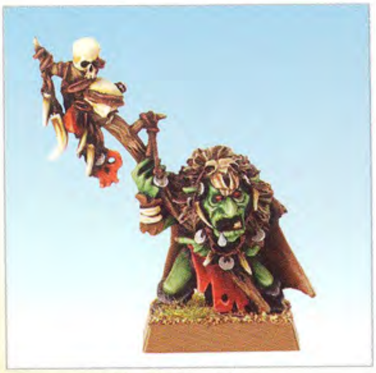


Nasty Skulkers are experts at stabbing their foes in 'da 'urty bitz'.

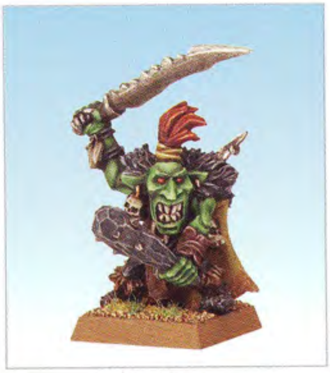


Because they are wicked and spiteful creatures, Goblins take great delight in displaying the bloody results of their mayhem.

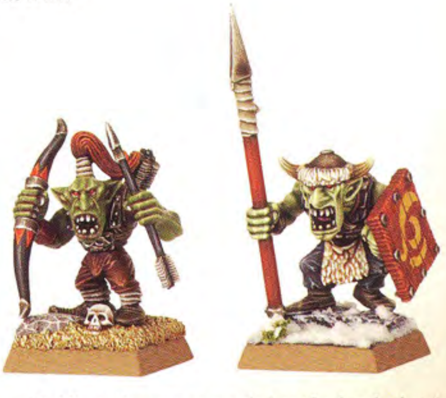
These Goblins are part of the White Skullz tribe.



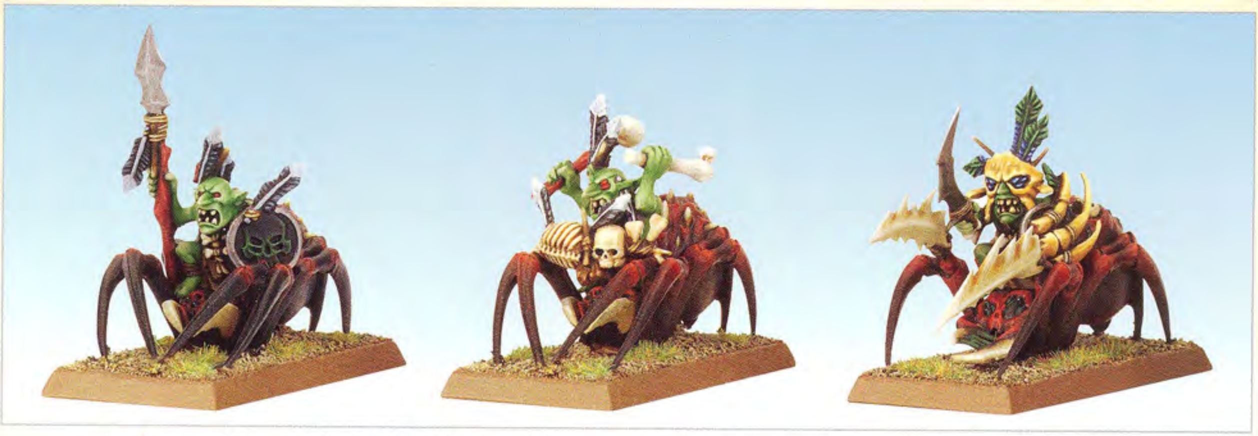
Goblin Great Shaman.



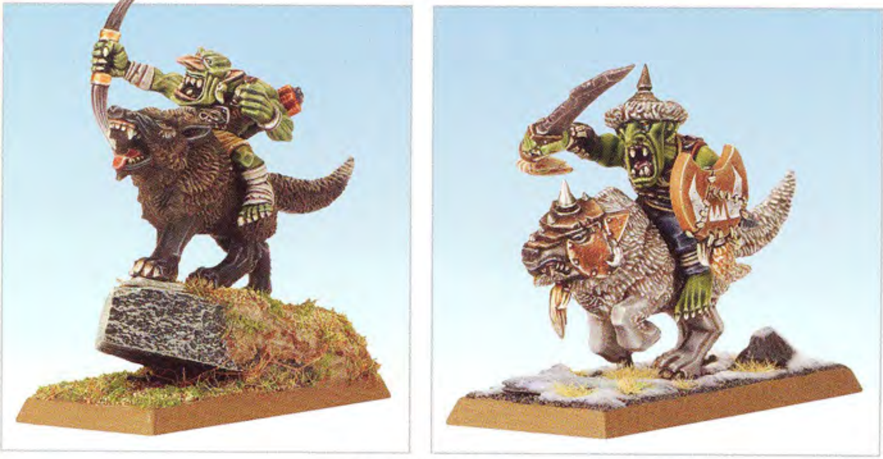
Goblin Warboss.



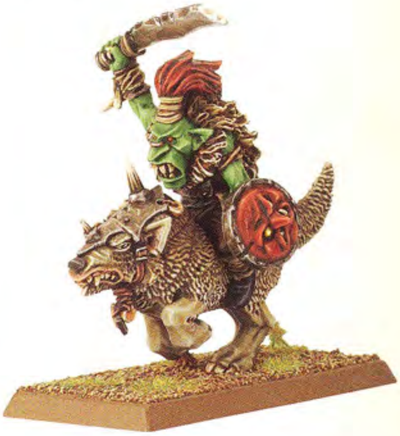
Many Goblin tribes are as varied as the lands they infest.



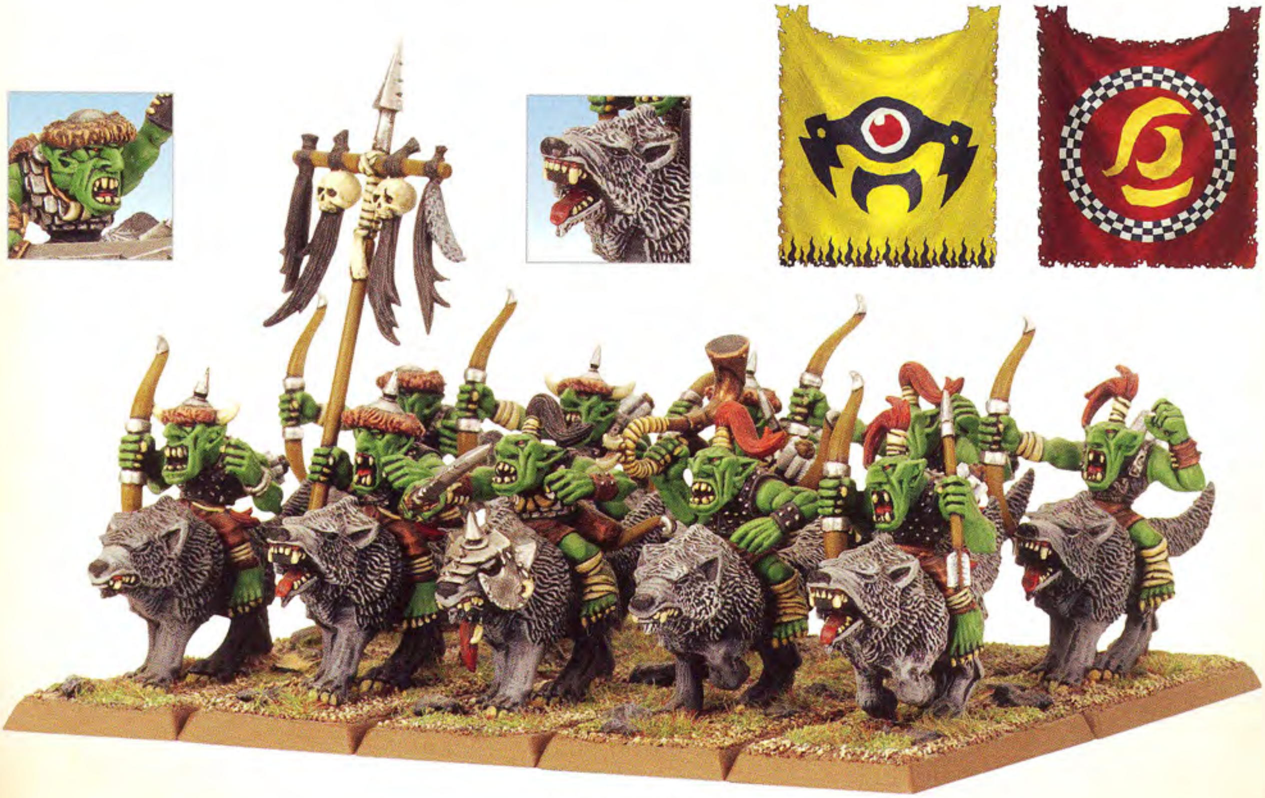
Forest Goblin Spider Riders use feather colours and shield icons to differentiate their mobs.



Goblin Wolf Riders.



Goblin Warboss on giant wolf.



Goblin Wolf Riders.

Savage Orc mob.

Savage Orcs Bosses.

Wurrzag Ud Ura Zahubu.

Savage Orc Big Stabba.

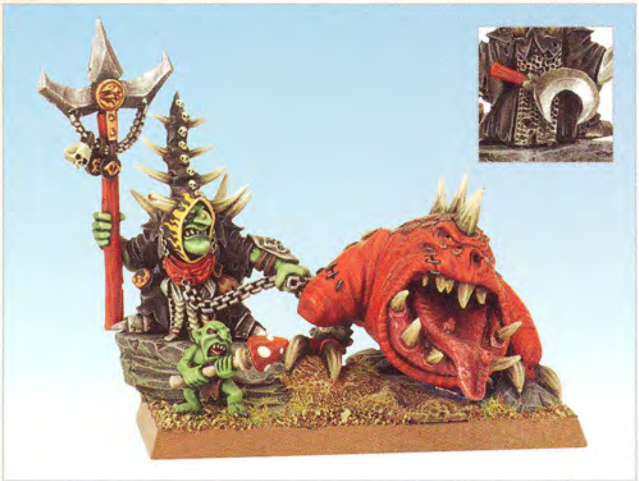
Savage Orc tribes can be identified by their tattoos or warpaint.

Savage Orc Boar Boy.

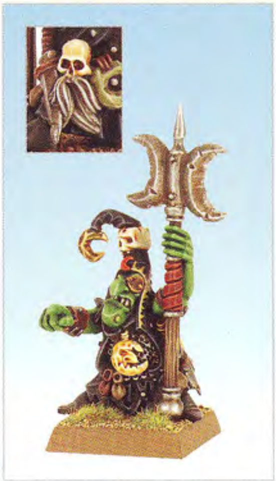
Because they believe so fervently in the protection it bestows, the warpaint of the Savage Orcs becomes imbued with great power.

Savage Orc Shaman on war boar.

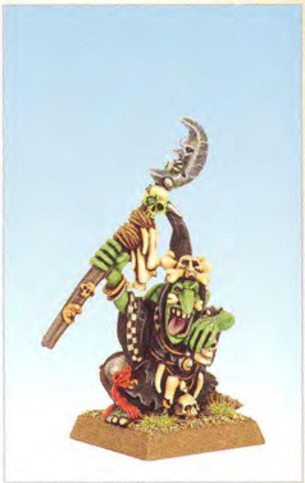
Savage Orc Boar Boyz mob.



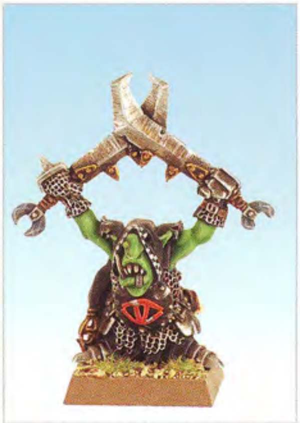
Skarsnik, Warlord of the Eight Peaks, and his pet Squig, Gobbla.



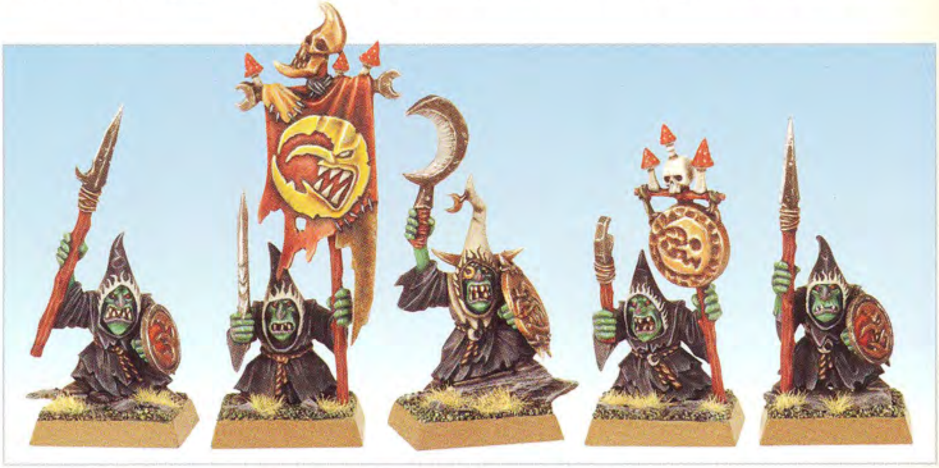
Night Goblin Warboss.



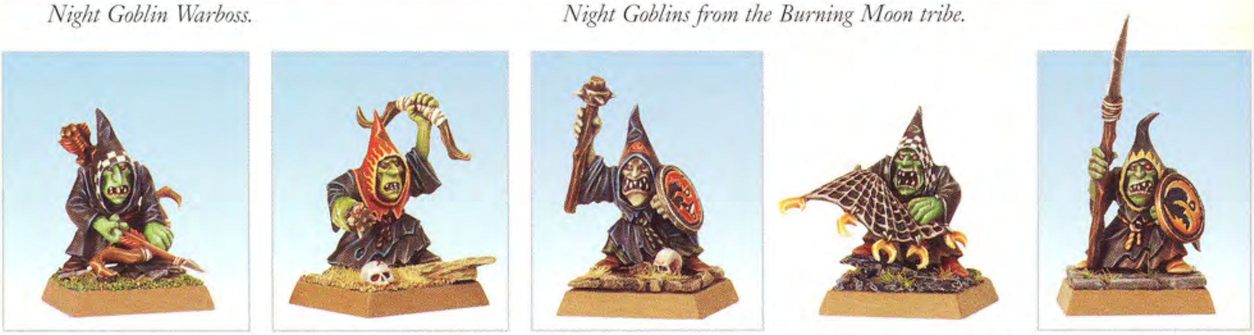
Night Goblin Great Shaman.



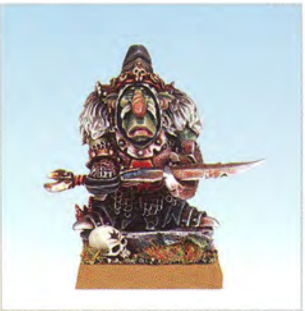
Night Goblin Warboss.



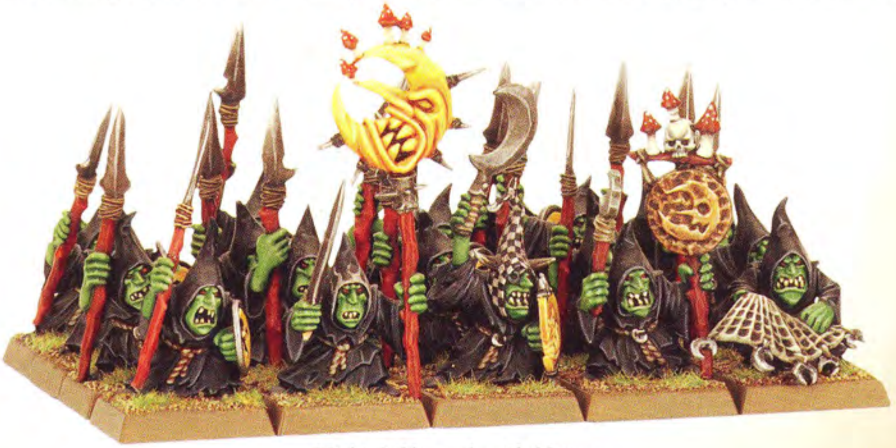
Night Goblins from the Burning Moon tribe.



Night Goblins always wear black cloaks, although tribes and leaders will often distinguish themselves with different patterns or markings.



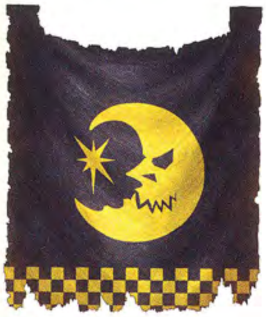
Night Goblin Big Boss.

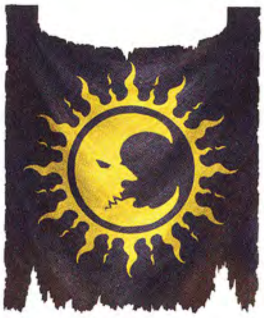


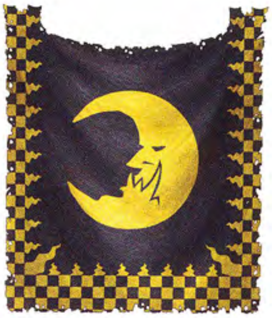
Night Goblin mob with Netters.

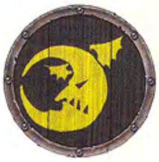
Night Goblin Fanatic.

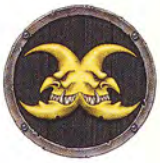
Night Goblins from the Iron Sickle tribe.











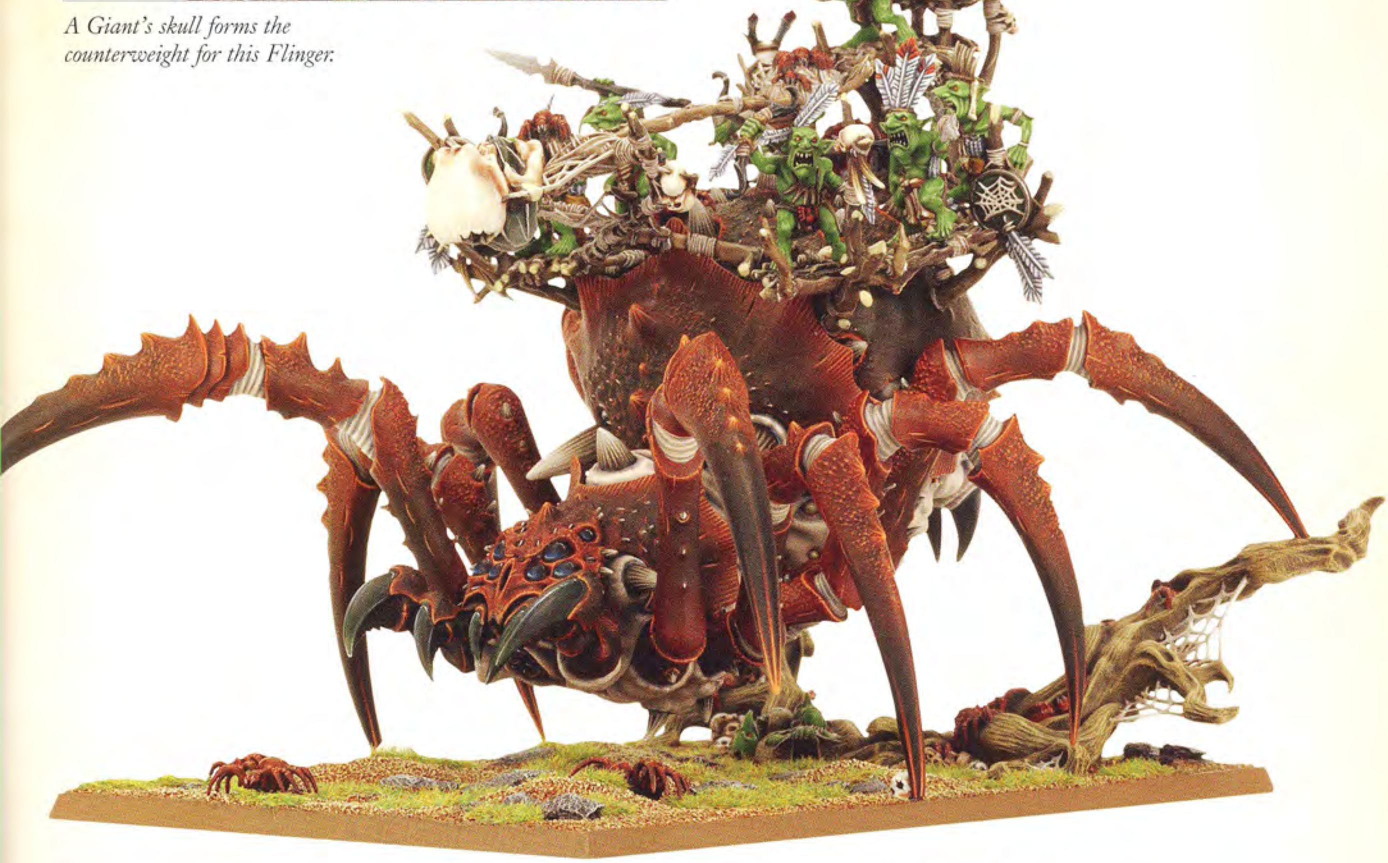
Night Goblin Warboss on Great Cave Squig.

Night Goblin Squig Hoppers.

Night Goblin Squig Herders and Cave Squigs.

The Arachnarok Spider with its howdah full of Forest Goblins.

A Giant's skull forms the counterweight for this Flinger.



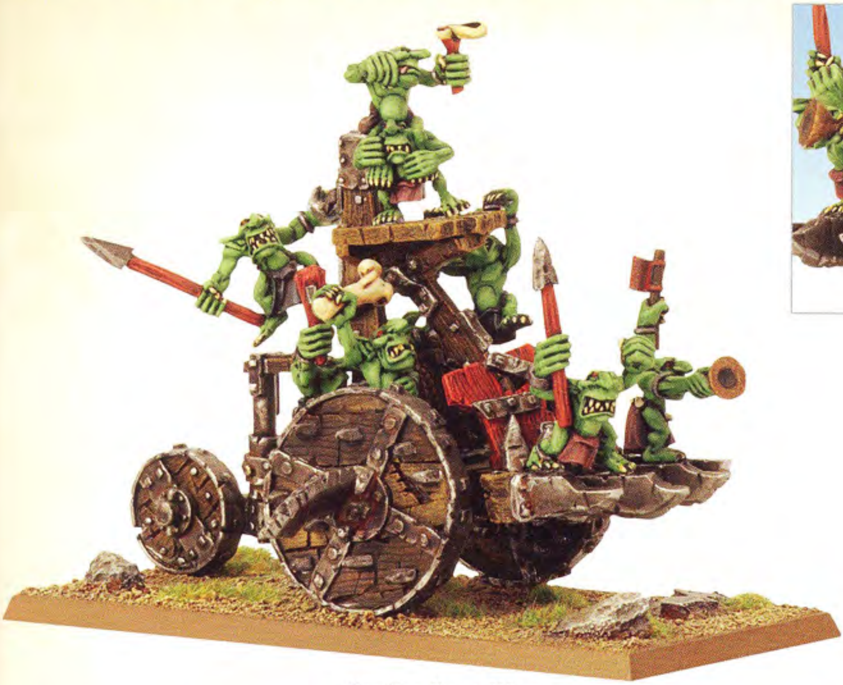
An Arachnarok Spider armed with a Flinger, a crudely built catapult.

Goblin Great Shaman and Catchweb Spidershrine.

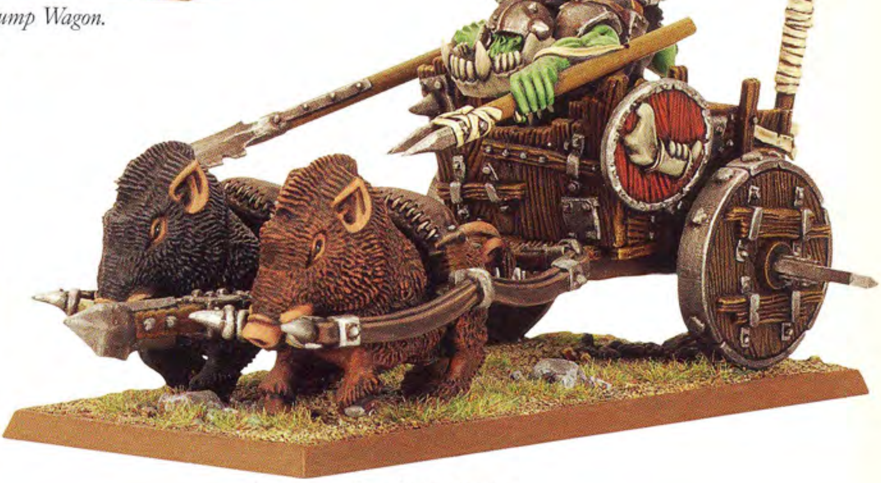
Flinger detail.

A Giant towers above the massed horde of greenskins as they unleash another attack upon the civilised world.

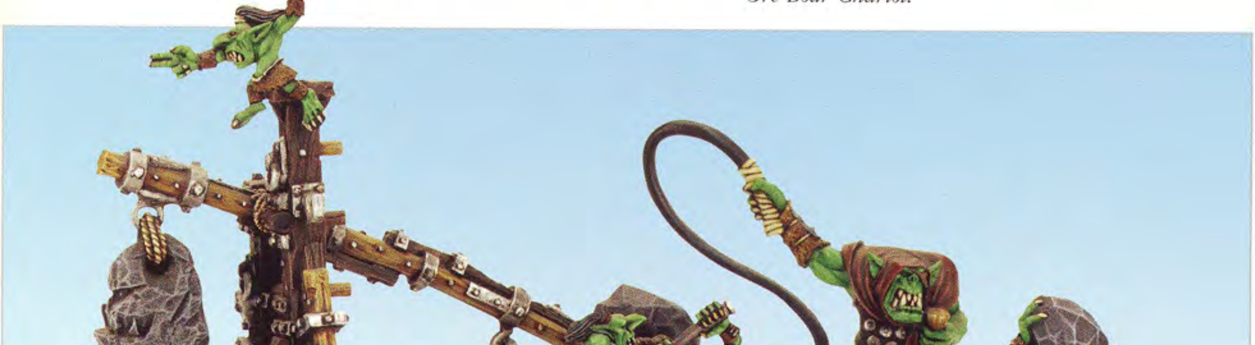
River Trolls.



Snotling Pump Wagon.



Orc Boar Chariot.



A Rock Lobber with an Orc Bully on hand to 'motivate' the Goblin crew.

ORCS & GOBLINS ARMY LIST

If there's one thing we know to be true of greenskins, it's that they love a good scrap! As a commander of an Orc & Goblin army, you'll no doubt be eager to get your horde into the fray as soon as possible.

This section of the book helps you to do just that. Here, you'll learn how to turn your collection of Citadel miniatures into an army of rampaging greenskins ready for tabletop battle.

USING THE ARMY LIST

The army list is used alongside the 'Choosing Your Army' section of the Warhammer rulebook to pick a force ready for battle. Over the following pages you will find an entry for each of the models in your army. These entries give you all of the gaming information that you need to shape your collection of models into the units that will form your army. Amongst other things, they will tell you what your models are equipped with, what options are available to them, and their points costs.

UNIT CATEGORIES

As described in the Warhammer rulebook, the units in the army list are organised into five categories: Lords, Heroes, Core Units, Special Units and Rare Units.

ARMY LIST ENTRIES

Each army list entry contains all the information you need to choose and field that unit at a glance, using the following format:

① ORC BOYZ

④ 6 points per model

Profile	② M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	③ **Troop Type**
Orc Boy	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	Infantry
Orc Big 'Un	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	7	Infantry
Orc Boss	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	7	Infantry

⑤ **Unit Size:** 10+

⑥ **Equipment:**
- Hand weapon
- Light armour

⑦ **Special Rules:**
- Animosity
- Choppas
- Size Matters

⑧ **Options:**

• Upgrade one Orc to an Orc Boss	*15 points*
• Upgrade one Orc to a musician	*10 points*
• Upgrade one Orc to a standard bearer	*10 points*
• The entire unit may take one of the following:	
- Spears	*1 point per model*
- Additional hand weapons	*1 point per model*
• The entire unit may take shields	*1 point per model*
• A single unit in the army may be upgraded to Big 'Uns	*2 points per model*
• A unit of Big 'Uns may carry a Magic Standard worth up to:	*50 points*

① **Name.** *The name by which the unit or character is identified.*

② **Profiles.** *The characteristic profiles for the model(s) in each unit are provided as a reminder. Where several profiles are required, these are also given, even if they are optional (such as unit champions, for example).*

③ **Troop Type.** *Each entry specifies the unit type of its models (e.g. 'infantry', 'cavalry' and so on).*

④ **Points value.** *Every miniature in the Warhammer range costs an amount of points that reflects how effective it is on the battlefield. For example, an Orc Boy costs 6 points, while the mighty Gorbad costs 375 points!*

⑤ **Unit Size.** *This specifies the minimum size for each unit, which is the smallest number of models needed to form that unit. In some cases units also have a maximum size.*

⑥ **Equipment.** *This is a list of the standard weapons and armour for that unit. The cost of these items is included in the basic points value.*

⑦ **Special Rules.** *Many troops have special rules that are fully described earlier in this book or in the Warhammer rulebook. The names of these rules are listed here as a reminder.*

⑧ **Options.** *A list of optional weapons and armour, mounts, magic items and other upgrades for units or characters, including the points cost for each particular option. Many unit entries include the option to upgrade a unit member to a champion, standard bearer or musician. Some units may carry a magic banner or take magic items at a further points cost.*

The Orc Boy on the left is armed with a hand weapon and shield, and wears light armour. As you can see from the profile above, he will cost 7 points to include in your army. A unit of ten Boyz armed like this would therefore cost 70 points.

The Orc Boy on the left is armed with a spear and shield, wears light armour, and costs 8 points. The Orc on the right carries two hand weapons and wears light armour. He also costs 8 points, as the trade-off between offence and defence is balanced in game terms.

LORDS

GORBAD IRONCLAW

375 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Gorbad Ironclaw	4	7	3	5	5	3	5	4	10	Cavalry (Special Character; Orc)
Gnarla the War Boar	7	3	0	4	4	1	3	1	3	-

Equipment:
- Morglor the Mangler
- Heavy armour

Mount:
- Gnarla (War Boar)

Special Rules (Gorbad):
- Choppas
- Da Boss 'as a Plan!
- Da Great Leader
- Orcs are da Best
- Size Matters
- Waaagh!

Special Rules (Gnarla):
- Thick-skinned
- Tusker Charge

AZHAG THE SLAUGHTERER

550 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Azhag the Slaughterer	4	7	3	5	5	3	5	4	9	Infantry (Special Character; Orc)
Skullmuncha	4	5	0	6	5	5	3	3	6	Monster

Equipment:
- Slagga's Slashas
- Azhag's 'Ard Armour
- The Crown of Sorcery

Mount:
- Skullmuncha (Wyvern)

Special Rules (Azhag):
- Choppas
- Get on Wiv it!
- Size Matters
- Waaagh!

Special Rules (Skullmuncha):
- Fly
- Large Target
- Poisoned Attack
- Scaly Skin (4+)
- Terror

GRIMGOR IRONHIDE

355 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Grimgor Ironhide	4	8	1	5	5	3	5	5	9	Infantry (Special Character; Black Orc)

Equipment:
- Gitsnik
- Blood-Forged Armour

Special Rules:
- Choppas
- Da Immortulz
- Hatred (Everybody!)
- Immune to Psychology
- Waaagh!

Note:
If Grimgor is taken, then you must include a unit of Black Orcs in the army, chosen at additional cost from the Special Units section of the army list. This unit must be upgraded to da Immortulz (the cost of the upgrade is included in Grimgor's points value). You may choose other units of normal Black Orcs for your army in addition to these if you wish.

WURRZAG DA GREAT GREEN PROPHET

350 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Wurrzag	4	3	3	4	5	3	2	1	8	Infantry (Special Character; Savage Orc)

Magic:
Wurrzag is a Level 4 Savage Orc Shaman. He uses the Spells of da Big Waaagh! Additionally, Wurrzag always knows *Wurrzag's Revenge* as well as his other spells.

Equipment:
- Bonewood Staff (hand weapon)
- Baleful Mask
- Squiggly Beast

Special Rules:
- Choppas
- Frenzy
- Warpaint of Wurrzag

Options:
- May be mounted on a War Boar . . . *24 points*

GROM THE PAUNCH OF MISTY MOUNTAIN

285 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Grom	4	5	3	4	4	3	4	4	8	Infantry (Special Character; Goblin)
Grom's Chariot	-	-	-	5	4	3	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour Save 5+)
Niblet	-	3	3	3	-	-	2	1	-	-
Giant Wolves	9	3	-	3	-	-	3	1	-	-

Equipment (Grom):
- Axe of Grom
- Light armour

Mount:
- Grom's Chariot (pulled by three Giant Wolves. Includes Niblet)

Equipment (Niblet):
- Lucky Banner
- Hand weapon

Special Rules:
- Eats Elves for Breakfast
- Grom's Waaagh!
- Regeneration (Grom only)

LORDS

SKARSNIK, WARLORD OF THE EIGHT PEAKS

275 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Skarsnik	4	5	3	4	4	6	5	4	8	Infantry (Special Character; Night Goblin)
Gobbla	-	5	-	6	-	-	4	4	-	-

Equipment:
- Skarsnik's Prodder
- Light armour

Special Rules:
- Fear Elves
- Hatred (Dwarfs)
- Killing Blow (Gobbla only)
- Sneaky Schemes
- Tricksy Traps

ORC WARBOSS

115 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Orc Warboss	4	6	3	5	5	3	4	4	9	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:
- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:
- Choppas
- Size Matters
- Waaagh!

Options:
- May be armed with one of the following:
  - Great weapon .... *6 points*
  - Additional hand weapon (unless mounted) .... *3 points*
  - Spear (mounted only) .... *3 points*
- May take a shield .... *3 points*
- May be mounted on one of the following:
  - War Boar .... *24 points*
  - Wyvern .... *160 points*
  - Orc Boar Chariot (See page 107 for points and options. Count the cost against your allowance for Lords. The Warboss replaces one of the chariot's crew).
- May take Magic Items up to a total of .... *100 points*

SAVAGE ORC WARBOSS

150 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Savage Orc Warboss	4	6	3	5	5	3	4	4	9	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:
- Hand weapon

Special Rules:
- Choppas
- Frenzy
- Warpaint
- Size Matters
- Waaagh!
- Wild Abandon

Options:
- May be armed with one of the following:
  - Great weapon .... *6 points*
  - Additional hand weapon .... *3 points*
  - Spear (mounted only) .... *3 points*
- May take a shield .... *3 points*
- May be mounted on one of the following:
  - War Boar .... *24 points*
  - Wyvern .... *160 points*
- May take Magic Items up to a total of .... *100 points*

BLACK ORC WARBOSS

160 Points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Black Orc Warboss	4	7	3	5	5	3	4	4	9	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:
- Huge array of hand weapons and great weapons
- Heavy armour

Special Rules:
- Armed to da Teef
- Choppas
- Immune to Psychology
- Quell Animosity
- Waaagh!

Options:
- May take a shield .... *3 points*
- May be mounted on one of the following:
  - War Boar .... *24 points*
  - Wyvern .... *160 points*
  - Orc Boar Chariot (See page 107 for points and options. Count the cost against your allowance for Lords. The Warboss replaces one of the chariot's crew).
- May take Magic Items up to a total of .... *100 points*

LORDS

GOBLIN WARBOSS

65 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Goblin Warboss	4	5	3	4	4	3	4	4	8	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:
- Hand weapon

Special Rules:
- Fear Elves

Options:
- May be armed with one of the following:
  - Great weapon . . . . *6 points*
  - Additional hand weapon (unless mounted) . . . . *3 points*
  - Spear (mounted only) . . . . *3 points*
- May take light armour . . . . *3 points*
- May take a shield . . . . *3 points*
- May be mounted on one of the following:
  - Giant Wolf . . . . *18 points*
  - Giant Spider . . . . *22 points*
  - Gigantic Spider . . . . *50 points*
  - Wolf Chariot (See page 107 for points and options, but count the cost against your allowance for Lords. The Goblin Warboss replaces one of the chariot's crew).
- May take Magic Items up to a total of . . . . *100 points*

NIGHT GOBLIN WARBOSS

55 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Night Goblin Warboss	4	5	3	4	4	3	5	4	7	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:
- Hand weapon

Special Rules:
- Fear Elves
- Hatred (Dwarfs)

Options:
- May be armed with one of the following:
  - Great weapon . . . . *6 points*
  - Additional hand weapon (unless mounted) . . . . *3 points*
  - Spear (mounted only) . . . . *3 points*
- May take light armour . . . . *3 points*
- May take a shield . . . . *3 points*
- May be mounted on a Great Cave Squig . . . . *40 points*
- May take Magic Items up to a total of . . . . *100 points*

ORC GREAT SHAMAN

165 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Orc Great Shaman	4	3	3	4	5	3	2	1	8	Infantry (Character)

Magic:
An Orc Great Shaman is a Level 3 Wizard. He uses Spells of da Big Waaagh!

Equipment:
- Hand weapon

Special Rules:
- Choppas
- Size Matters

Options:
- May upgrade to a Level 4 Wizard . . . . *35 points*
- May be mounted on one of the following:
  - War Boar . . . . *24 points*
  - Wyvern . . . . *160 points*
  - Orc Boar Chariot (See page 107 for points and options. Count the cost against your allowance for Lords. The Great Shaman replaces one of the chariot's crew).
- May take Magic Items up to a total of . . . . *100 points*

SAVAGE ORC GREAT SHAMAN

170 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Savage Orc Great Shaman	4	3	3	4	5	3	2	1	8	Infantry (Character)

Magic:
A Savage Orc Great Shaman is a Level 3 Wizard. He uses Spells of da Big Waaagh!

Equipment:
- Hand weapon

Special Rules:
- Choppas
- Frenzy
- Size Matters
- Warpaint

Options:
- May upgrade to a Level 4 Wizard . . . . *35 points*
- May be mounted on one of the following:
  - War Boar . . . . *24 points*
  - Wyvern . . . . *160 points*
- May take Magic Items up to a total of . . . . *100 points*

LORDS

GOBLIN GREAT SHAMAN

145 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Goblin Great Shaman	4	2	3	3	4	3	2	1	7	Infantry (Character)

Magic:
A Goblin Great Shaman is a Level 3 Wizard. He uses Spells of da Little Waaagh!

Equipment:
- Hand weapon

Special Rules:
- Fear Elves

Options:
- May upgrade to a Level 4 Wizard . . . . *35 points*
- May be mounted on one of the following:
  - Giant Wolf . . . . *18 points*
  - Wolf Chariot (See page 107 for points and options, but count the cost against your allowance for Lords. The Great Shaman replaces one of the chariot's crew).
  - Arachnarok Spider (see page 109 for points and options, but count the cost against your allowance for Lords rather than Rare choices).
- May take Magic Items up to a total of . . . . *100 points*

NIGHT GOBLIN GREAT SHAMAN

140 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Night Goblin Great Shaman	4	2	3	3	4	3	3	1	6	Infantry (Character)

Magic:
A Night Goblin Great Shaman is a Level 3 Wizard. He uses Spells of da Little Waaagh!

Equipment:
- Hand weapon
- Magic Mushrooms

Special Rules:
- Fear Elves
- Hatred (Dwarfs)

Options:
- May upgrade to a Level 4 Wizard . . . . *35 points*
- May take Magic Items up to a total of . . . . *100 points*

CHARACTER MOUNTS

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Mount Type
Giant Spider	7	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	2	War Beast
Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3	War Beast
Gigantic Spider	7	3	0	4	4	3	4	3	7	Monstrous Beast
Great Cave Squig	3D6	4	0	5	4	3	3	3	3	Monstrous Beast
War Boar	7	3	0	3	4	1	3	1	3	War Beast
Wyvern	4	5	0	6	5	5	3	3	6	Monster

Special Rules:
- *Giant Spider:* Creeping Assault, Fast Cavalry, Forest Strider, Obstacle Strider, Poisoned Attacks, Wall-crawler.
- *Giant Wolf:* Fast Cavalry.
- *Gigantic Spider:* Creeping Assault, Fear, Forest Strider, Obstacle Strider, Poisoned Attacks, Thick-skinned, Wall-crawler.
- *Great Cave Squig:* Extra Boingy, Immune to Psychology, Loner, Random Movement (3D6), Supreme Bounder.
- *War Boar:* Thick-skinned, Tusker Charge.
- *Wyvern:* Fly, Large Target, Poisoned Attacks, Scaly Skin (4+), Terror.

HEROES

GITILLA DA HUNTER

110 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Gitilla	4	4	4	4	4	2	4	3	7	Cavalry (Special Character; Goblin)
Ulda the Great Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	2	3	-

Equipment:
- Spear
- Bone Bow
- Stinky Pelt

Mount:
- Ulda the Great Wolf

Special Rules:
- Da Howlerz
- Fast Cavalry
- Fear Elves

Note:
If Gitilla da Hunter is taken, then you must include a unit of Goblin Wolf Riders in the army, chosen at additional cost from the Core Units section of the army list. This unit must be upgraded to da Howlerz (the cost of the upgrade is included in Gitilla's points value). You may still take other Goblin Wolf Rider units in your army if you wish.

SNAGLA GROBSPIT

115 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Snagla	4	4	3	4	4	2	4	3	7	Cavalry (Special Character; Goblin)
Giant Spider	7	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	2	-

Equipment:
- Sting of Snagla
- Fangspike
- Shield

Mount:
- Giant Spider

Special Rules:
- Creeping Assault
- Deff Creepers
- Fast Cavalry
- Fear Elves
- Forest Strider
- Obstacle Strider
- Hatred (Empire)
- Poisoned Attacks (Giant Spider only)
- Wall-crawler

Note:
If Snagla Grobspit is taken, then you must include a unit of Forest Goblin Spider Riders in the army, chosen at additional cost from the Core Units section of the army list. This unit must be upgraded to the Deff Creepers (the cost of the upgrade is included in Snagla's points value). You may still take other Forest Goblin Spider Riders in your army if you wish.

ORC BIG BOSS

55 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Orc Big Boss	4	5	3	4	5	2	3	3	8	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:
- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:
- Choppas
- Size Matters

Options:

• May be armed with one of the following:	
- Great weapon	*4 points*
- Additional hand weapon (unless mounted)	*2 points*
- Spear (mounted only)	*2 points*
• May take a shield	*2 points*
• May be mounted on one of the following:	
- War Boar	*16 points*
- Orc Boar Chariot (See page 107 for points and options. Count the cost against your allowance for Heroes. The Big Boss replaces one of the chariot's crew).	
• May take Magic Items up to a total of	*50 points*

SAVAGE ORC BIG BOSS

75 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Savage Orc Big Boss	4	5	3	4	5	2	3	3	8	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:
- Hand weapon

Special Rules:
- Choppas
- Frenzy
- Size Matters
- Warpaint
- Wild Abandon

Options:

• May be armed with one of the following:	
- Great weapon	*4 points*
- Additional hand weapon	*2 points*
- Spear (mounted only)	*2 points*
• May take a shield	*2 points*
• May be mounted on a War Boar	*16 points*
• May take Magic Items up to a total of	*50 points*

HEROES

BLACK ORC BIG BOSS

90 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Black Orc Big Boss	4	6	3	4	5	2	3	3	8	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:
- Huge array of hand weapons and great weapons
- Heavy armour

Special Rules:
- Armed to da Teef
- Choppas
- Immune to Psychology
- Quell Animosity

Options:
- May take a shield . . . . *2 points*
- May be mounted on one of the following:
  - War Boar . . . . *16 points*
  - Orc Boar Chariot (See page 107 for points and options. Count the cost against your allowance for Heroes. The Big Boss replaces one of the chariot's crew).
- May take Magic Items up to a total of . . . . *50 points*

GOBLIN BIG BOSS

35 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Goblin Big Boss	4	4	3	4	4	2	3	3	7	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:
- Hand weapon

Special Rules:
- Fear Elves

Options:
- May be armed with one of the following:
  - Great weapon . . . . *4 points*
  - Additional hand weapon (unless mounted) . . . . *2 points*
  - Spear (mounted only) . . . . *2 points*
  - Short bow . . . . *2 points*
- May be equipped with any of the following:
  - Light armour . . . . *2 points*
  - Shield . . . . *2 points*
- May be mounted on one of the following:
  - Giant Wolf . . . . *12 points*
  - Giant Spider . . . . *15 points*
  - Gigantic Spider . . . . *40 points*
  - Wolf Chariot (See page 107 for points and options, but count the cost against your allowance for Heroes. The Big Boss replaces one of the chariot's crew).
- May take Magic Items up to a total of . . . . *50 points*

NIGHT GOBLIN BIG BOSS

30 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Night Goblin Big Boss	4	4	3	4	4	2	4	3	6	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:
- Hand weapon

Special Rules:
- Fear Elves
- Hatred (Dwarfs)

Options:
- May be armed with one of the following:
  - Great weapon . . . . *4 points*
  - Additional hand weapon (unless mounted) . . . . *2 points*
  - Spear (mounted only) . . . . *2 points*
  - Short bow . . . . *2 points*
- May be equipped with any of the following:
  - Light armour . . . . *2 points*
  - Shield . . . . *2 points*
- May be mounted on a Great Cave Squig . . . . *50 points*
- May take Magic Items up to a total of . . . . *50 points*

BATTLE STANDARD BEARER

One Big Boss (of any type) in the army can carry the Battle Standard for +25 points. He may carry a Magic Standard (with no points limit), but if he carries a Magic Standard he may not choose any other magic items.

HEROES

ORC SHAMAN

65 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Orc Shaman	4	3	3	3	4	2	2	1	7	Infantry (Character)

Magic:
An Orc Shaman is a Level 1 Wizard. He uses Spells of da Big Waaagh!

Equipment:
- Hand weapon

Special Rules:
- Choppas
- Size Matters

Options:
- May upgrade to a Level 2 Wizard .... *35 points*
- May be mounted on a War Boar .... *16 points*
- May take Magic Items up to a total of .... *50 points*

SAVAGE ORC SHAMAN

70 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Savage Orc Shaman	4	3	3	3	4	2	2	1	7	Infantry (Character)

Magic:
A Savage Orc Shaman is a Level 1 Wizard. He uses Spells of da Big Waaagh!

Equipment:
- Hand weapon

Special Rules:
- Choppas
- Frenzy
- Size Matters
- Warpaint

Options:
- May upgrade to a Level 2 Wizard .... *35 points*
- May be mounted on a War Boar .... *16 points*
- May take Magic Items up to a total of.......................... *50 points*

GOBLIN SHAMAN

55 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Goblin Shaman	4	2	3	3	3	2	2	1	6	Infantry (Character)

Magic:
A Goblin Shaman is a Level 1 Wizard. He uses Spells of da Little Waaagh!

Equipment:
- Hand weapon

Special Rules:
- Fear Elves

Options:
- May upgrade to a Level 2 Wizard .... *35 points*
- May be mounted on one of the following:
  - Giant Wolf... *12 points*
  - Wolf Chariot (See page 107 for points and options, but count the cost against your allowance for Heroes. The Shaman replaces one of the chariot's crew).
- May take Magic Items up to a total of.......................... *50 point*

NIGHT GOBLIN SHAMAN

50 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Night Goblin Shaman	4	2	3	3	3	2	3	1	5	Infantry (Character)

Magic:
A Night Goblin Shaman is a Level 1 Wizard. He uses Spells of da Little Waaagh!

Equipment:
- Hand weapon
- Magic Mushrooms

Special Rules:
- Fear Elves
- Hatred (Dwarfs)

Options:
- May upgrade to a Level 2 Wizard .... *35 points*
- May take Magic Items up to a total of.......................... *50 points*

CORE UNITS

ORC BOYZ

6 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Orc Boy	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	Infantry
Orc Big 'Un	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	7	Infantry
Orc Boss	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment:
- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:
- Animosity
- Choppas
- Size Matters

Options:
- Upgrade one Orc to an Orc Boss.............................. *15 points*
- Upgrade one Orc to a musician .... *10 points*
- Upgrade one Orc to a standard bearer.......................... *10 points*
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
  - Spears .... *1 point per model*
  - Additional hand weapons .... *1 point per model*
- The entire unit may take shields .... *1 point per model*
- A single unit in the army may be upgraded to Big 'Uns..... *2 points per model*
- A unit of Big 'Uns may carry a Magic Standard worth up to: .... *50 points*

ORC ARRER BOYZ

7 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Orc Arrer Boy	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	Infantry
Orc Arrer Boy Boss	4	3	4	4	4	1	2	1	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment:
- Hand weapon
- Bow
- Light armour

Special Rules:
- Animosity
- Choppas
- Size Matters

Options:
- Upgrade one Arrer Boy to an Arrer Boy Boss.................... *10 points*
- Upgrade one Arrer Boy to a musician .... *10 points*
- Upgrade one Arrer Boy to a standard bearer..................... *10 points*

SAVAGE ORCS

8 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Savage Orc	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	Infantry
Savage Orc Big 'Un	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	7	Infantry
Savage Orc Boss	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment:
- Hand weapon

Special Rules:
- Animosity
- Choppas
- Frenzy
- Size Matters
- Warpaint

Options:
- Upgrade one Savage Orc to a Savage Orc Boss.................. *15 points*
- Upgrade one Savage Orc to a musician .... *10 points*
- Upgrade one Savage Orc to a standard bearer.................... *10 points*
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
  - Spears .... *1 point per model*
  - Bows .... *1 point per model*
  - Additional hand weapons .... *1 point per model*
- The entire unit may take shields .... *1 point per model*
- The unit may be upgraded to include Big Stabbas................. *20 points*
- A single unit in the army may be upgraded to Big 'Uns..... *2 points per model*

CORE UNITS

GOBLINS

3 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Goblin	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	Infantry
Goblin Boss	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	2	6	Infantry
Nasty Skulker	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	2	6	Infantry (Character)

Unit Size: 20+

Equipment:
- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Equipment (Nasty Skulkers):
- Two hand weapons
- Light armour

Special Rules:
- Animosity
- Fear Elves

Options:
- Upgrade one Goblin to a Goblin Boss .... *10 points*
- Upgrade one Goblin to a musician .... *10 points*
- Upgrade one Goblin to a standard bearer .... *10 points*
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
  - Spears .... *½ point per model*
  - Short bows .... *½ point per model*
- The entire unit may take Shields .... *½ point per model*
- The unit may include up to three Nasty Skulkers .... *10 points per model**

** Your opponent only gets Victory Points for Nasty Skulkers when the concealing unit is Dead or Fled.*

GOBLIN WOLF RIDERS

10 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Goblin Wolf Rider	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	Cavalry
Goblin Wolf Rider Boss	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	2	6	Cavalry
Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3	-

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment:
- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:
- Animosity
- Fast Cavalry
- Fear Elves

Options:
- Upgrade one Goblin Wolf Rider to a Wolf Rider Boss .... *10 points*
- Upgrade one Wolf Rider to a musician .... *10 points*
- Upgrade one Wolf Rider to a standard bearer .... *10 points*
- The entire unit may take any of the following:
  - Spears .... *1 point per model*
  - Short bows .... *1 point per model*
  - Shields .... *1 point per model*

NIGHT GOBLINS

3 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Night Goblin	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	1	5	Infantry
Night Goblin Boss	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	2	5	Infantry
Night Goblin Fanatic	2D6	-	-	5	3	1	3	*	10	Unique

Unit Size: 20+

Equipment:
- Hand weapon
- Shield

Special Rules:
- Animosity
- Fear Elves
- Hatred (Dwarfs)

Options:
- Upgrade one Night Goblin to a Night Goblin Boss .... *10 points*
- Upgrade one Night Goblin to a musician .... *10 points*
- Upgrade one Night Goblin to a standard bearer .... *10 points*
- The entire unit may take spears *or* replace their shields with short bows .... *free*
- The unit may be upgraded to include Netters .... *45 points*
- The unit may include up to 3 Fanatics .... *25 points per Fanatic**

** Your opponent only gets Victory Points for Night Goblin Fanatics when the concealing unit is Dead or Fled.*

FOREST GOBLIN SPIDER RIDERS

13 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Spider Rider	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	Cavalry
Spider Rider Boss	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	2	6	Cavalry
Giant Spider	7	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	2	-

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment:
- Shield
- Spear

Special Rules:
- Animosity
- Creeping Assault
- Fast Cavalry
- Fear Elves
- Forest Strider
- Obstacle Strider
- Poisoned Attacks (Giant Spiders only)
- Wall-crawler

Options:
- Upgrade one model to a Spider Rider Boss .... *10 points*
- Upgrade one Spider Rider to a musician .... *10 points*
- Upgrade one Spider Rider to a standard bearer .... *10 points*
- The entire unit may take short bows .... *1 point per model*

SPECIAL UNITS

BLACK ORCS

12 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Black Orc	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	8	Infantry
Black Orc Boss	4	5	3	4	4	1	2	2	8	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment:
- Heavy armour
- A huge array of weapons

Special Rules:
- Armed to da Teef
- Choppas
- Immune to Psychology

Options:
- Upgrade one Black Orc to a Black Orc Boss .... *15 points*
- Upgrade one Black Orc to a musician .... *10 points*
- Upgrade one Black Orc to a standard bearer...................... *10 points*
- A Black Orc unit with a standard bearer may take a Magic Standard up to a value of .... *50 points*
- The entire unit may take shields .... *1 point per model*

ORC BOAR BOYZ

16 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD	Troop Type
Orc Boar Boy	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	Cavalry
Orc Boar Boy Big ’Un	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	7	Cavalry
Orc Boar Boy Boss	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	7	Cavalry
War Boar	7	3	0	3	4	1	3	1	3	-

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment:
- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:
- Animosity
- Choppas (Orc only)
- Size Matters
- Thick Skinned
- Tusker Charge (War Boar only)

Options:
- Upgrade one Boar Boy to a Boar Boy Boss .... *15 points*
- Upgrade one Boar Boy to a musician........................... *10 points*
- Upgrade one Boar Boy to a standard bearer .... *10 points*
- An Orc Boar Boyz unit with a standard bearer may take a Magic Standard up to a value of .... *50 points*
- The entire unit may take any of the following:
  - Shields .... *2 points per model*
  - Spears.. *2 points per model*
- A single unit in the army may upgrade its riders to Big ’Uns .... *4 points per model*

SAVAGE ORC BOAR BOYZ

18 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Savage Orc Boar Boy	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	Cavalry
Savage Orc Boar Boy Big ’Un	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	7	Cavalry
Savage Orc Boss	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	7	Cavalry
War Boar	7	3	0	3	4	1	3	1	3	-

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment:
- Hand weapon

Special Rules:
- Animosity
- Choppas (Savage Orc only)
- Frenzy (Savage Orc only)
- Size Matters
- Thick-Skinned
- Tusker Charge (War Boar only)
- Warpaint
- Wild Abandon (Savage Orc only)

Options:
- Upgrade one Savage Orc Boar Boy to a Savage Orc Boar Boy Boss .. *15 points*
- Upgrade one Savage Orc Boar Boy to a musician.................. *10 points*
- Upgrade one Savage Orc Boar Boy to a standard bearer............ *10 points*
- A Savage Orc Boar Boyz unit with a standard bearer may take a Magic Standard up to a value of .... *50 points*
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
  - Additional hand weapons .... *2 points per model*
  - Spears.. *2 points per model*
- Unless armed with additional hand weapons, the entire unit may take shields .... *2 points per model*
- A single unit in the army may upgrade its riders to Big ’Uns .... *4 points per model*

SPECIAL UNITS

ORC BOAR CHARIOT

85 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Chariot	-	-	-	5	5	4	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour Save 4+)
Orc Crew	-	3	3	3	-	-	2	1	7	-
War Boar	7	3	-	3	-	-	3	1	-	-

Unit Size: 1

Crew: 2 Orcs

Drawn by: 2 War Boars

Equipment (Orc crew):
- Hand weapon
- Spear

Equipment (Chariot):
- Scythed wheels

Special Rules:
- Choppas (Orc crew only)
- Size Matters
- Tusker Charge (War Boars only)

Options:
- May add one extra Orc Crew model ..... *5 points*

GOBLIN WOLF CHARIOT

50 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Chariot	-	-	-	5	4	3	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour Save 5+)
Goblin Crew	-	2	3	3	-	-	2	1	6	-
Giant Wolf	9	3	-	3	-	-	3	1	-	-

Unit Size: 1-3

Crew: 3 Goblin Crew

Drawn by:
2 Giant Wolves

Equipment: (Goblin crew)
- Spear
- Hand weapon
- Short bow

Equipment: (Chariot)
- Scythed wheels

Special Rules:
- Fear Elves

Options:
- The entire unit may take any of the following:
  - One extra Goblin Crew model ... *5 points per model*
  - One extra Giant Wolf .... *5 points per model*

NB. Goblin Wolf Chariots can be taken in units of 1-3 models unless they are taken as a character mount, in which case they must be fielded as a single model.

GOBLIN SPEAR CHUKKA

35 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Spear Chukka	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	War Machine (Bolt Thrower)
Goblin Crew	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	-
Orc Bully	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	-

Unit Size:
1 Spear Chukka

Crew: 3 Goblin Crew

An Orcs & Goblins army may include up to 6 Spear Chukkas, and up to 12 in a Grand Army.

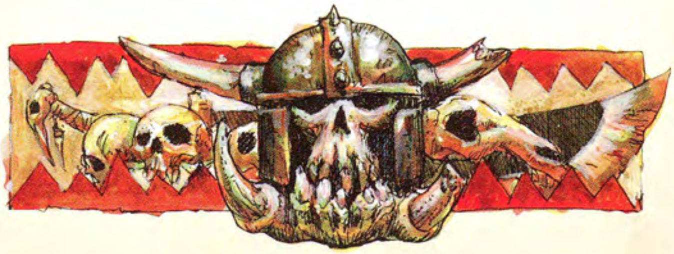
Equipment (Goblin crew):
- Hand weapon

Equipment (Orc Bully):
- Hand Weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:
- Fear Elves
- Slipshod

Special Rules (Orc Bully):
- Choppa
- Size Matters

Options:
- May add an Orc Bully .... *10 points*



SPECIAL UNITS

NIGHT GOBLIN SQUIG HOPPERS

12 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Squig Hopper	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	1	5	Cavalry
Squig	3D6	4	0	5	3	1	3	2	3	-

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment:
- Hand weapon

Special Rules:
- Extra Boingy
- Hatred (Dwarfs)
- Obnoxious
- Immune to Psychology
- Random Movement (3D6)
- Skirmishers

NIGHT GOBLIN SQUIG HERD

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type	
Night Goblin Herder	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	1	5	Infantry	3 points per model
Cave Squig	4	4	0	5	3	1	3	2	3	Infantry	8 points per model

Unit Size:
10+ (Must have at least one Night Goblin for every three Cave Squigs)

Equipment:
- Hand weapon

Special Rules:
- Animosity
- Hatred (Dwarfs)
- Immune to Psychology
- Obnoxious
- Squig Herd
- Squigs Go Wild!

SNOTLINGS

30 points per base

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Snotlings	4	2	0	2	2	5	3	5	4	Swarm

Unit Size: 2+ bases

Equipment:
- Sticks, rusty knives, rocks (hand weapons)
- Explodin' Spores

TROLLS

35 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Troll	6	3	1	5	4	3	1	3	4	Monstrous Infantry

Unit Size: 1+

Equipment:
- Bone, club or bit of tree (hand weapon)

Special Rules:
- Fear
- Regeneration
- Stupidity
- Troll Vomit

RARE UNITS

GOBLIN ROCK LOBBER

85 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Rock Lobber	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	War Machine (Stone Thrower)
Goblin Crew	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	-
Orc Bully	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	-

Unit Size:
1 Rock Lobber

Crew:
3 Goblin Crew

Equipment (Goblin crew):
- Hand weapon

Equipment (Orc Bully):
- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:
- Fear Elves

Special Rules (Orc Bully):
- Choppa
- Size Matters

Options:
- May add an Orc Bully . . . . *10 points*

DOOM DIVER CATAPULT

80 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Catapult	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	War Machine (Stone Thrower)
Goblin Crew	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	-

Unit Size:
1 Doom Diver Catapult

Crew:
3 Goblin Crew

Equipment (Goblin crew):
- Hand weapon

Special Rules:
- Fear Elves
- Doom Diver Catapult

SNOTLING PUMP WAGON

45 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Snotling Pump Wagon	2D6	-	-	4	4	3	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour Save 6+)
Snotling Crew	-	2	0	2	-	-	3	5	4	-

Unit Size:
1 Snotling Pump Wagon

Crew:
Mass of Snotlings

An Orcs & Goblins army may include up to 4 Pump Wagons, and up to 8 in a Grand Army.

Equipment (crew):
- Crude hand weapons
- Explodin' Spores

Special Rules:
- Impact Hits (2D6)
- Random Movement (2D6)
- Too Pumped Up
- Pump Harder Ladz!
- Unbreakable
- Unstable

Options:
- A Snotling Pump Wagon may take any of the following:
  - Spiky Roller . . . . *15 points*
  - Out-rigga . . . . *10 points*
  - Flappas . . . . *5 points*
  - Giant Explodin' Spores. . . . . *15 points*

ARACHNAROK SPIDER

290 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Arachnarok Spider	7	4	-	5	6	8	4	8	-	Monster
Forest Goblin Crew	-	2	3	3	-	-	2	1	6	-

Unit Size:
1 Arachnarok Spider and 8 Forest Goblin Crew

Equipment (Crew):
- Spears
- Short bows

Special Rules:
- Forest Strider
- Howdah Crew
- Immune to Psychology
- Large Target
- Natural Armour (4+)
- Obstacle Strider
- Poisoned Attacks (Spider only)
- Stubborn
- Swiftstride
- Terror
- Venom Surge
- Wall-crawler

Options:
- The Arachnarok Spider may take one of the following:
  - Flinger . . . . *30 points*
  - Catchweb Spidershrine (only if the Spider is taken as a mount for a Goblin Great Shaman). . . *40 points*

RARE UNITS

MANGLER SQUIGS

65 points per model

Profile	**M**	**WS**	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**W**	**I**	**A**	**Ld**	**Troop Type**
Mangler Squigs	3D6	-	-	6	4	3	3	*	3	Unique

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:
- Force of Total Destruction*
- Gone Crazy!
- Immune to Psychology
- Ker-splat!*
- Completely Out of Control
- Random Movement (3D6)
- Watch Out!

STONE TROLLS

45 points per model

Profile	**M**	**WS**	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**W**	**I**	**A**	**Ld**	**Troop Type**
Stone Troll	6	3	1	5	4	3	1	3	4	Monstrous Infantry

Unit Size: 1+

Equipment:
- Bone, club or bit of tree (hand weapon)

Special Rules:
- Fear
- Regeneration
- Stone Troll
- Stupidity
- Troll Vomit

RIVER TROLLS

45 points per model

Profile	**M**	**WS**	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**W**	**I**	**A**	**Ld**	**Troop Type**
River Troll	6	3	1	5	4	3	1	3	4	Monstrous Infantry

Unit Size: 1+

Equipment:
- Bone, club or bit of tree (hand weapon)

Special Rules:
- Fear
- Regeneration
- River Troll
- Stupidity
- Troll Vomit

GIANT

200 points

Profile	**M**	**WS**	**BS**	**S**	**T**	**W**	**I**	**A**	**Ld**	**Troop Type**
Giant	6	3	3	6	5	6	3	special	10	Monster

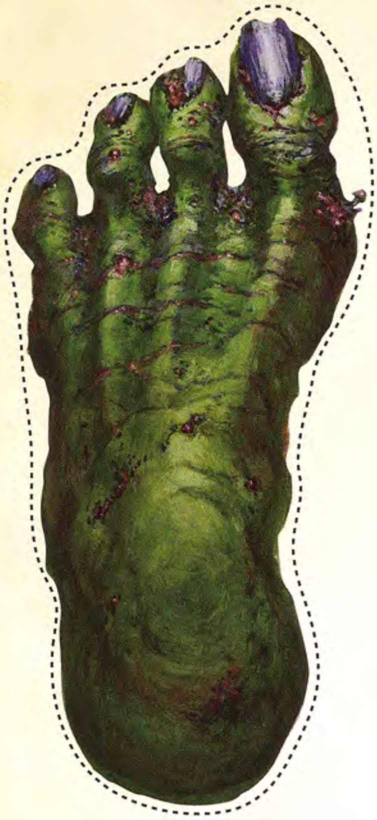
Unit Size: 1

Equipment:
- A tree-trunk club or other impressively large blunt implement (hand weapon)

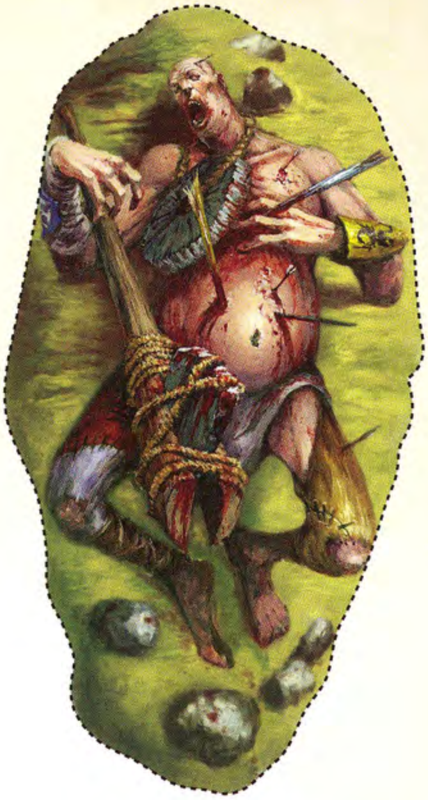
Special Rules:
- Large Target
- Fall Over
- Giant Special Attacks
- Stubborn
- Terror

Options:
- If the army contains at least one Savage Orc Shaman or Savage Orc Great Shaman, then any Giant may take Warpaint....... *20 points*

FOOT OF GORK TEMPLATE



FALLEN GIANT TEMPLATE



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- First photocopy this page and stick it to a piece of thin card (cereal packets are ideal).
- Carefully cut around the dotted line with a sharp pair of scissors or a hobby knife.

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SUMMARY

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- Skullmuncha	4	5	0	6	5	5	3	3	6	Mo	
Black Orc Warboss	4	7	3	5	5	3	4	4	9	In	*34*
Goblin Warboss	4	5	3	4	4	3	4	4	8	In	*42*
Goblin Great Shaman	4	2	3	3	4	3	2	1	7	In	*43*
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- Gnarla the War Boar	7	3	0	4	4	1	3	1	3	-	
Grimgor Ironhide	4	8	1	5	5	3	5	5	9	In(SC)	*71*
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- Niblet	-	3	3	3	-	-	2	1	-	-	
- Grom's Chariot	-	-	-	5	4	3	-	-	-	Ch	
- Giant Wolves	9	3	-	3	-	-	3	1	-	-	
Night Goblin Warboss	4	5	3	4	4	3	5	4	7	In	*42*
Night Goblin Great Shaman	4	2	3	3	4	3	3	1	6	In	*43*
Orc Warboss	4	6	3	5	5	3	4	4	9	In	*34*
Orc Great Shaman	4	3	3	4	5	3	2	1	8	In	*35*
Savage Orc Warboss	4	6	3	5	5	3	4	4	9	In	*34*
Savage Orc Great Shaman	4	3	3	4	5	3	2	1	8	In	*35*
Skarsnik	4	5	3	4	4	6	5	4	8	In(SC)	*68*
- Gobbla	-	5	-	6	-	-	4	4	-	-	
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- Giant Spider	7	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	2	-	

CORE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Page
Goblin	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	In	*44*
- Goblin Boss	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	2	6	In	
- Nasty Skulker	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	2	6	In	
Orc Boy	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	In	*36*
- Orc Big 'Un	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	7	In	
- Orc Boss	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	7	In	
Orc Arrer Boy	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	In	*36*
- Orc Arrer Boy Boss	4	3	4	4	4	1	2	1	7	In	
Night Goblin	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	1	5	In	*52*
- Night Goblin Boss	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	2	5	In	
- Night Goblin Fanatic	2D6	-	-	5	3	1	3	*	10	Un	*53*
Savage Orc	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	In	*40*
- Savage Orc Big 'Un	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	7	In	
- Savage Orc Boss	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	7	In	
Forest Goblin Spider Rider	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	Ca	*49*
- Spider Rider Boss	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	2	6	Ca	
- Giant Spider	7	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	2	-	

CORE (continued)	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Page
Goblin Wolf Rider	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	Ca	*45*
- Wolf Rider Boss	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	2	6	Ca	
- Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3	-	

SPECIAL	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Page
Black Orc	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	8	In	*39*
- Black Orc Boss	4	5	3	4	4	1	2	2	8	In	
Goblin Wolf Chariot	-	-	-	5	4	3	-	-	-	Ch	*46*
- Goblin Crew	-	2	3	3	-	-	2	1	6	-	
- Giant Wolf	9	3	-	3	-	-	3	1	-	-	
Goblin Spear Chukka	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	WM	*47*
- Goblin Crew	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	-	
- Orc Bully	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	-	
Night Goblin Squig Hopper	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	1	5	Ca	*55*
Squig	3D6	4	0	5	3	1	3	2	3	-	
Orc Boar Boy	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	Ca	*37*
- Orc Boar Boy Big 'Un	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	7	Ca	
- Orc Boar Boy Boss	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	7	Ca	
- War Boar	7	3	0	3	4	1	3	1	3	-	
Orc Boar Chariot	-	-	-	5	5	4	-	-	-	Ch	*38*
- Orc Crew	-	3	3	3	-	-	2	1	7	-	
- War Boar	7	3	-	3	-	-	3	1	-	-	
Savage Orc Boar Boy	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	Ca	*41*
- Savage Orc Boar Boy Big 'Un	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	7	Ca	
- Savage Orc Boar Boy Boss	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	7	Ca	
- War Boar	7	3	0	3	4	1	3	1	3	-	
Snotlings	4	2	0	2	2	5	3	5	4	Sw	*58*
Night Goblin Squig Herd											*54*
- Night Goblin Herder	4	2	3	3	3	1	3	1	5	In	
- Cave Squig	4	4	0	5	3	1	3	2	3	In	
Troll	6	3	1	5	4	3	1	3	4	MI	*57*

RARE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Page
Arachnarok Spider	7	4	-	5	6	8	4	8	-	Mo	*51*
- Forest Goblin Crew	-	2	3	3	-	-	2	1	6	-	
Doom Diver Catapult	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	WM	*48*
- Goblin Crew	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	-	
Giant	6	3	3	6	5	6	3	special	10	Mo	*60*
Mangler Squigs	3D6	-	-	6	4	3	3	*	3	Un	*56*
River Troll	6	3	1	5	4	3	1	3	4	MI	*57*
Goblin Rock Lobber	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	WM	*47*
- Goblin Crew	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	-	
- Orc Bully	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	-	
Snotling Pump Wagon	2D6	-	-	4	4	3	-	-	-	Ch	*59*
- Snotling Crew	-	2	0	2	-	-	3	5	4	-	
Stone Troll	6	3	1	5	4	3	1	3	4	MI	*57*

MOUNTS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Page
Giant Spider	7	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	2	WB	*49*
Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3	WB	*45*
Gigantic Spider	7	3	0	4	4	3	4	3	7	MB	*62*
Great Cave Squig	3D6	4	0	5	4	3	3	3	3	MB	*62*
War Boar	7	3	0	3	4	1	3	1	3	WB	*37*
Wyvern	4	5	0	6	5	5	3	3	6	Mo	*63*

Troop Type Key: In=*Infantry*, WB=*War Beast*, Ca= *Cavalry*, MI=*Monstrous Infantry*, MB=*Monstrous Beast*, MC=*Monstrous Cavalry*, Mo=*Monster*, Ch=*Chariot*, SC=*Special Character*, Sw=*Swarms*, Un=*Unique*, WM=*War Machine*.

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